

No. 14

NOV.

The KILROYS

10¢

America's Funniest Family!

**DROP
DEAD!**

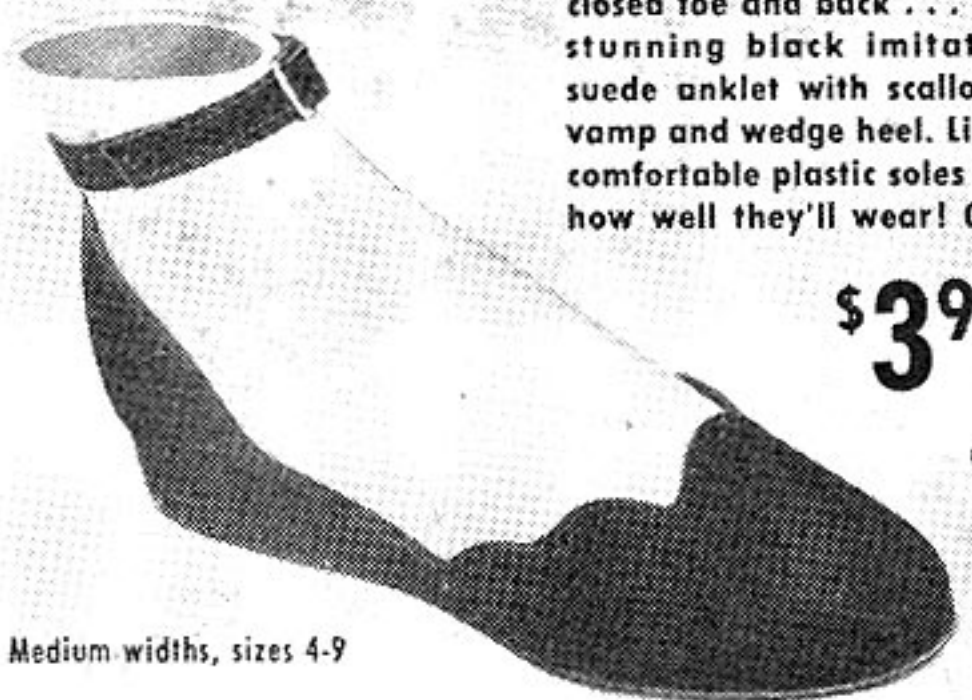




WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

LOVMEE CASUALS

Today's "High-Style" Shoe Fashions
...AT DOWN-TO-EARTH PRICES!

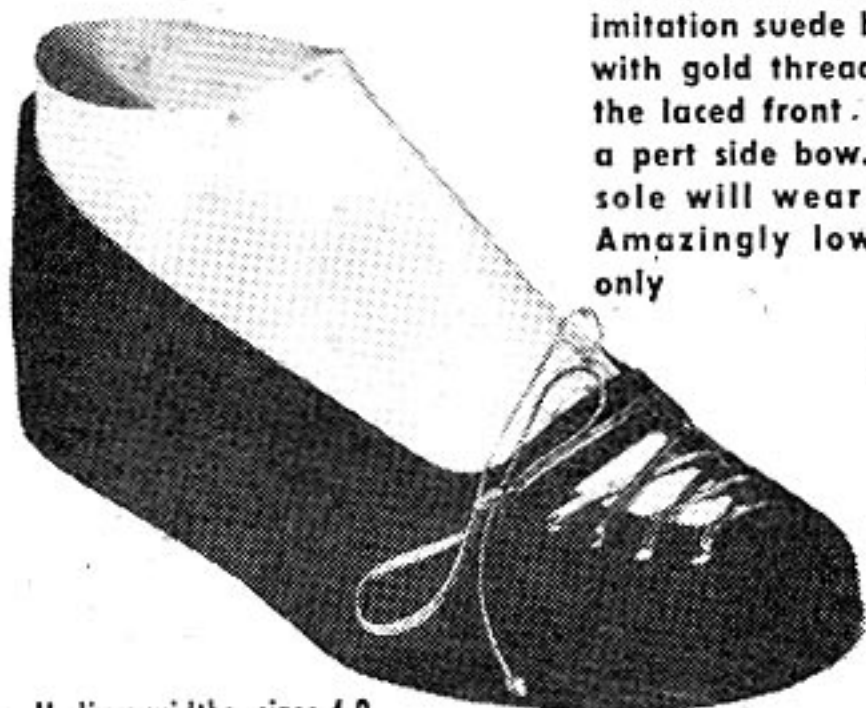


DEBUTANTE — "New look" closed toe and back... in a stunning black imitation suede anklet with scalloped vamp and wedge heel. Light, comfortable plastic soles and how well they'll wear! Only

\$3.95

COLORS:
Red
Green
Brown
Black

Medium widths, sizes 4-9



STARLET—Such a pretty black imitation suede ballerina... with gold threaded through the laced front... ending in a pert side bow. The plastic sole will wear and wear. Amazingly low priced at only

\$3.95

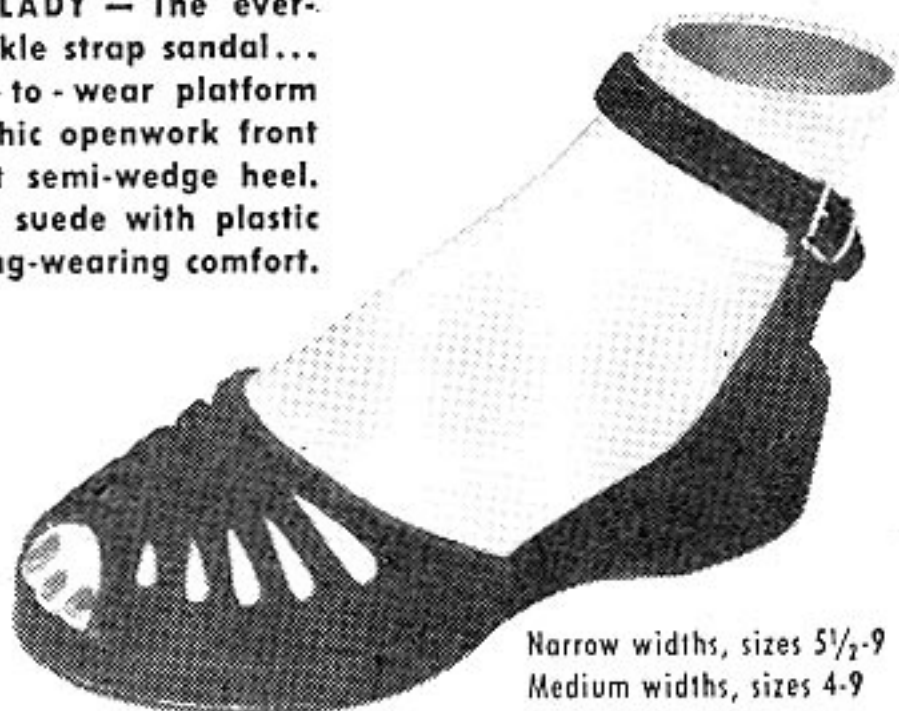
COLORS:
Black
Brown
Red
White Sotin

Medium widths, sizes 4-9

LEADING LADY — The ever-popular ankle strap sandal... with easy-to-wear platform sole... chic openwork front... smart semi-wedge heel. Inky black suede with plastic sole for long-wearing comfort. Only

\$4.44

COLORS:
Brown
Green
Red
Black

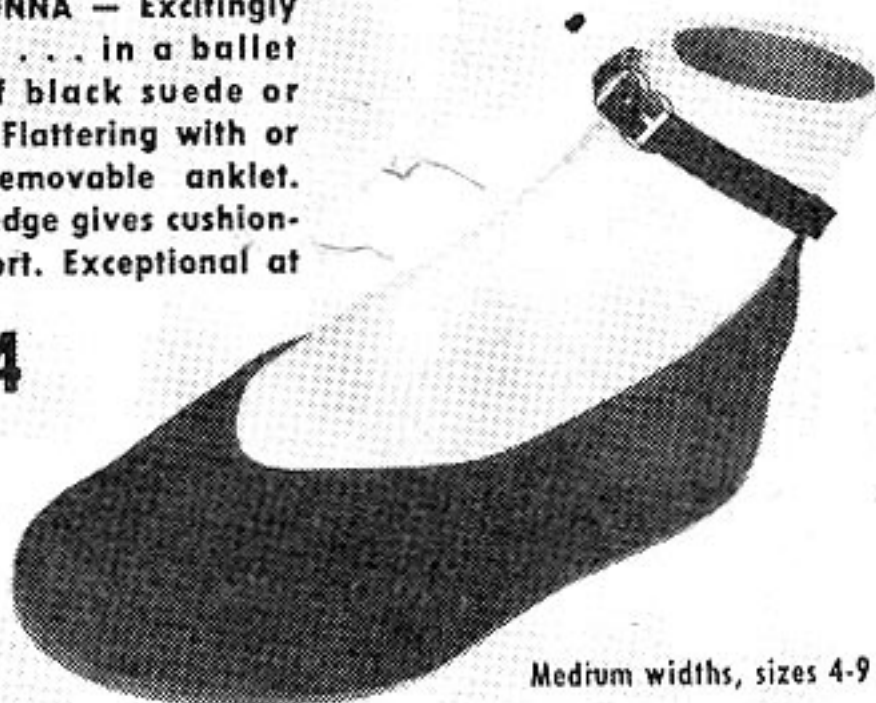


Narrow widths, sizes 5½-9
Medium widths, sizes 4-9

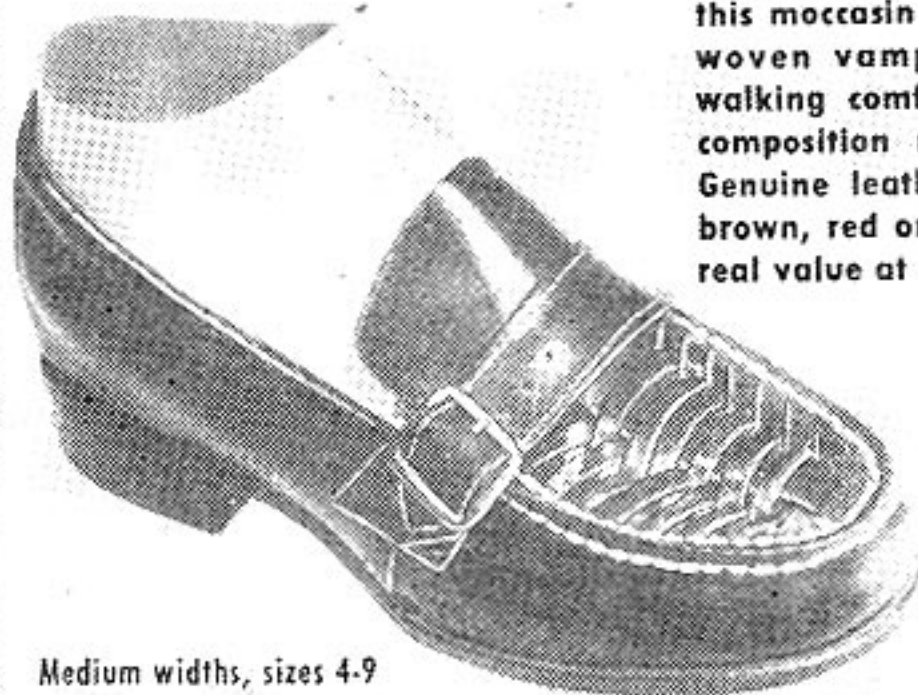
PRIMA DONNA — Excitingly cut vamp... in a ballet slipper of black suede or capeskin! Flattering with or without removable anklet. Built-in wedge gives cushion-like comfort. Exceptional at

\$4.44

COLORS:
Black
Brown
Green



Medium widths, sizes 4-9



POCAHONTAS — You'll love this moccasin for its novel woven vamp, it's easy-walking comfort! Durable composition rubber soles. Genuine leather in black, brown, red or ox blood. A real value at

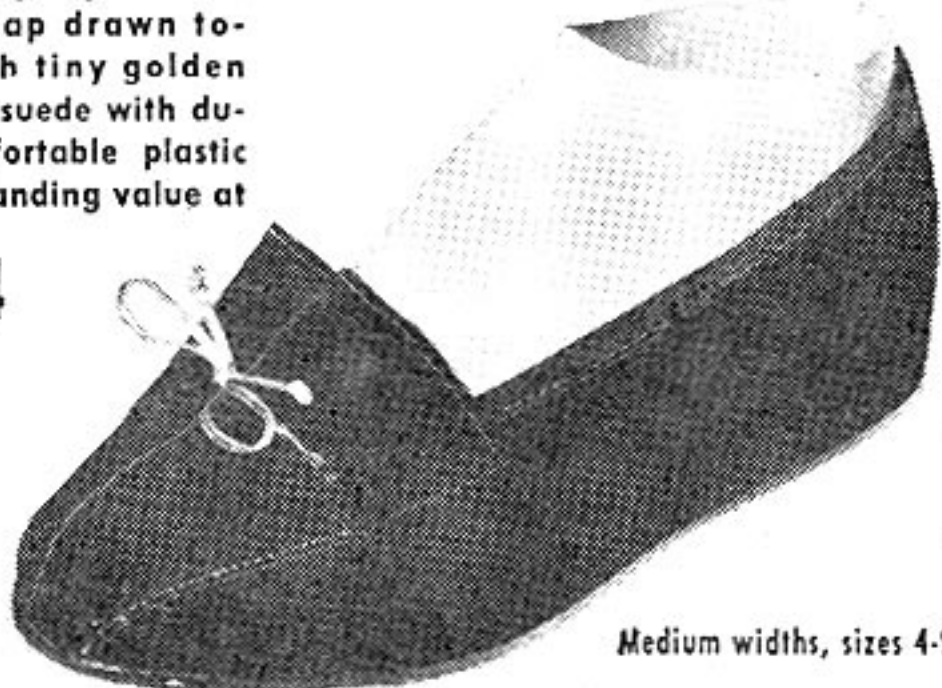
\$3.95

Medium widths, sizes 4-9

INGENUE — Ballet slipper bound with grosgrain... sporting flap drawn together with tiny golden bow. Black suede with durable, comfortable plastic soles. Outstanding value at

\$4.44

COLORS:
Red
Brown
Green
Wine
Black



Medium widths, sizes 4-9

IMAGINE... the exciting, "new look" casuals you've dreamed of owning... yours at a 25 to 50% saving... by buying direct! Select the styles and colors you desire... mail the coupon... and pay the postman. If you want to send check or money order, we will pay the postage. Either way, if you aren't thrilled and delighted with your Lovmees... return them within 10 days and your money will be cheerfully refunded!

LOVMEE SHOES, Dept. AC-11
871 Broad Street, Newark 2, New Jersey
Gentlemen: Please send me the following:

PAIRS	STYLE AND PRICE	COLOR	SIZE	WIDTH
	Debutante .. @ \$3.95			
	Starlet @ 3.95			
	Leading Lady @ 4.44			
	Prima Donna @ 4.44			
	Pocahontas . @ 3.95			
	Ingenue @ 4.44			

Name

Address

City & Zone.....State.....

2nd Choice Color.....

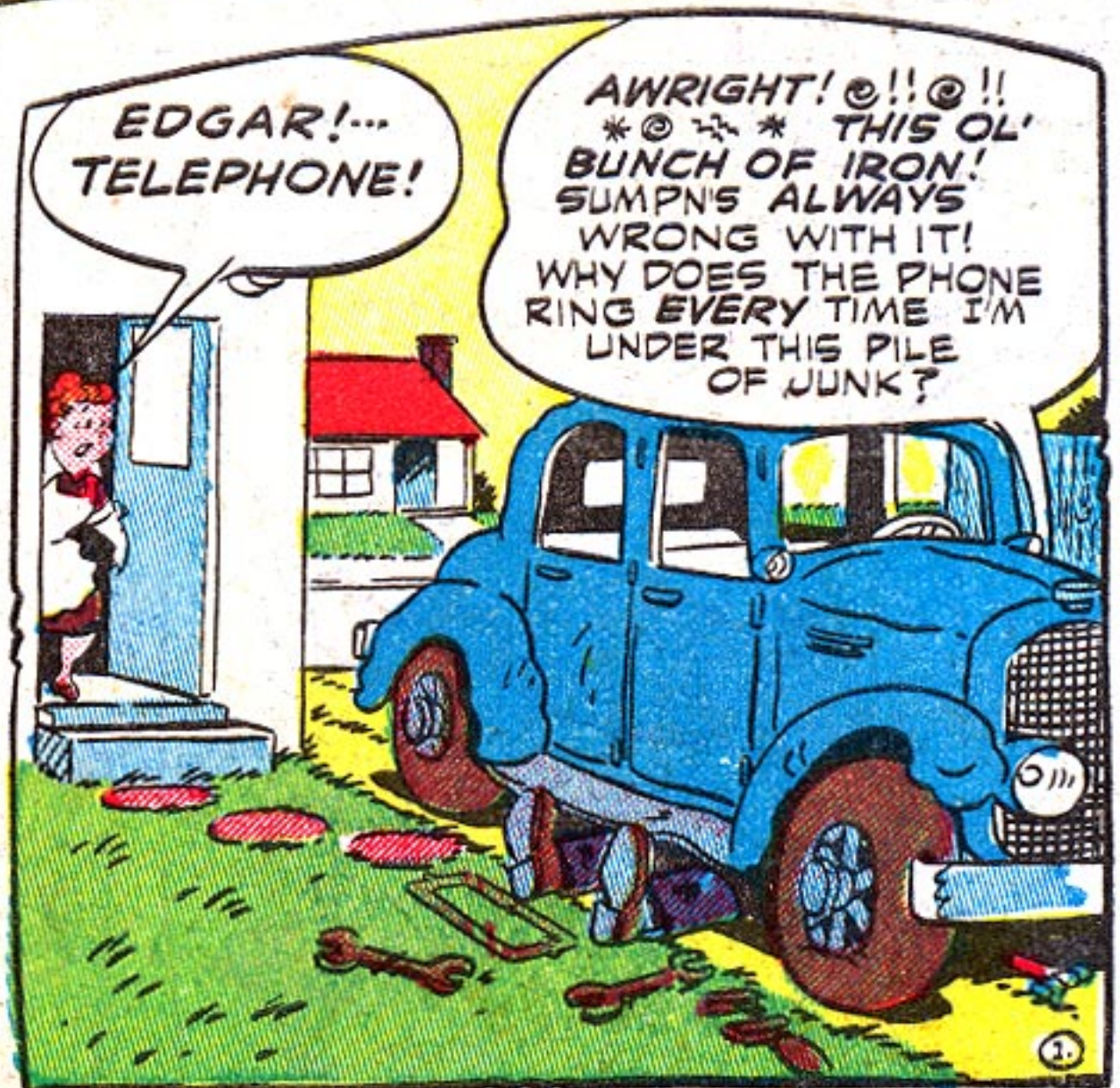
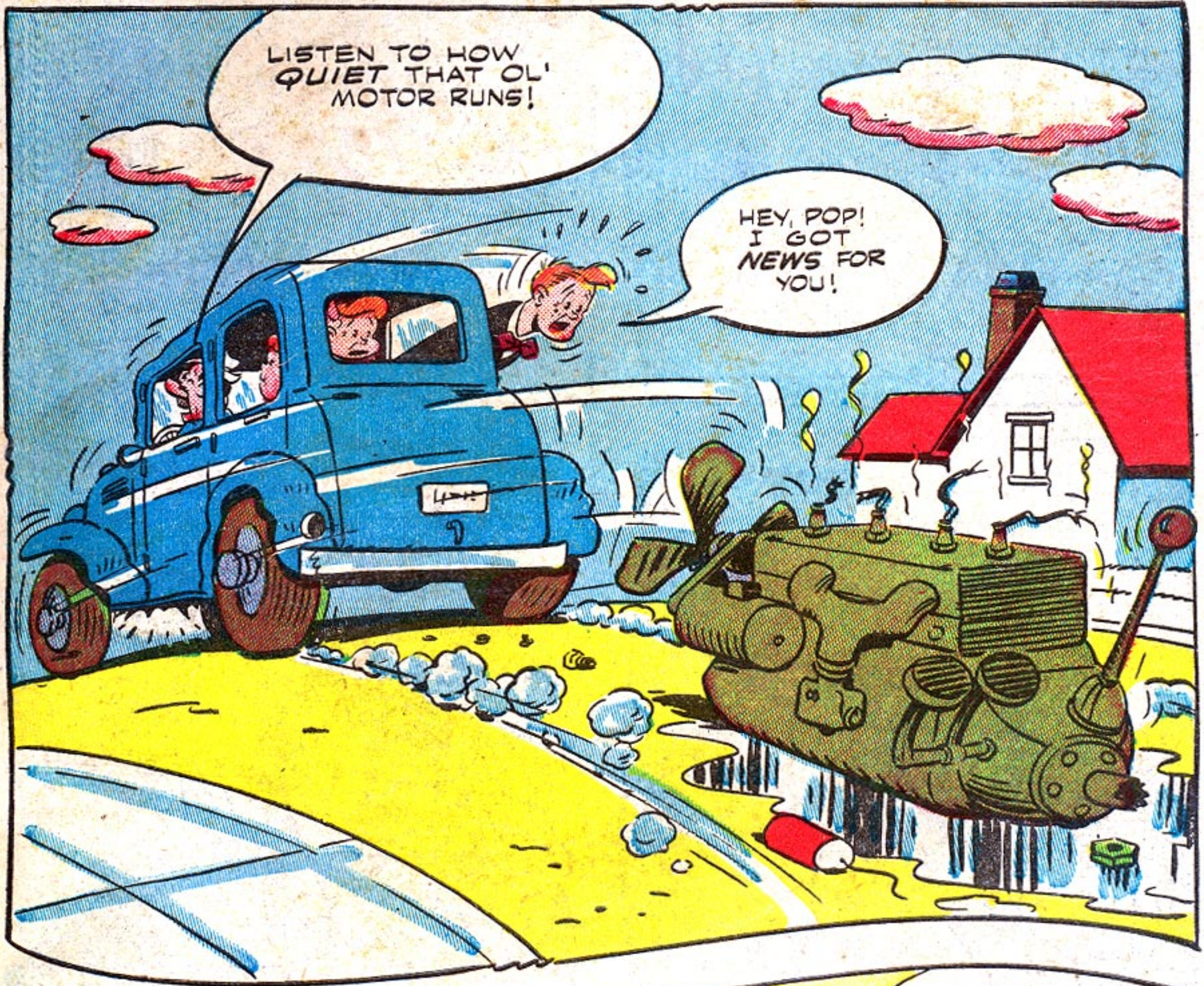
Check..... Money Order..... C.O.D..... (plus postage)

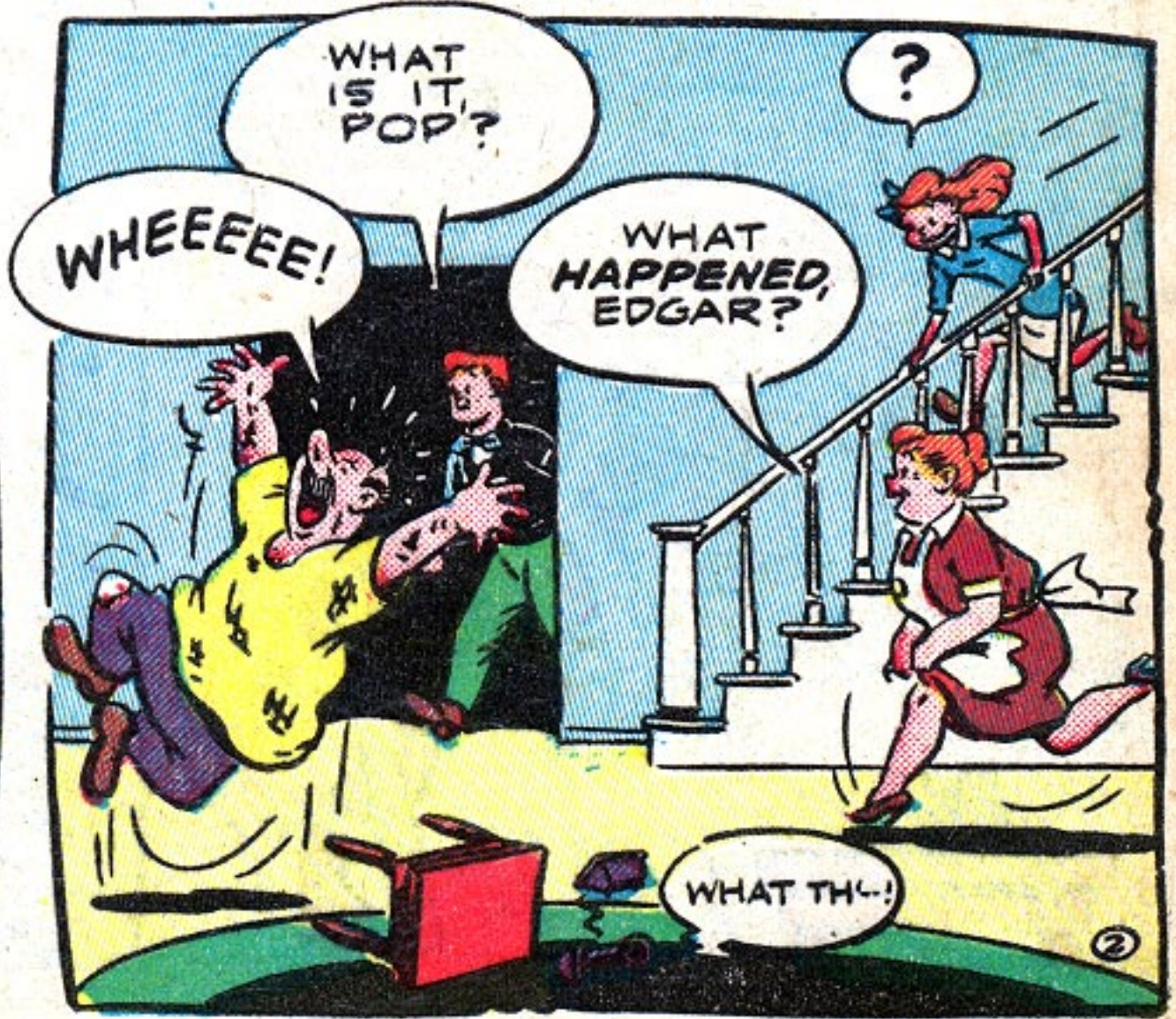
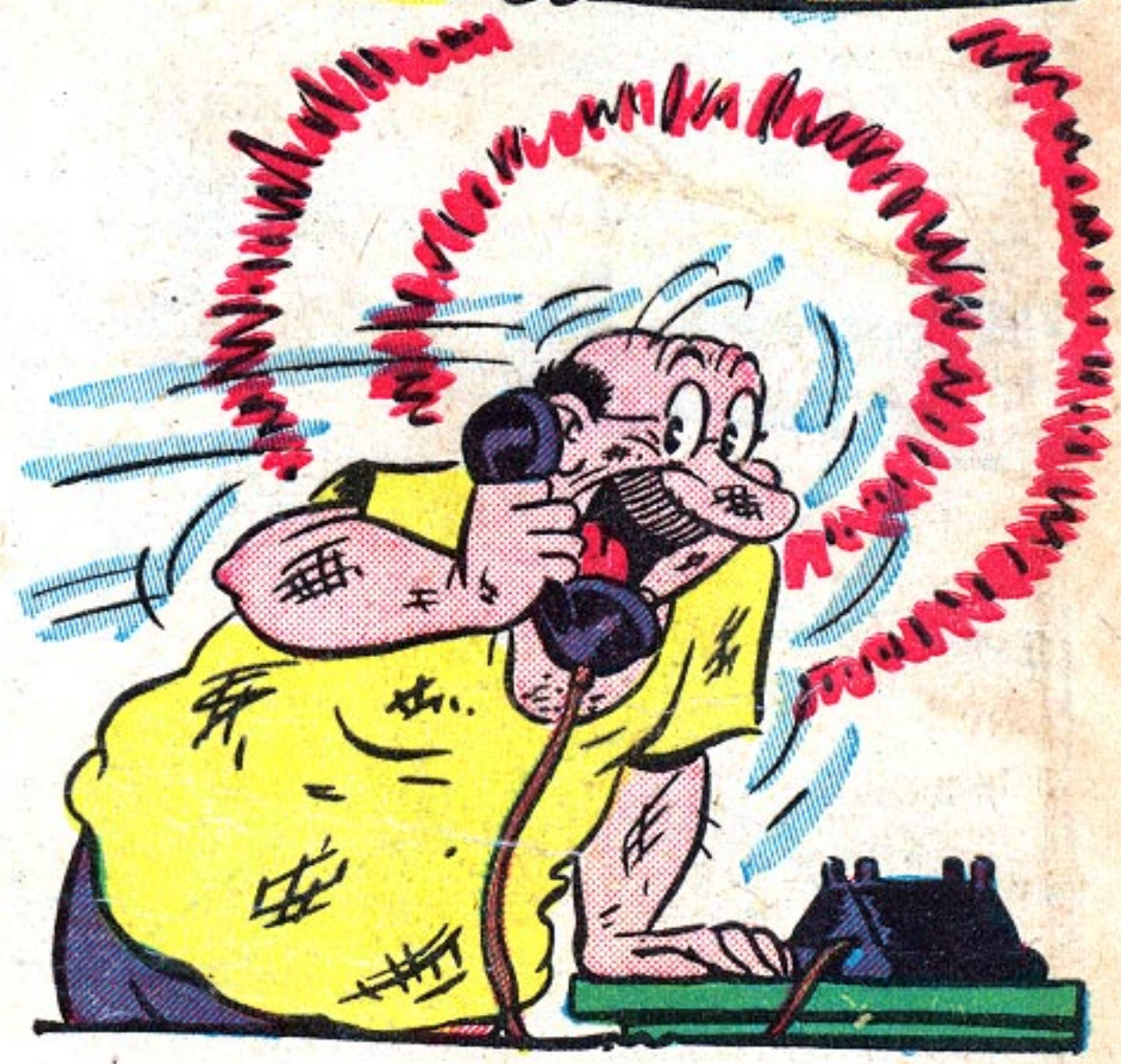
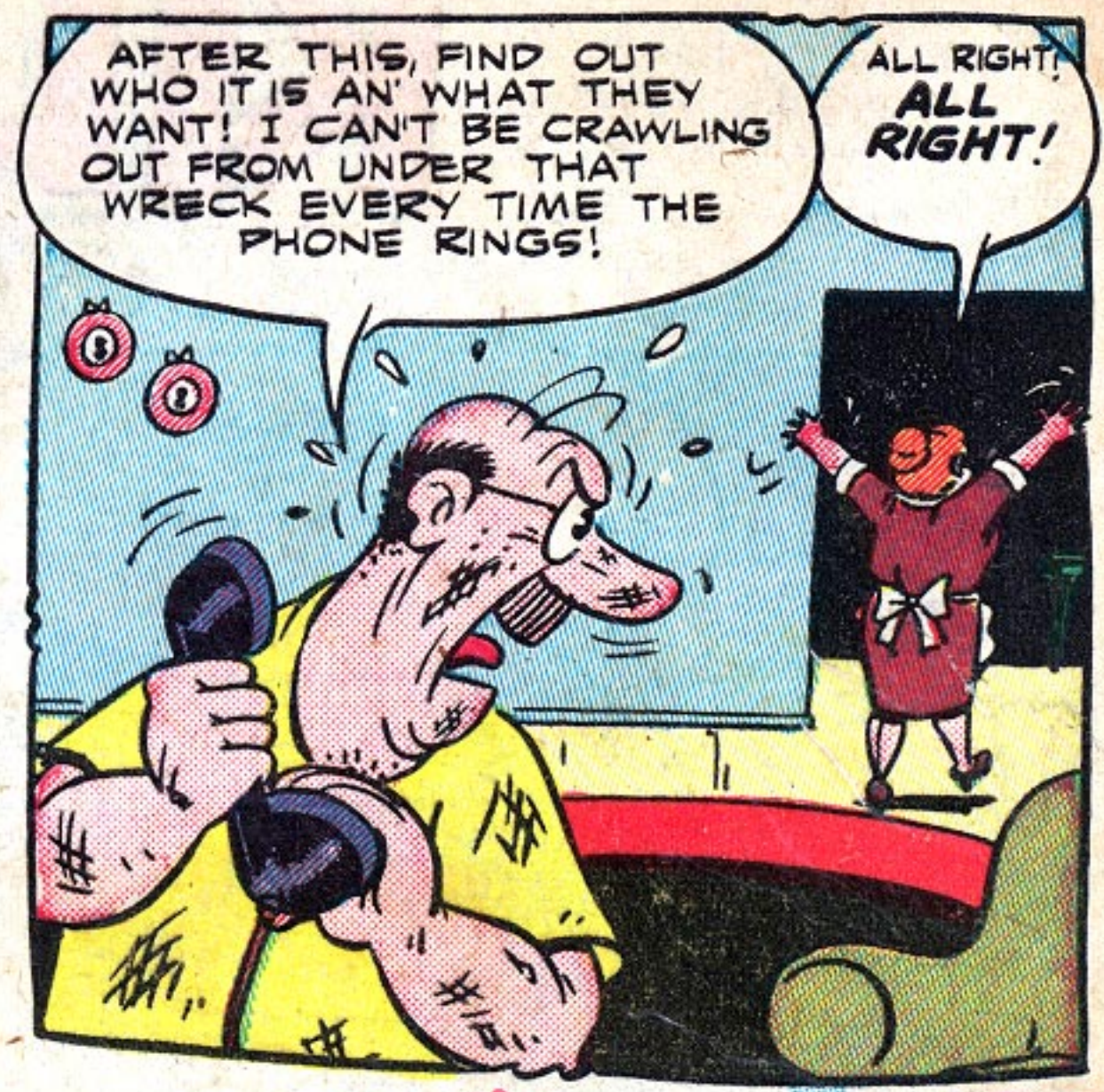
(We prepay postage if full payment accompanies order)

SENT ON APPROVAL—SEND NO MONEY

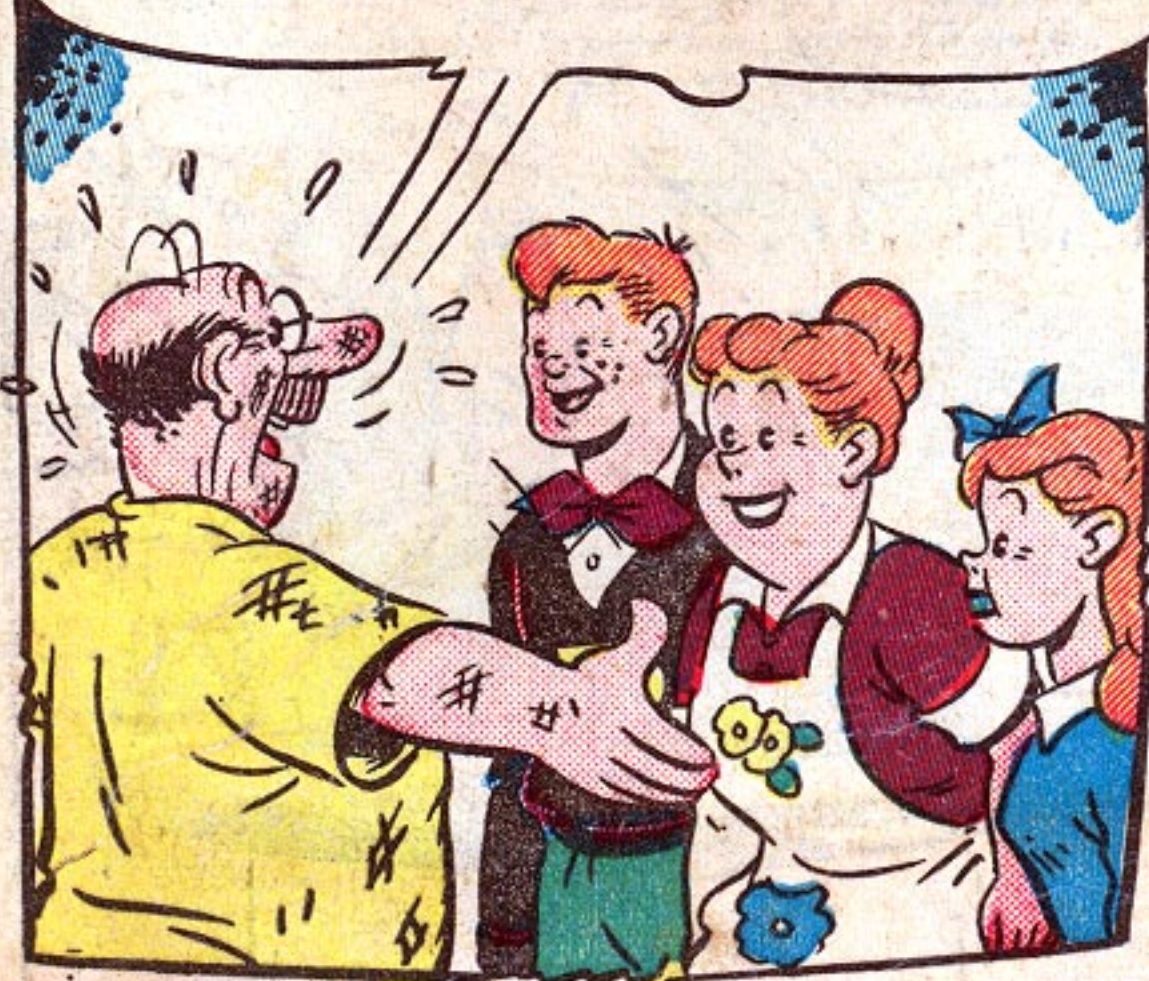
The KILROYS

in
"NO BUS LIKE BESS"

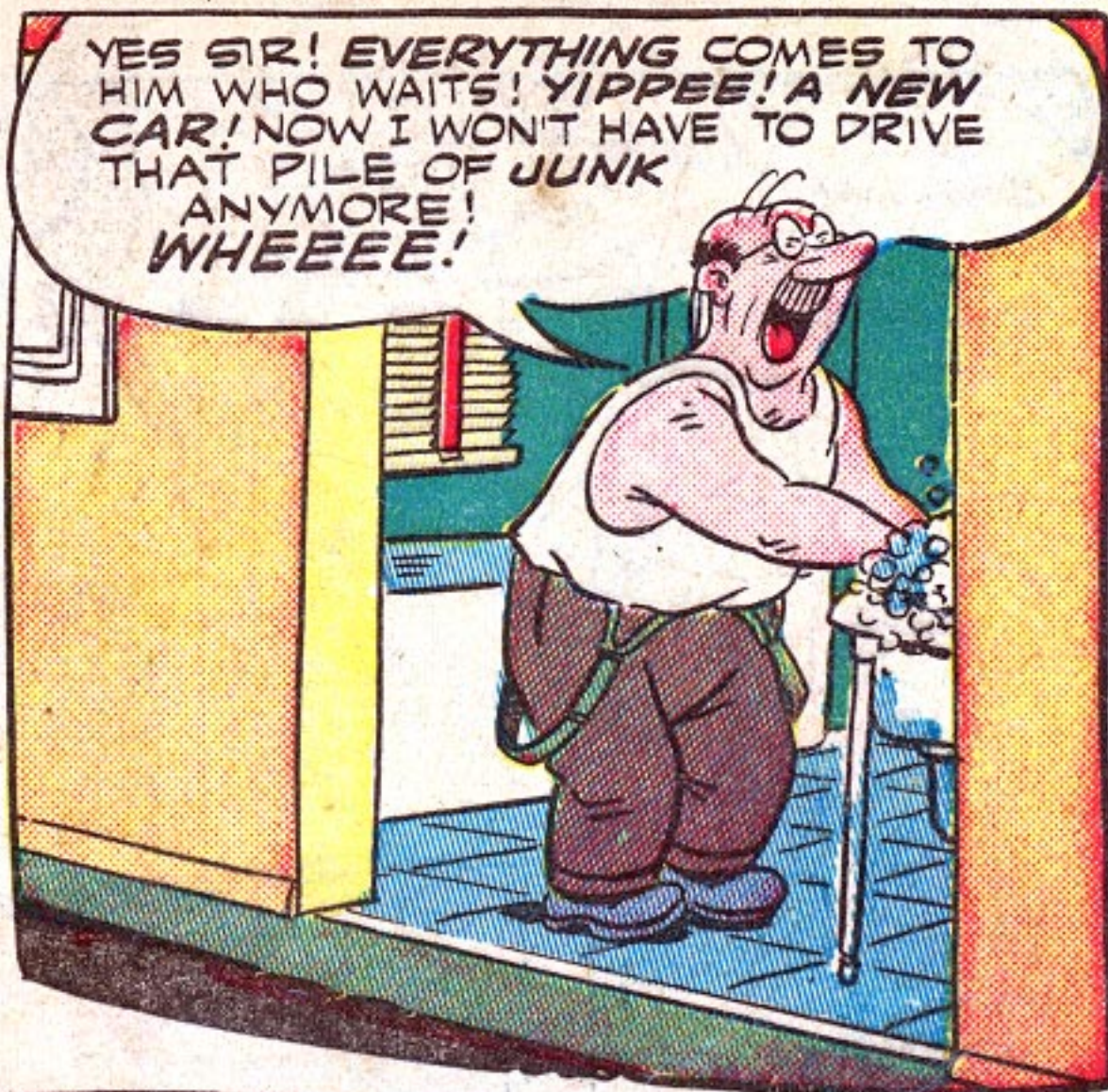




THAT NEW CAR I ORDERED
IN 1946... **IT'S HERE!**



YES SIR! **EVERYTHING** COMES TO
HIM WHO WAITS! **YIPPEE! A NEW
CAR!** NOW I WON'T HAVE TO DRIVE
THAT PILE OF **JUNK**
ANYMORE!
WHEEEE!



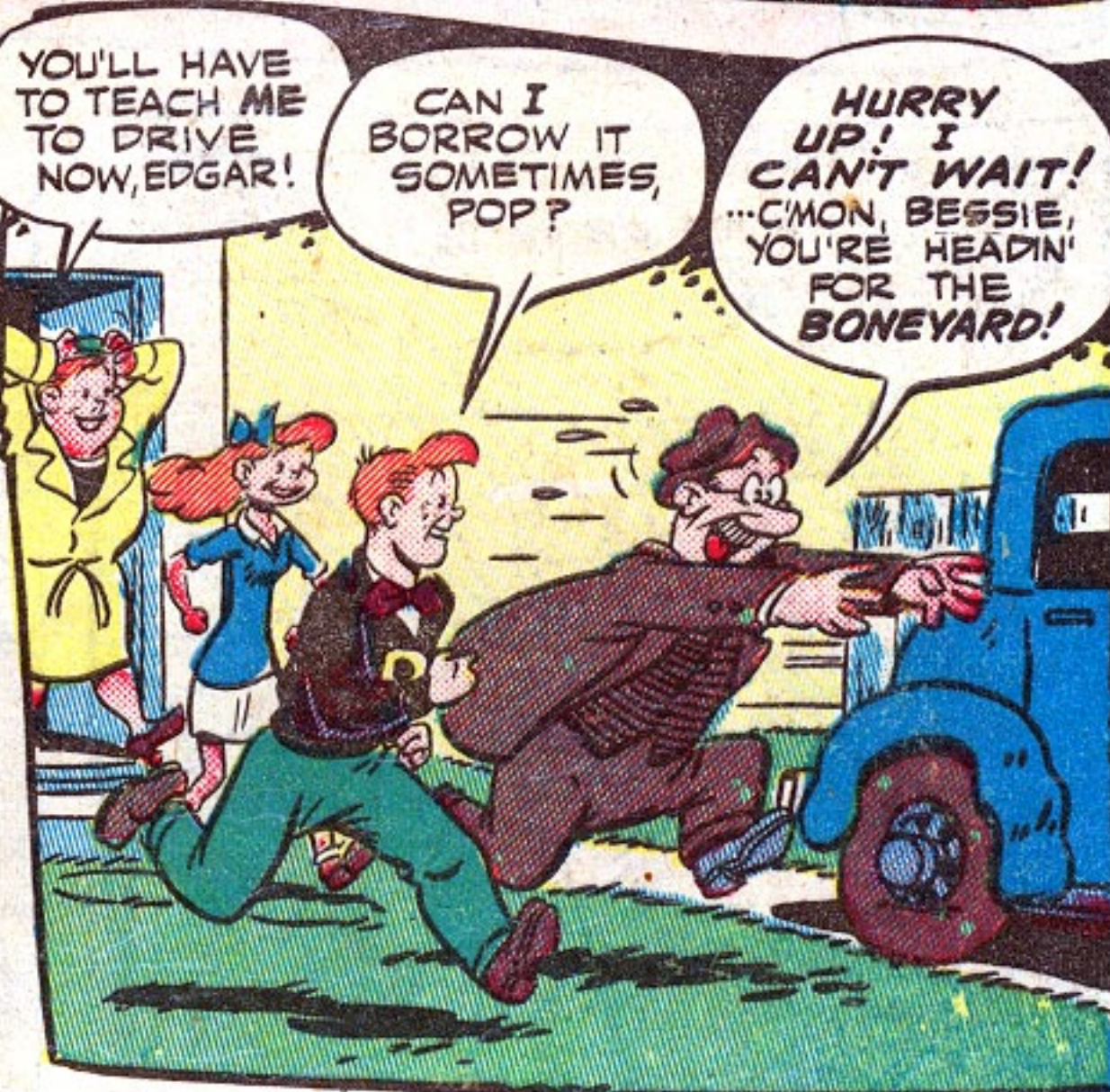
EVERYBODY GET READY
AND COME DOWN TO THE
DEALER'S WITH ME! WE'LL
RIDE BACK IN **STYLE!**



YOU'LL HAVE
TO TEACH ME
TO DRIVE
NOW, EDGAR!

CAN I
BORROW IT
SOMETIMES,
POP?

**HURRY
UP! I
CAN'T WAIT!**
...C'MON, BESSIE,
YOU'RE HEADIN'
FOR THE
BONEYARD!



LET'S STOP BY
THE **SWEET
TOOTH** ON THE
WAY BACK, SO
ALL THE KIDS
CAN SEE!

WHAT A **PLEASURE**
IT'LL BE TO GET BEHIND
THE WHEEL OF A **REAL
AUTOMOBILE**...INSTEAD
OF DRIVING THIS **RE-
FUGEE FROM A
JUNKPILE!**



The NEW BICARBON

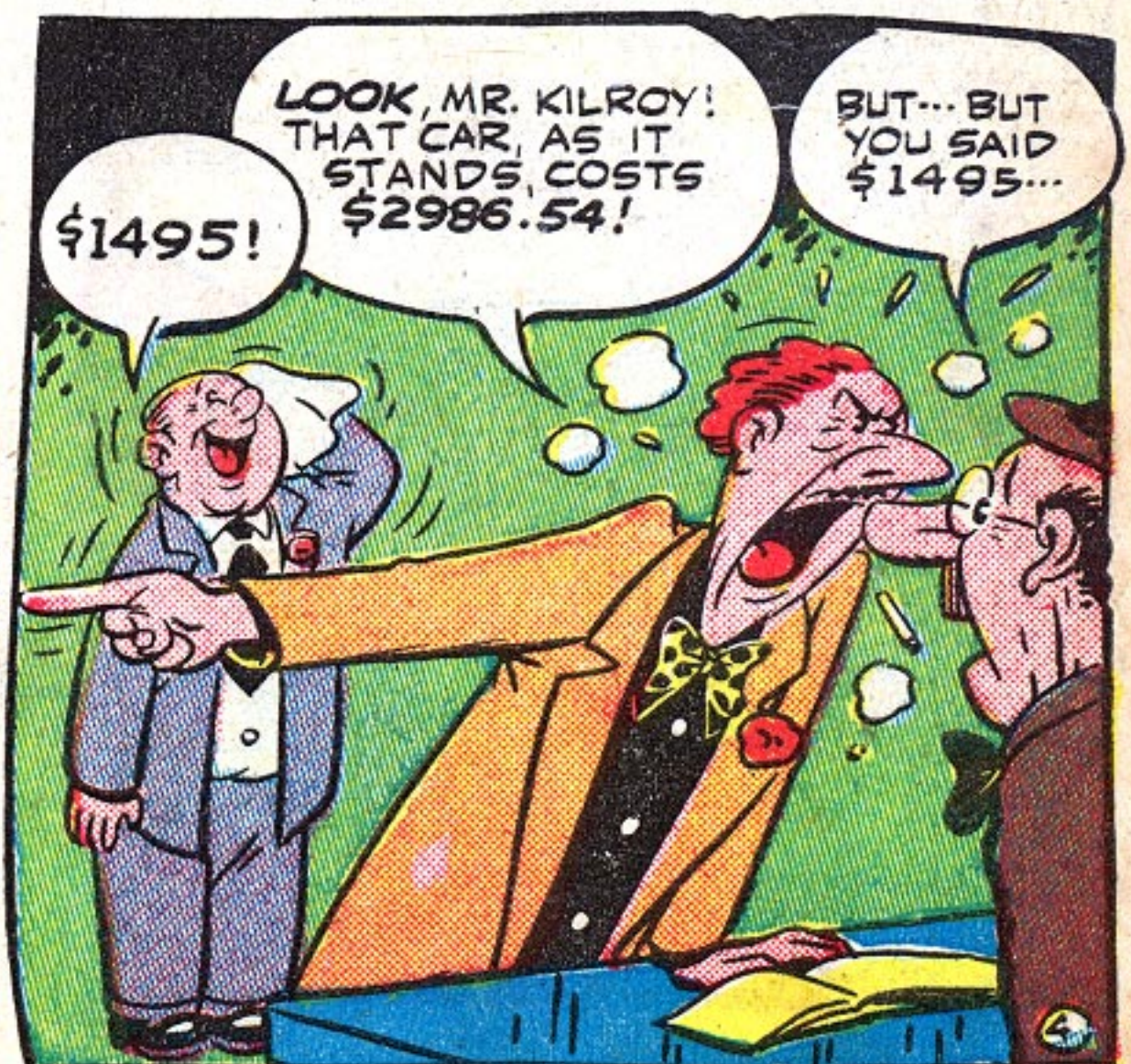
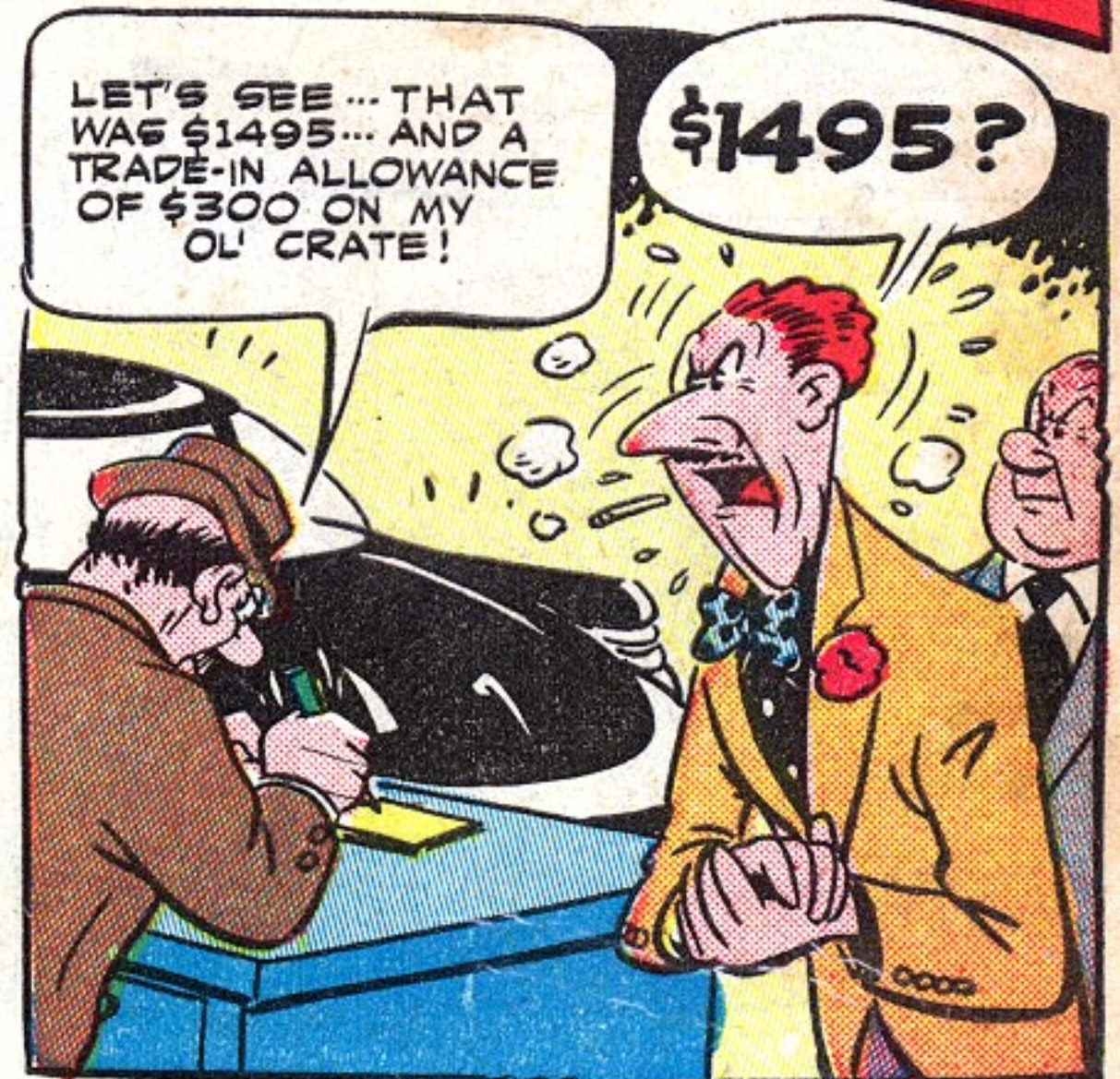
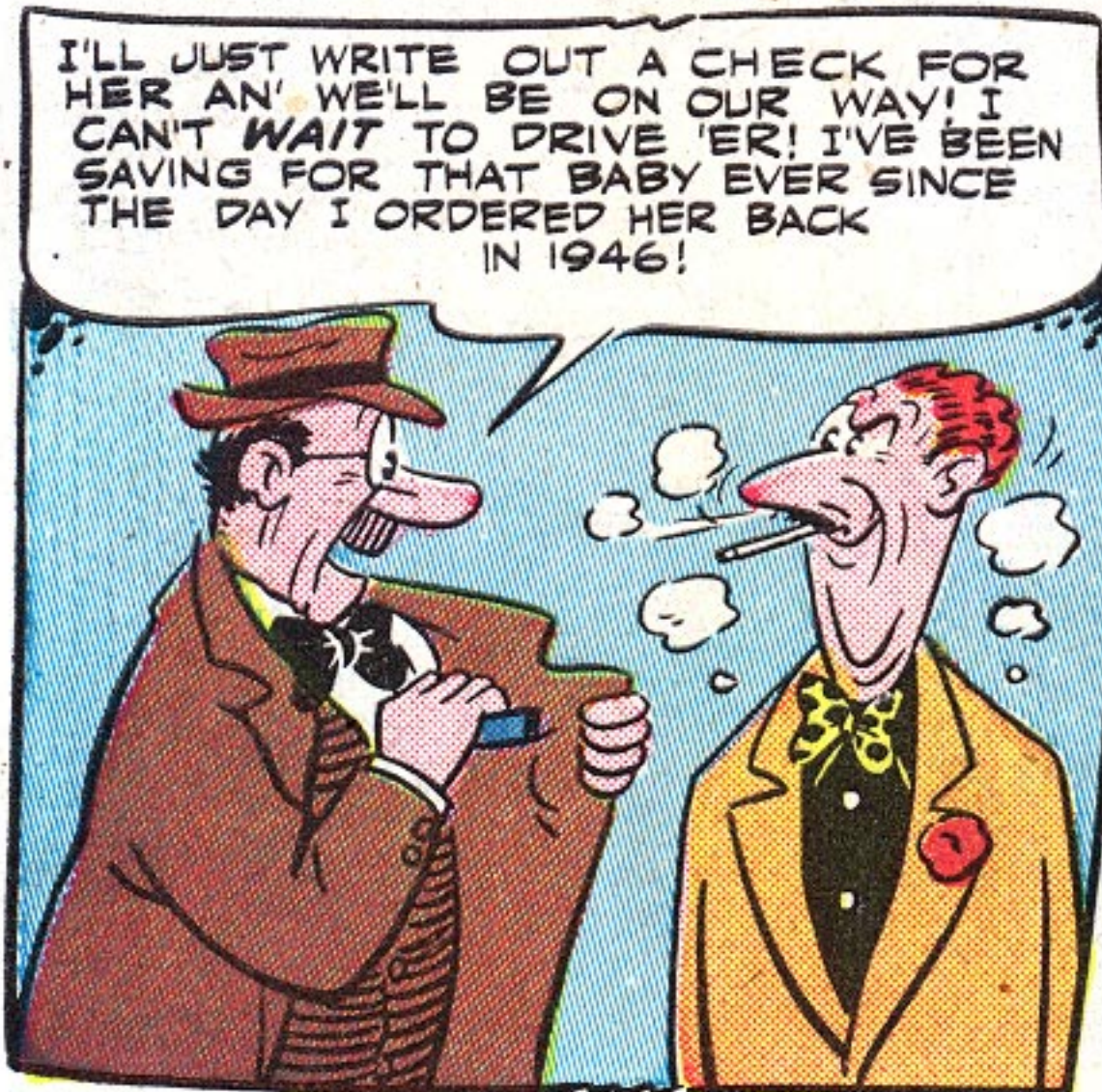
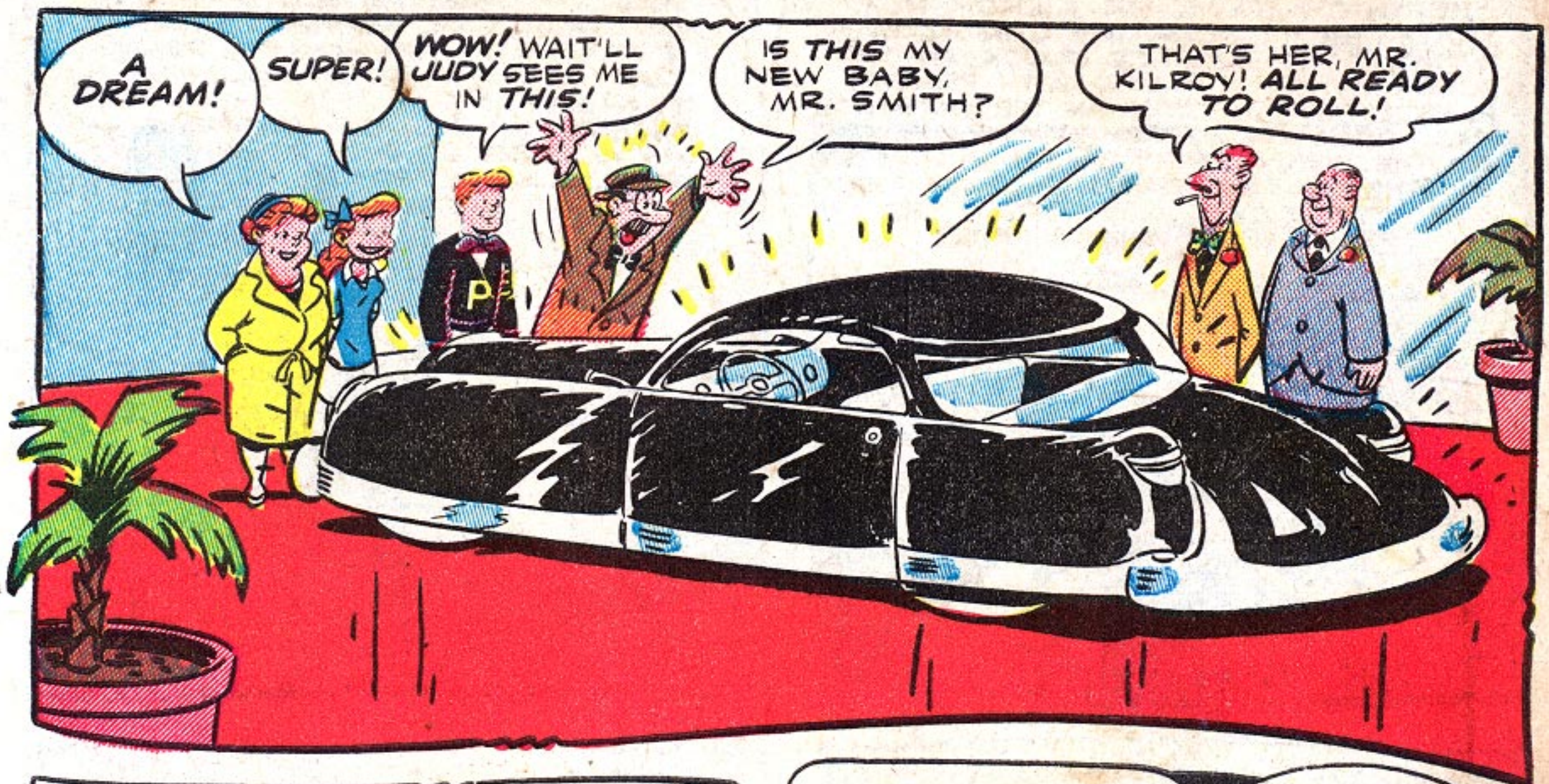
WELL, THERE
SHE IS!

HERE NOW
1949 BICARBON "8"

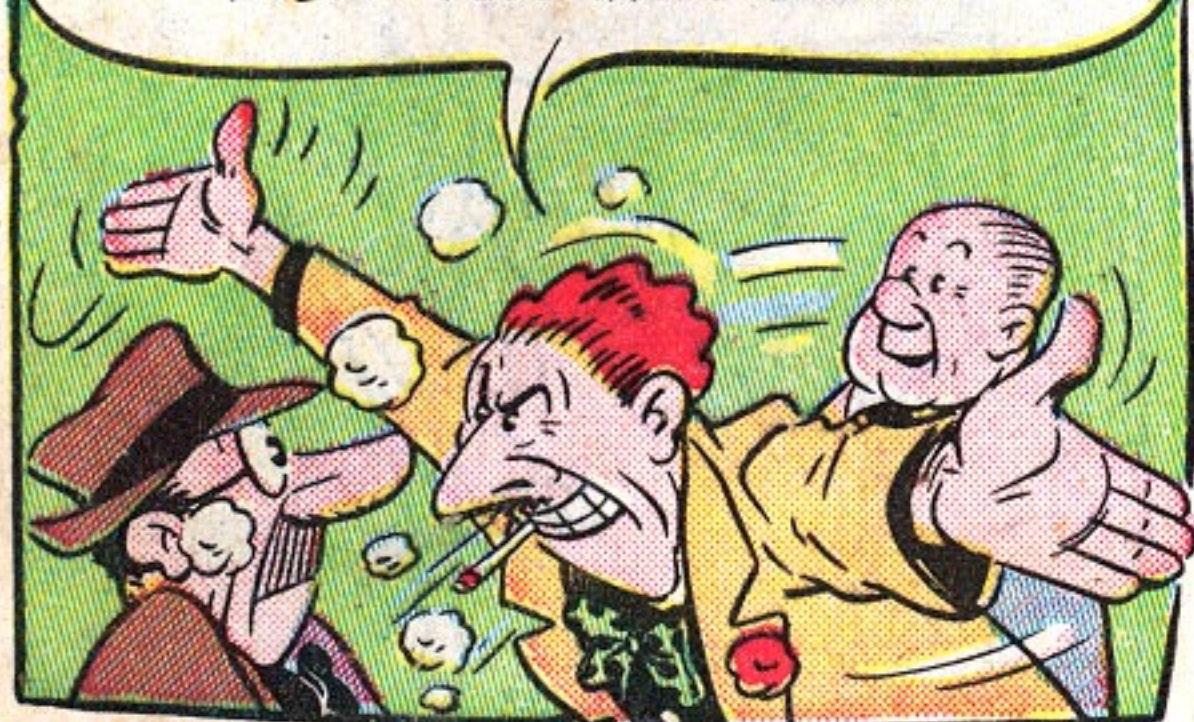
WOTTA
BEAUTY!

OH,
BROTHER!

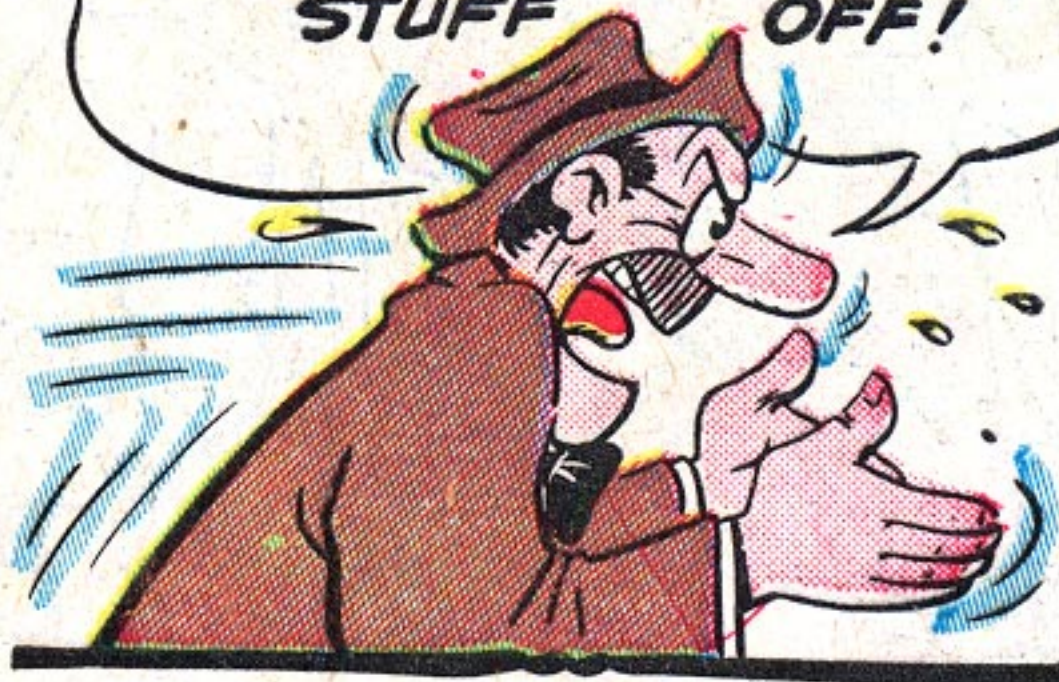




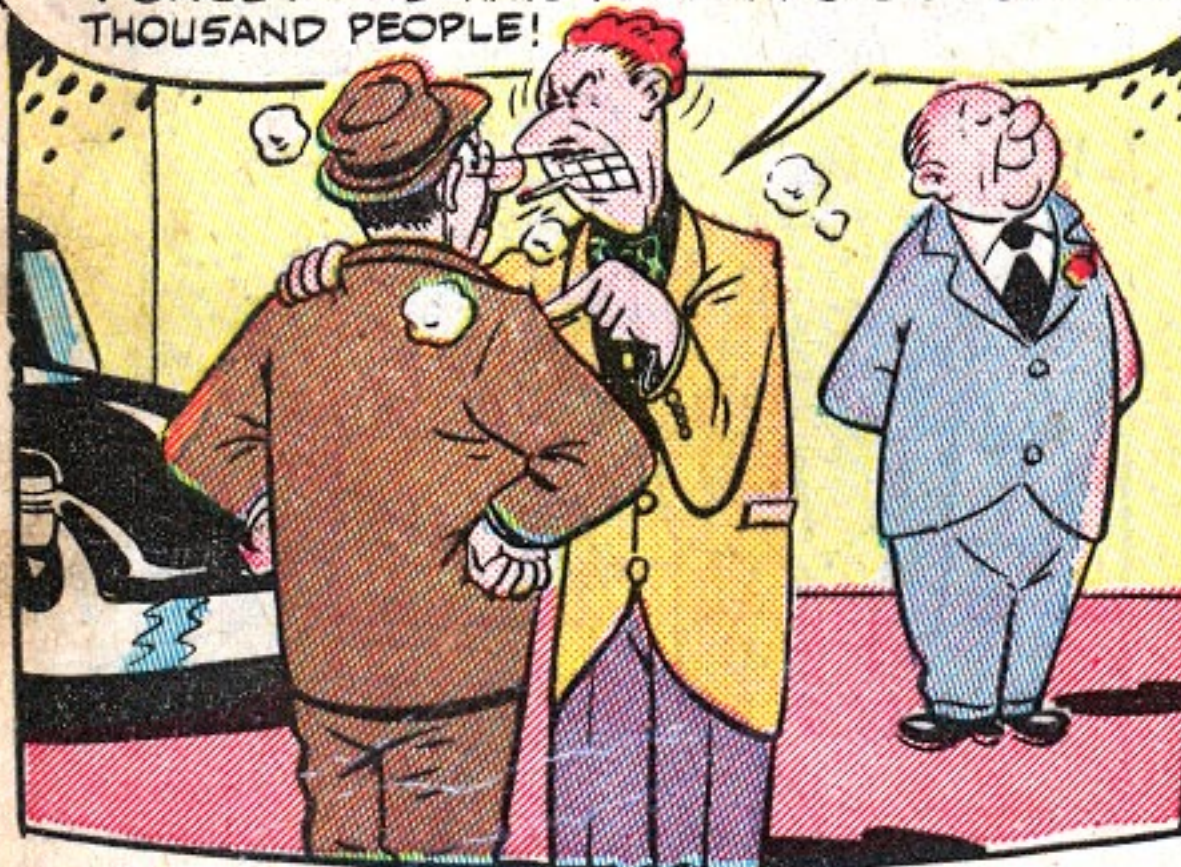
YES, THAT'S TRUE, MR. KILROY, BUT THAT'S THE PRICE OF THE CAR ALONE! WITHOUT THE ELECTRIC CLOCK AN' THE SUPER-DYNAMIC RADIO WITH PEACHY PLASTIC PUSH-BUTTONS AN' THE WHITE SIDE-WALL TIRES AN' THE SEA-FOAM AIR CUSHIONS AN' THE WISHY-WASHY WINDSHIELD WIPER AN' THE SEALED BEAM FOG LIGHTS AN' THE ATOMIC CIGAR LIGHTER AN' THE PRETTY-PUSS VANITY MIRROR!



WELL, WHO WANTS ALL THAT JUNK ON THEIR CAR ANYWAY? WHAT DO I WANT WITH WISHY-WASHY SEAT CUSHIONS AN' HOT AN' COLD FOLDING GEARSHIFT? THAT STUFF I CAN DO WITHOUT!... I JUST ORDERED AN AUTOMOBILE! IT DOESN'T HAVE TO COME EQUIPPED LIKE THE BLOSSOM ROOM AT THE WALDORF CASTORIA! TAKE ALL THAT EXTRA STUFF OFF!



IF YOU THINK WE'RE GOING TO TAKE ALL THOSE THINGS OFF THE CAR, YOU'RE MISTAKEN! OUR ACCESSORY DEPARTMENT WORKED ALL NIGHT PUTTIN' THEM ON! IF YOU DON'T BUY IT, SOMEBODY ELSE WILL! DON'T FORGET... WE HAVE A WAITING LIST OF FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE!

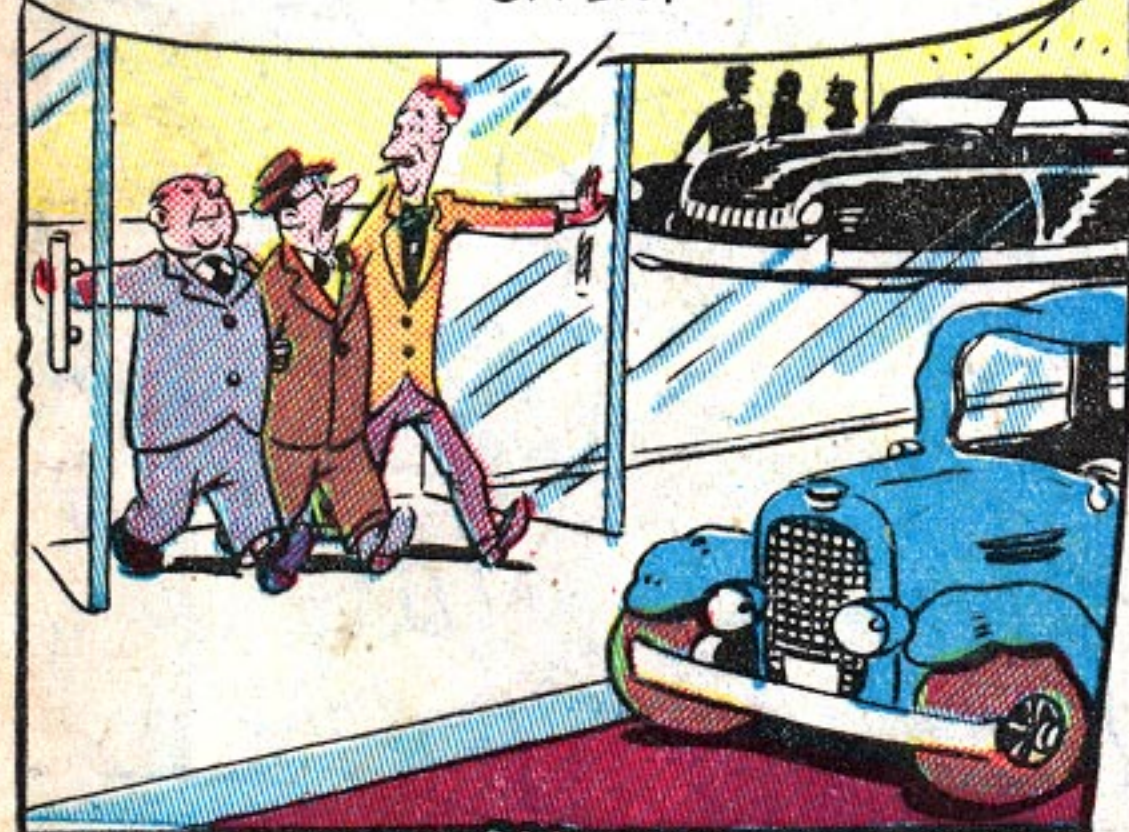


NOW, IF YOU'LL JUST COME ALONG, MR. KILROY, I'LL HAVE OUR MR. SCRUGGS APPRAISE YOUR CAR!

BUT IT'S ALREADY BEEN APPRAISED! YOU SAID YOU'D ALLOW ME THREE HUNDRED ON IT!

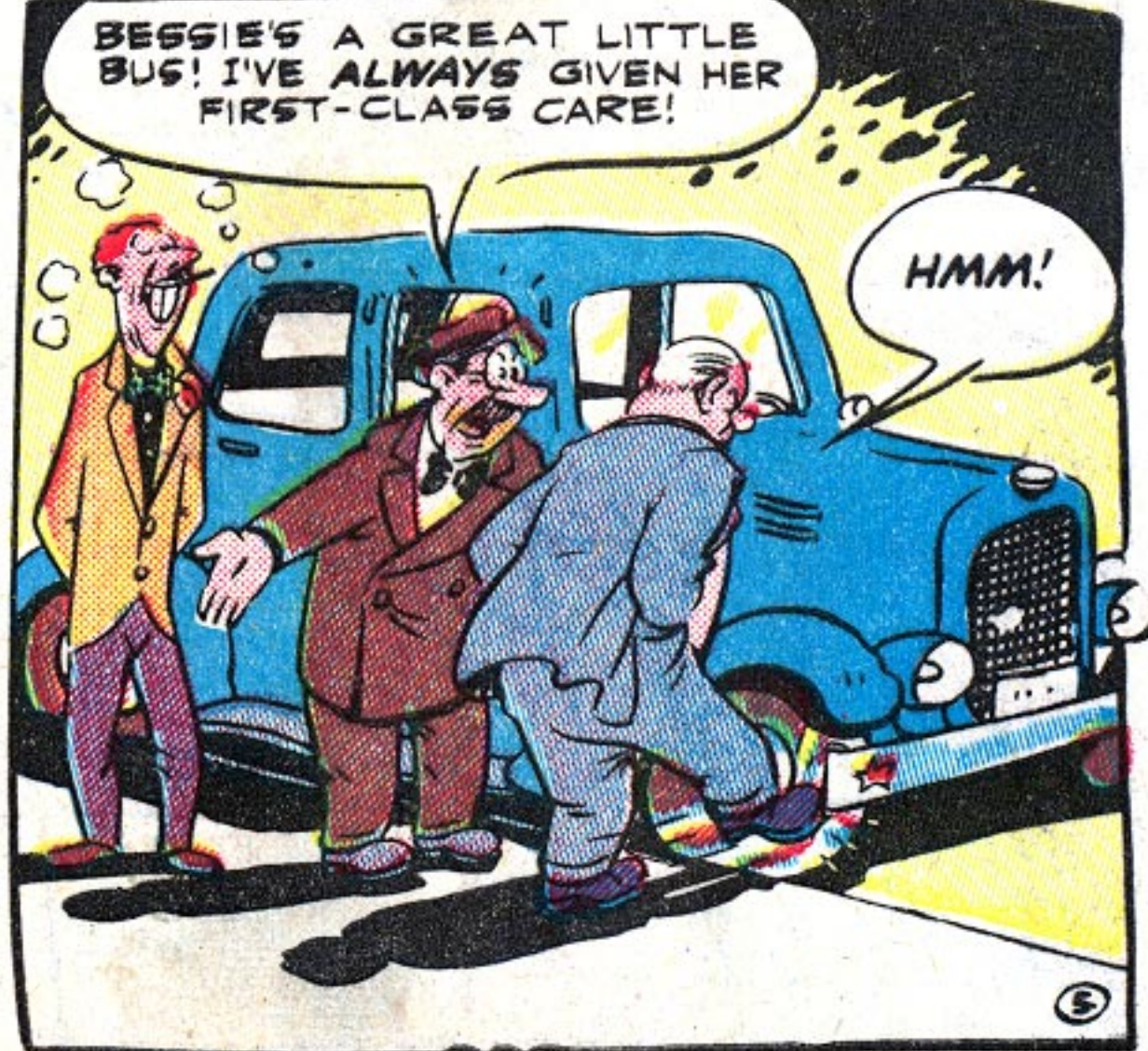


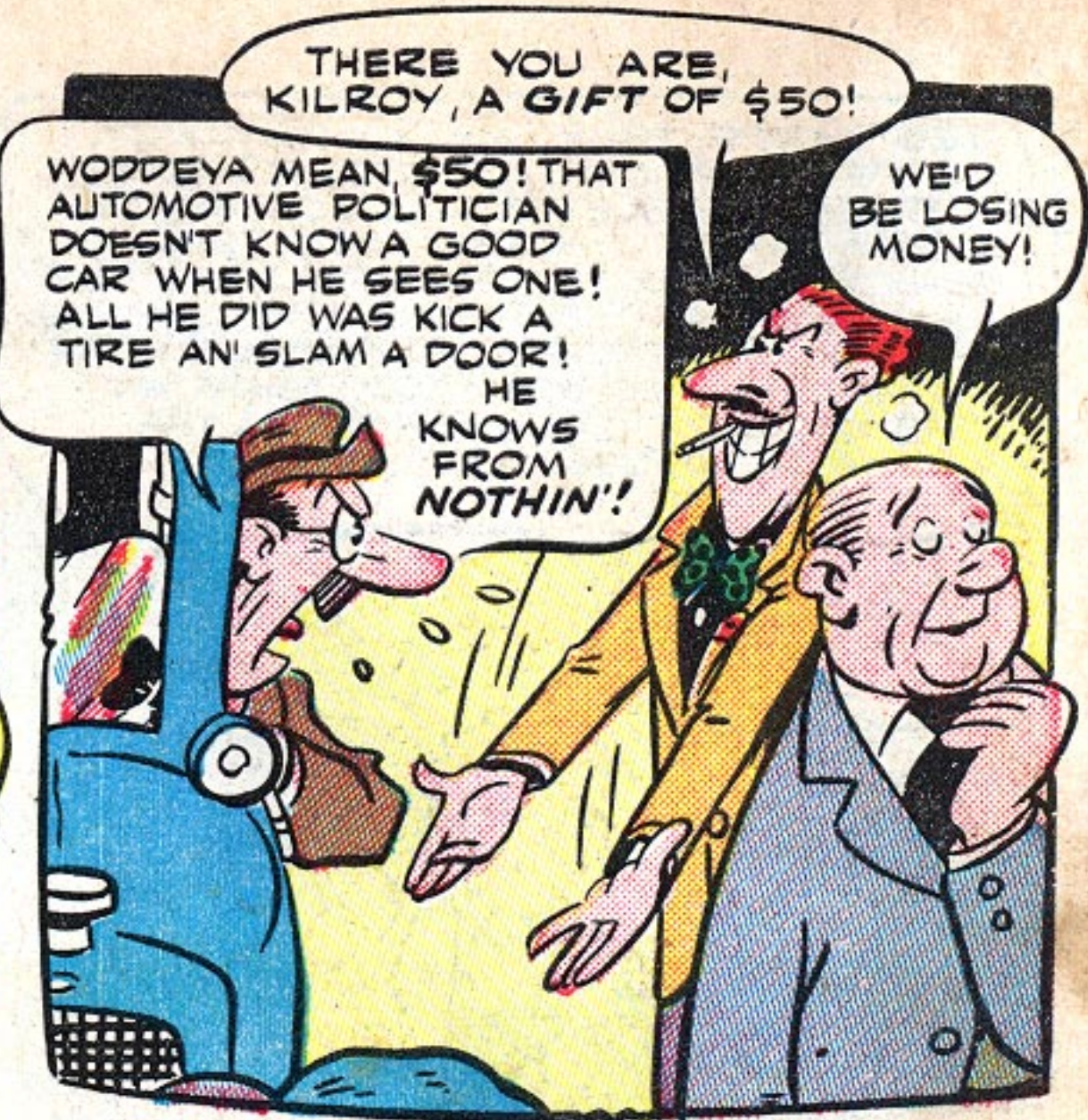
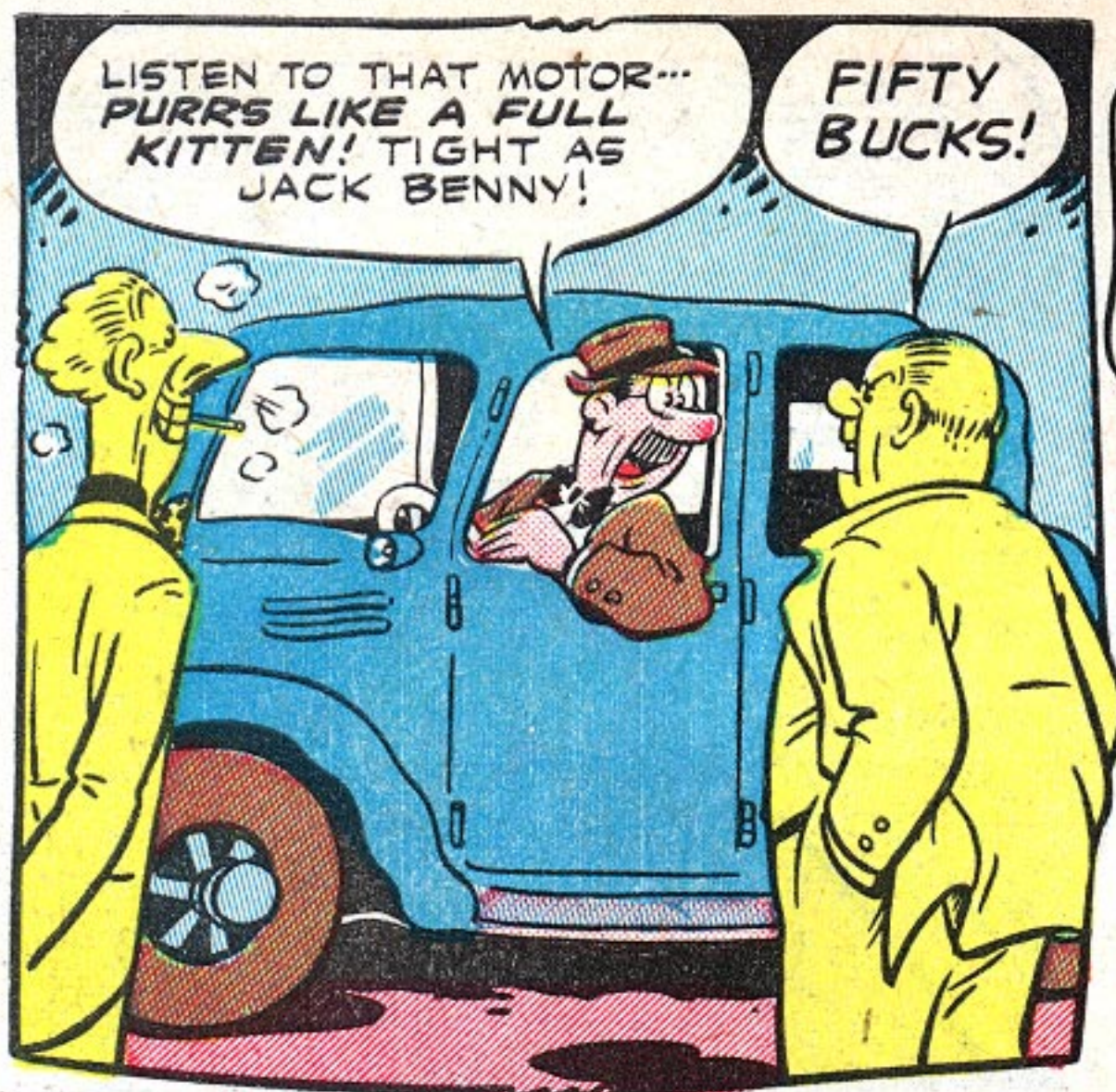
TRUE, MR. KILROY, I DID OFFER YOU \$300 FOR YOUR CAR... BUT THAT WAS IN 1946! THE CAR IS TWO YEARS OLDER NOW AND HAS A LOT MORE MILES ON IT! HOWEVER, I ASSURE YOU MR. SCRUGGS WILL GIVE YOU A VERY GENEROUS OFFER!

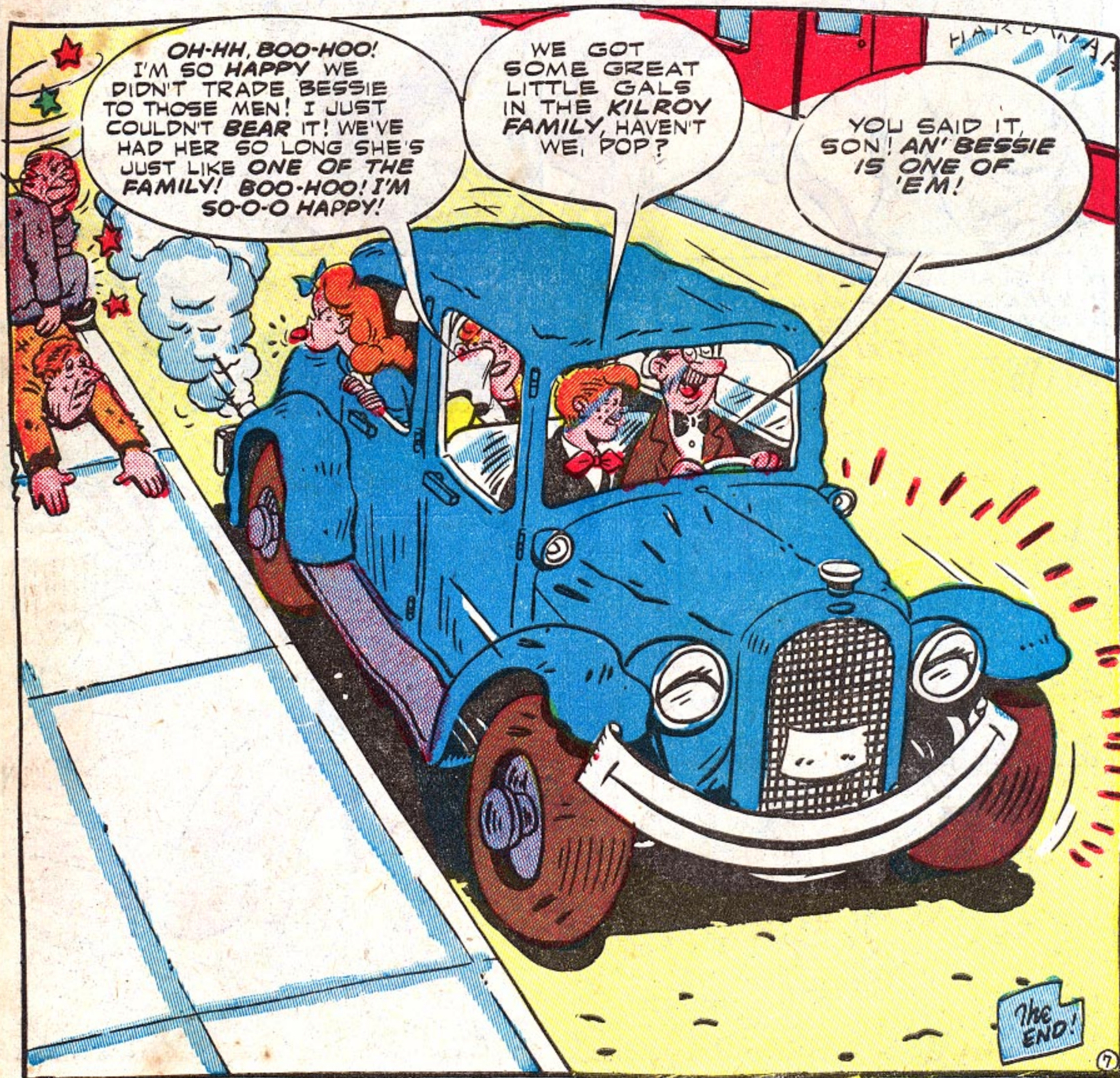


BESSIE'S A GREAT LITTLE BUG! I'VE ALWAYS GIVEN HER FIRST-CLASS CARE!

HMM!







I'M GLAD MOTHER IS SAFELY MARRIED! ... THE *IMPRACTICAL* ADVICE SHE GIVES US ABOUT *MEN*!

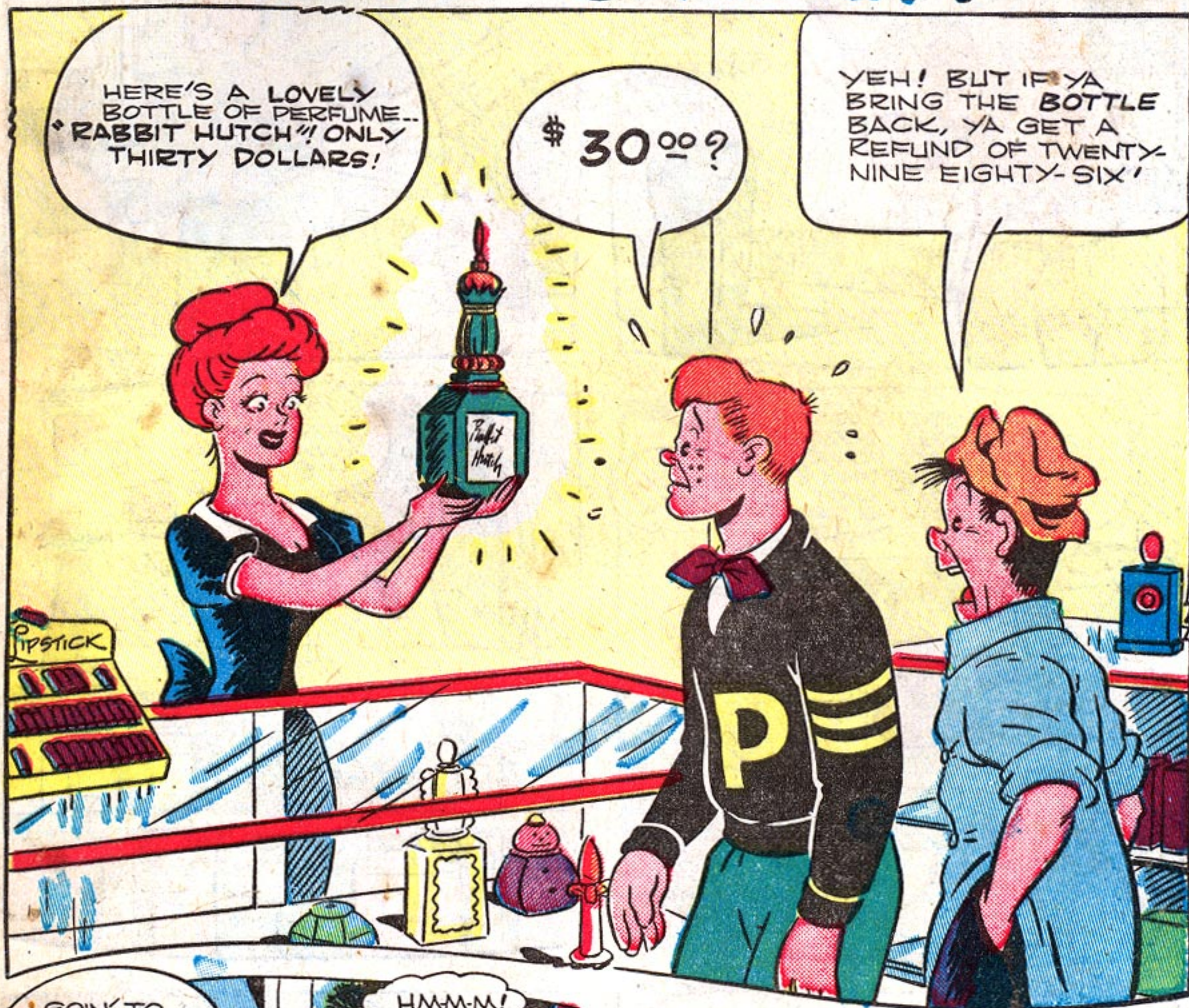
I KNOW YOU TURNED THE WAY YOU SIGNALLED! THAT'S WHAT FOOLED ME!

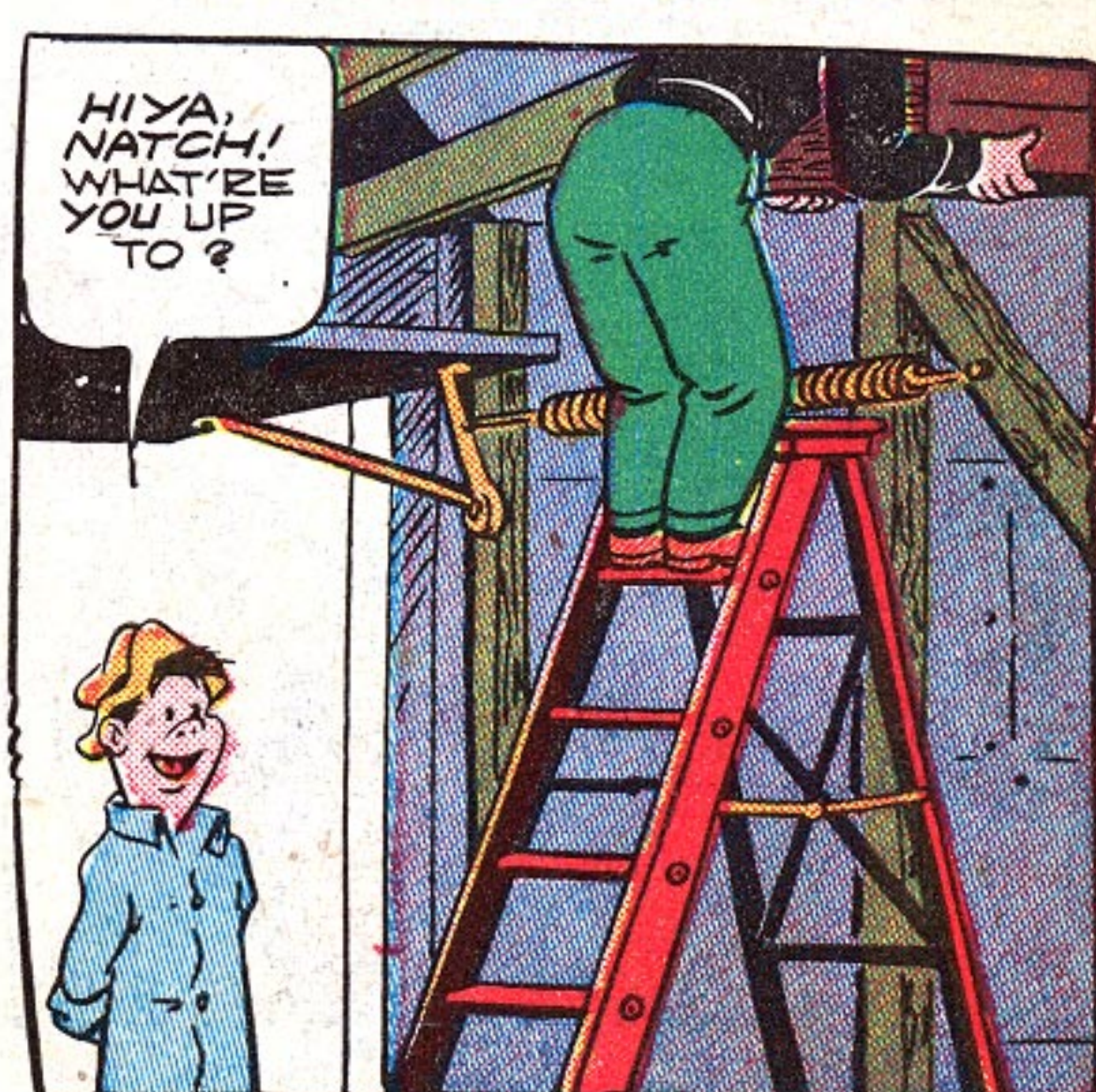
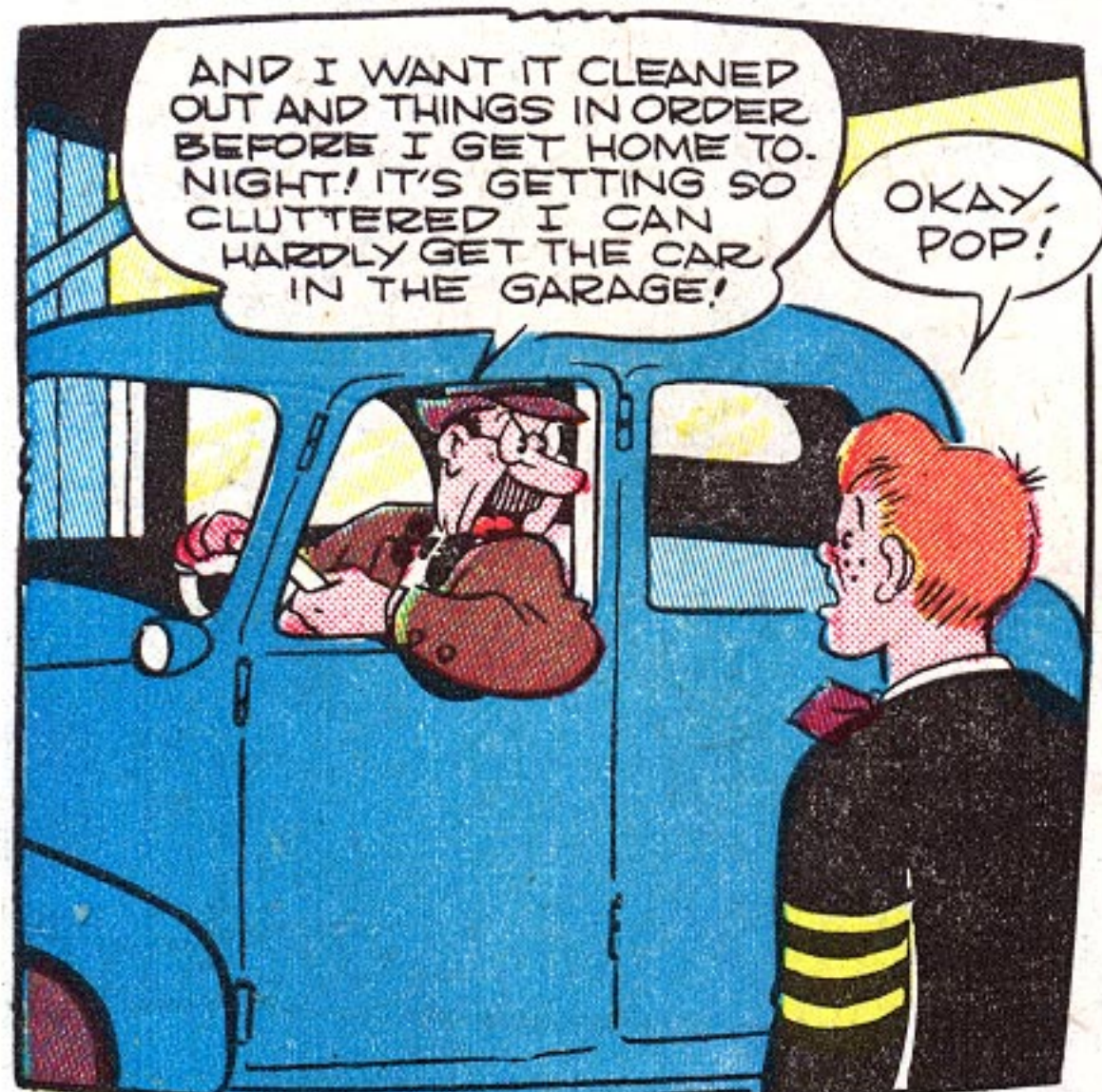
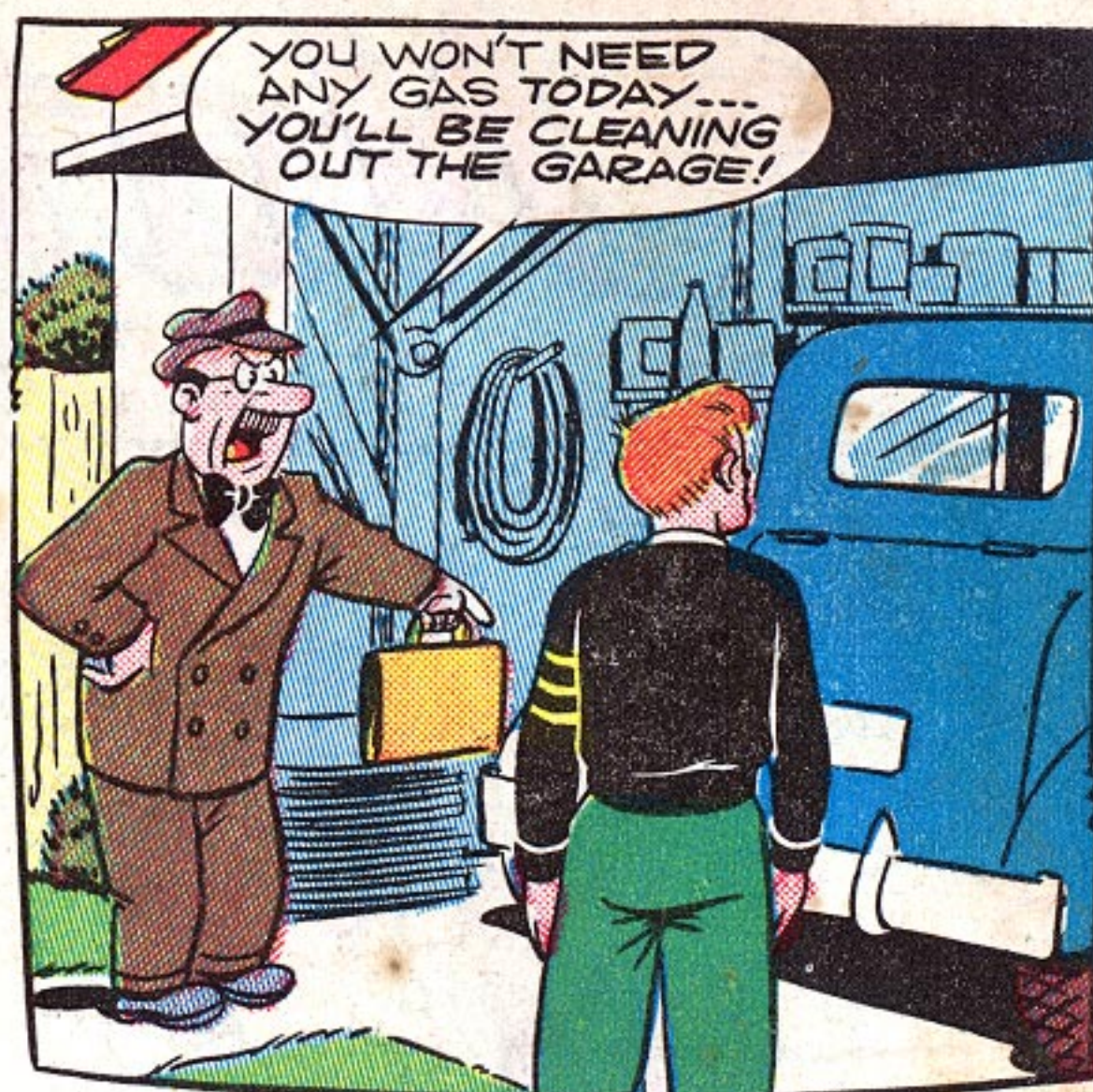
AL HARTLEY

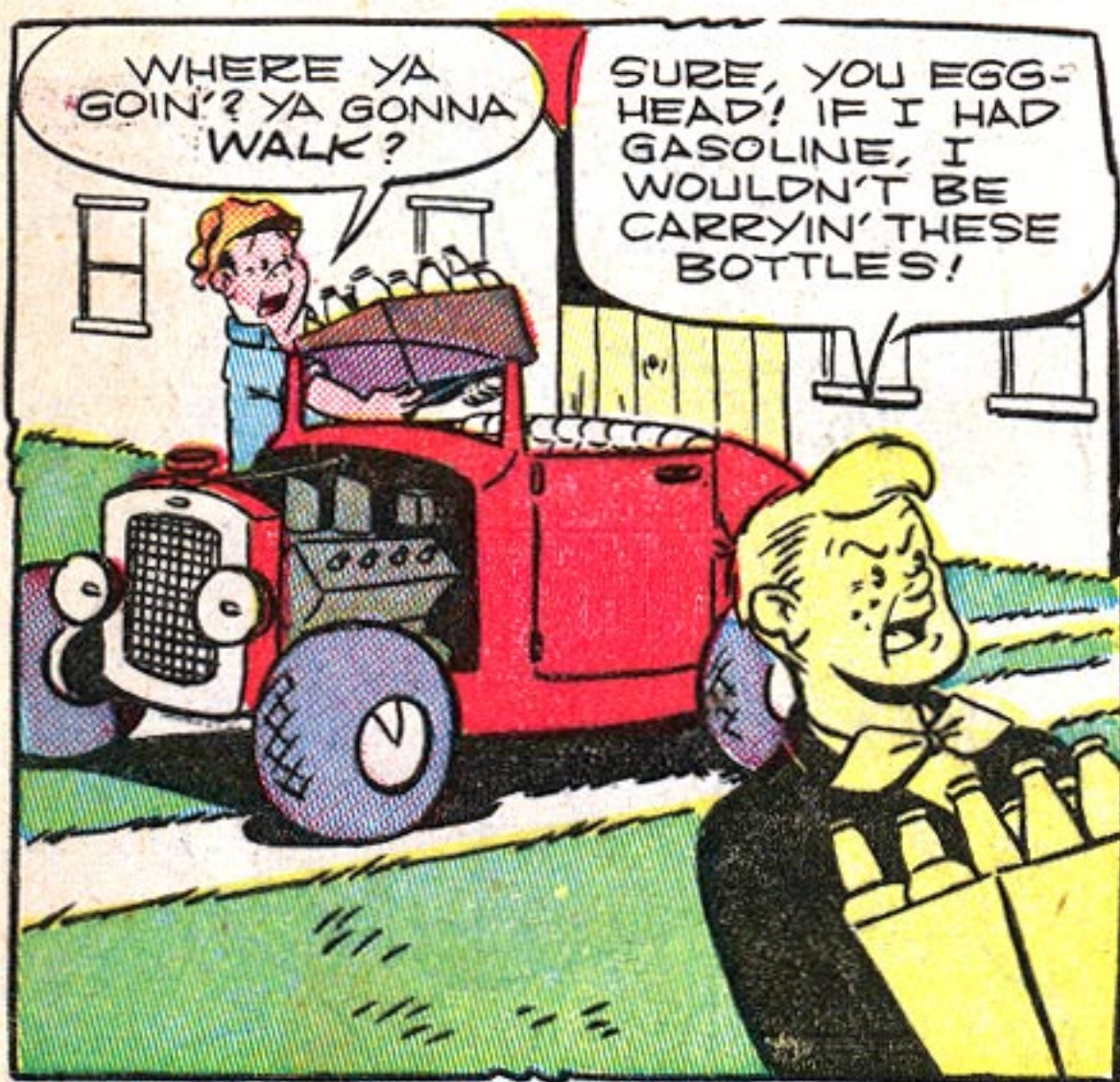
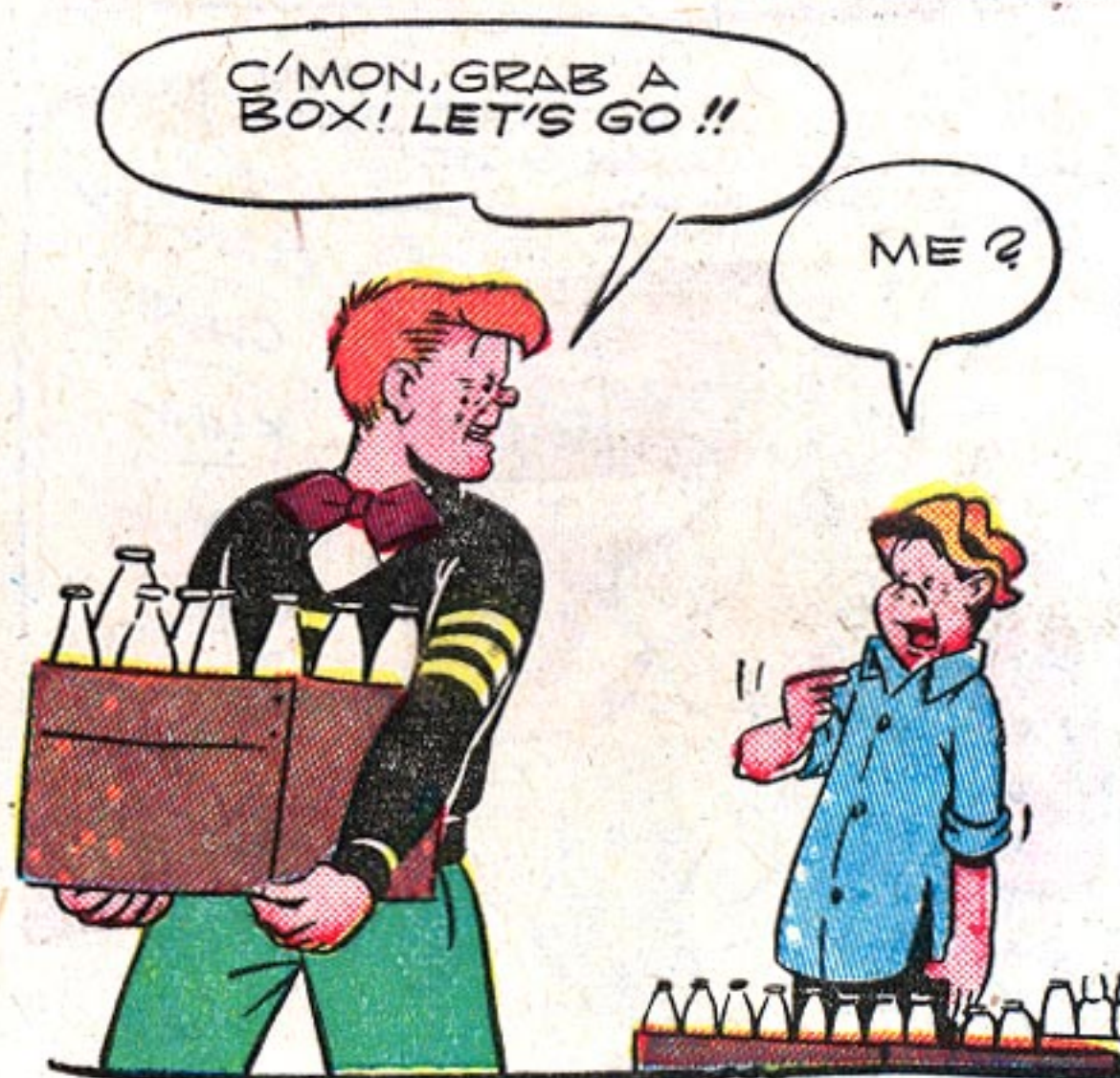
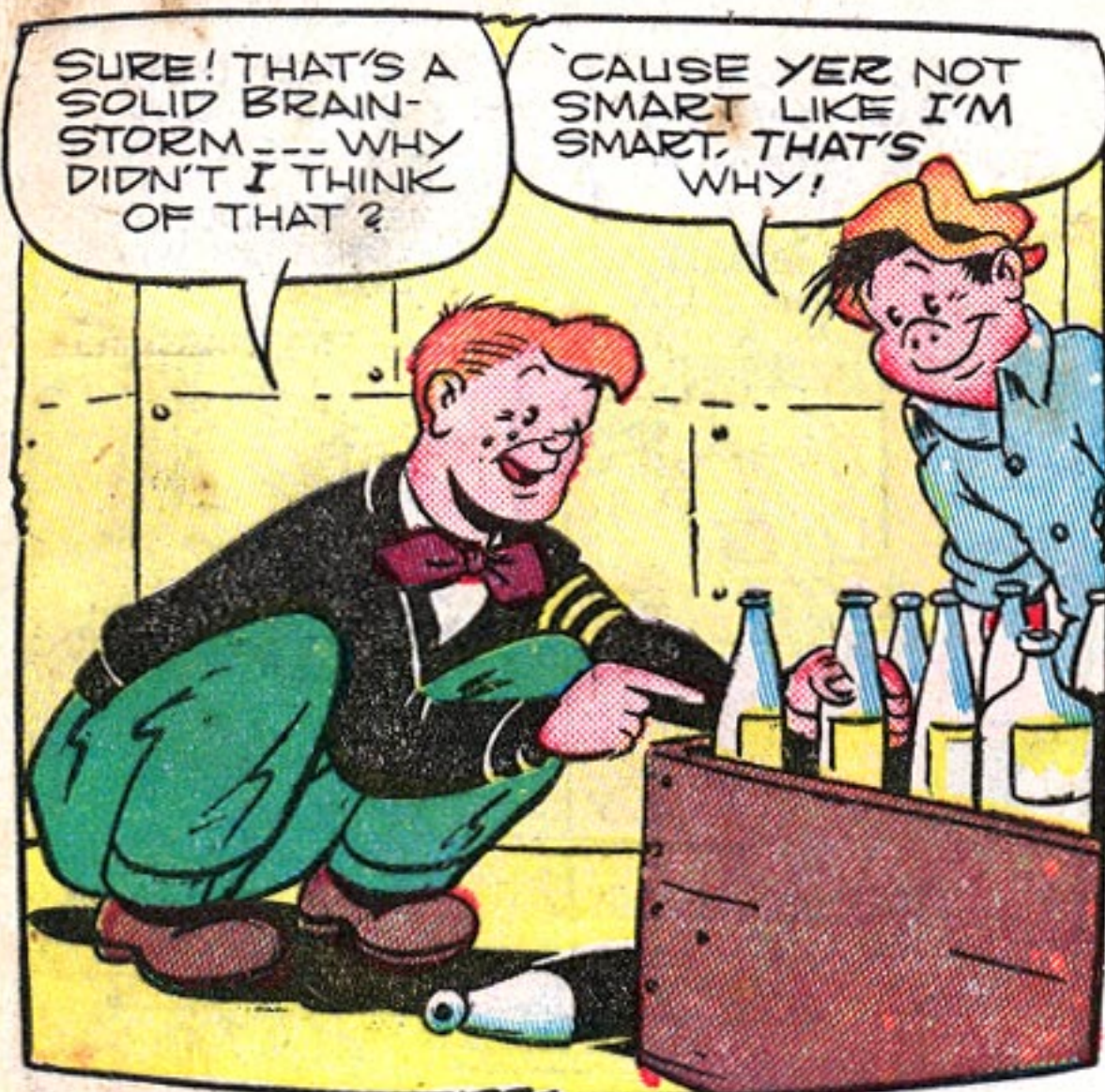
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HARLEY-

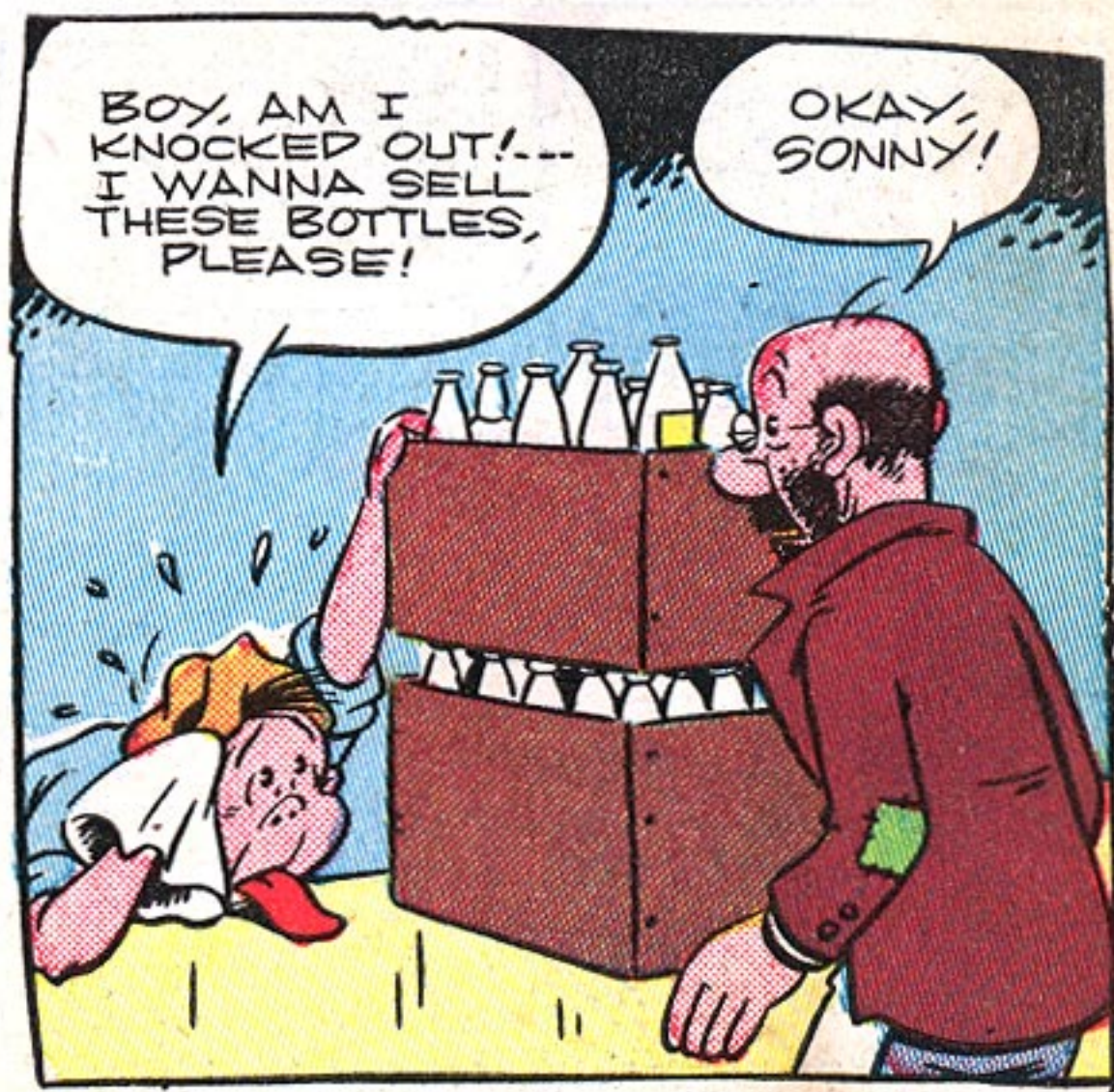
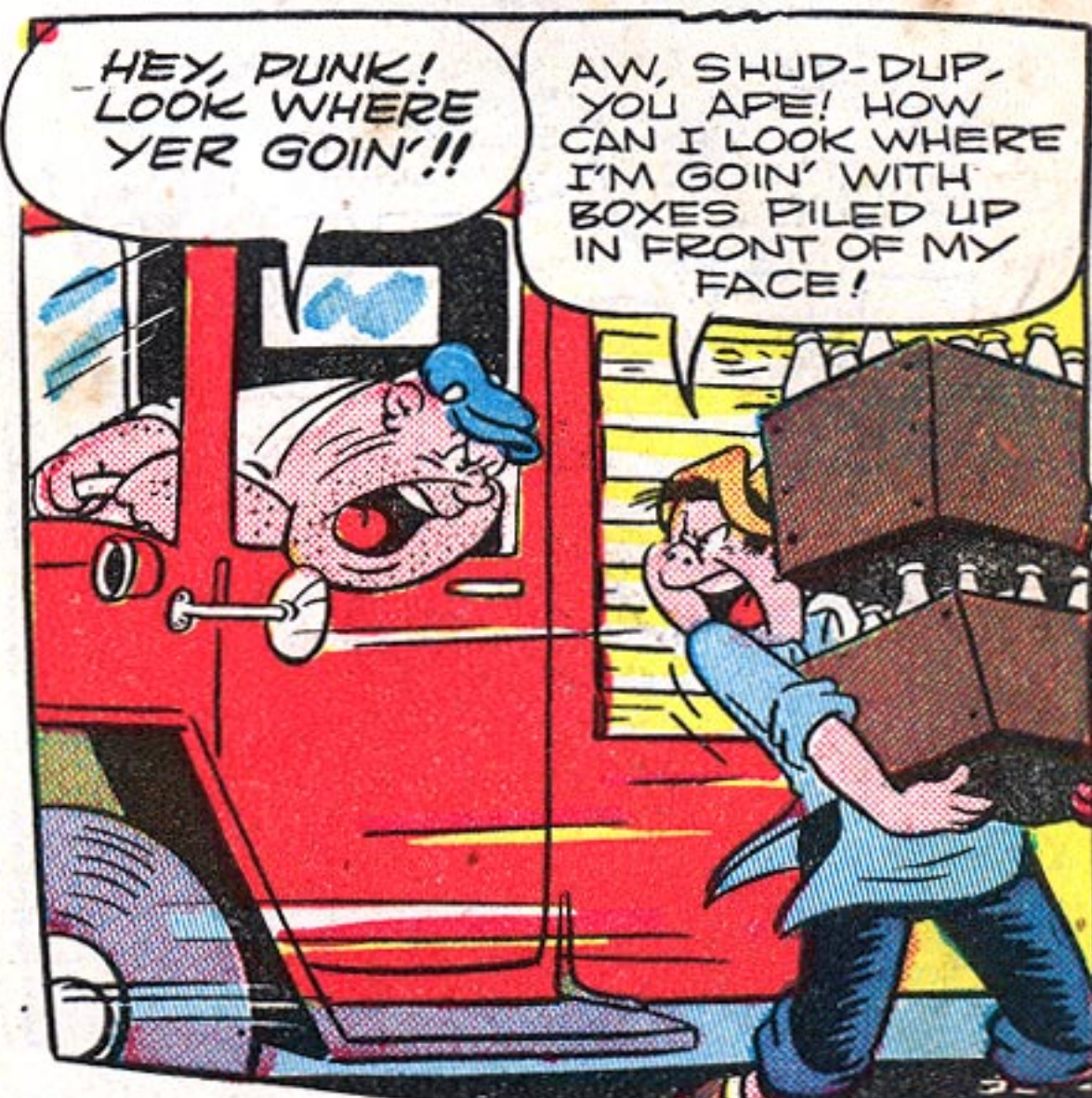
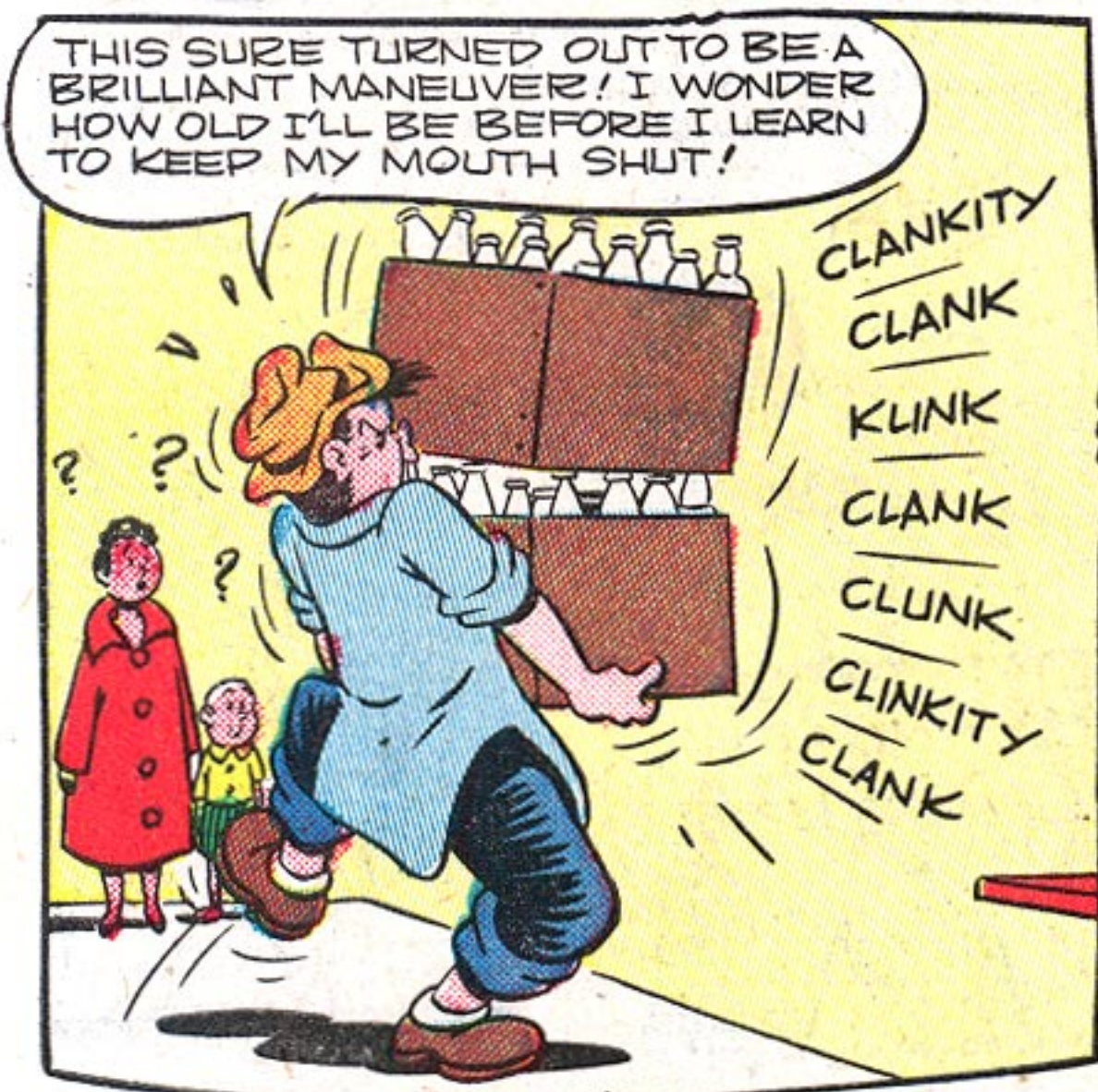
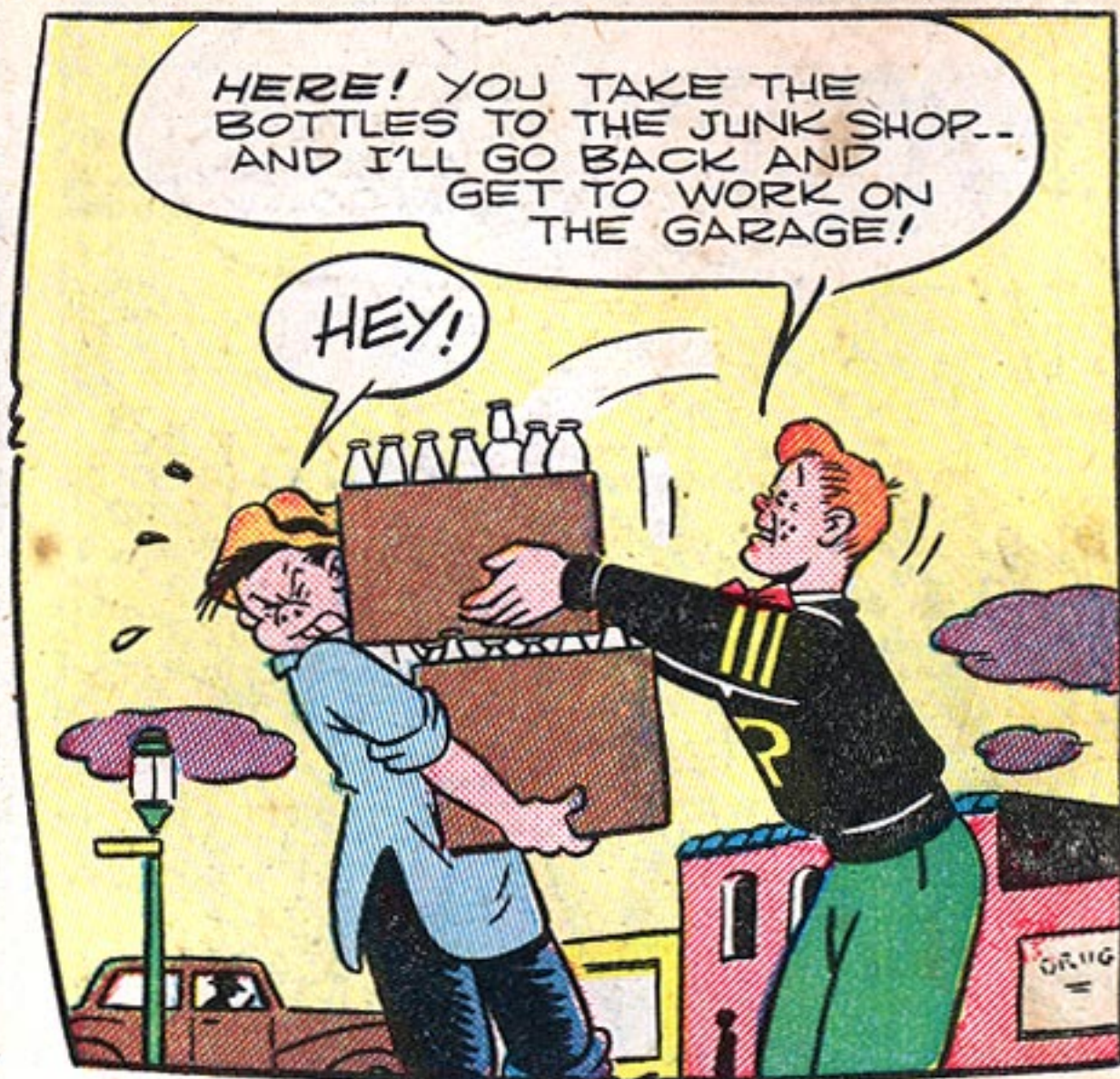
Natch

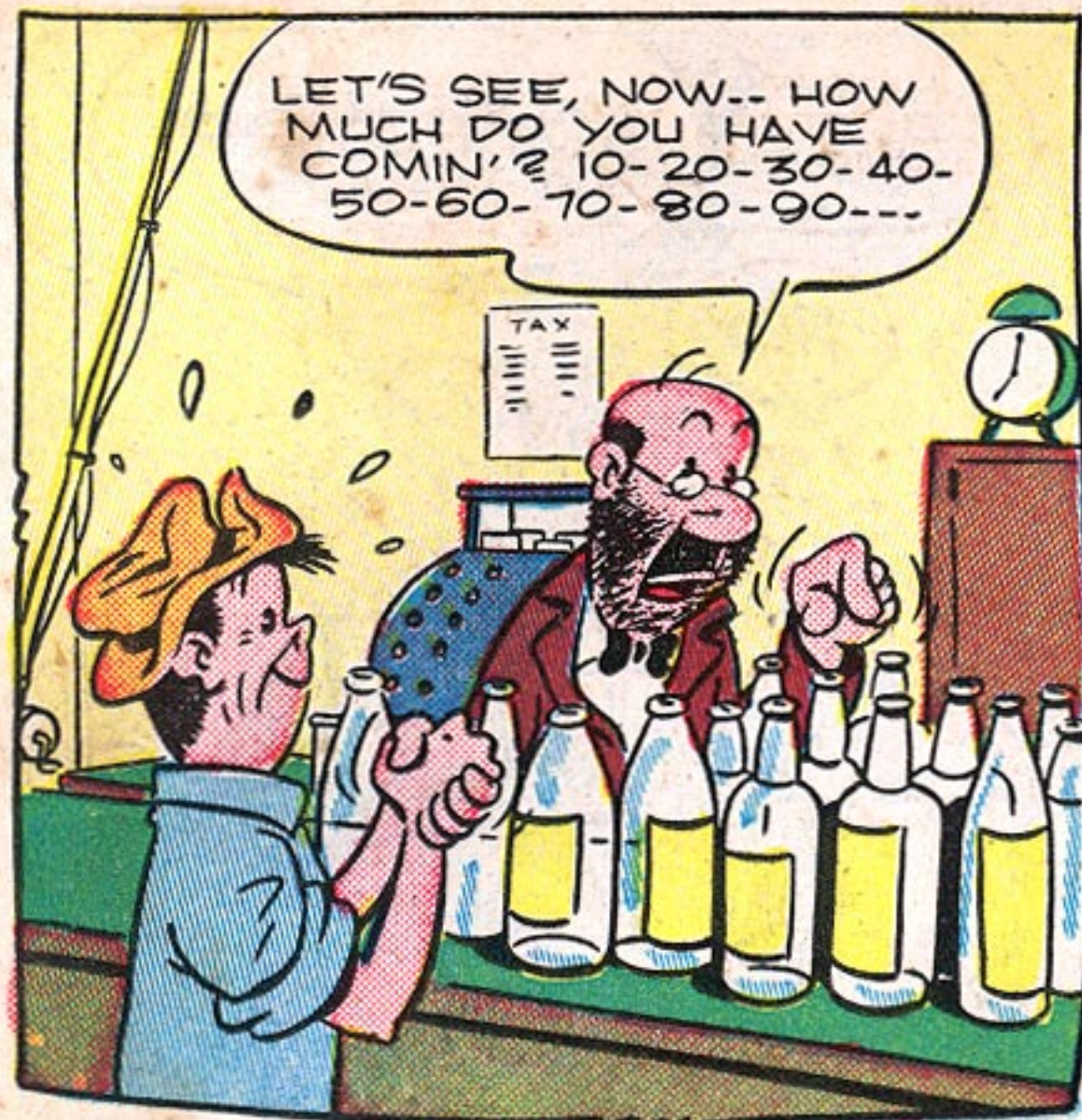
"THE BIG CLEANUP!"

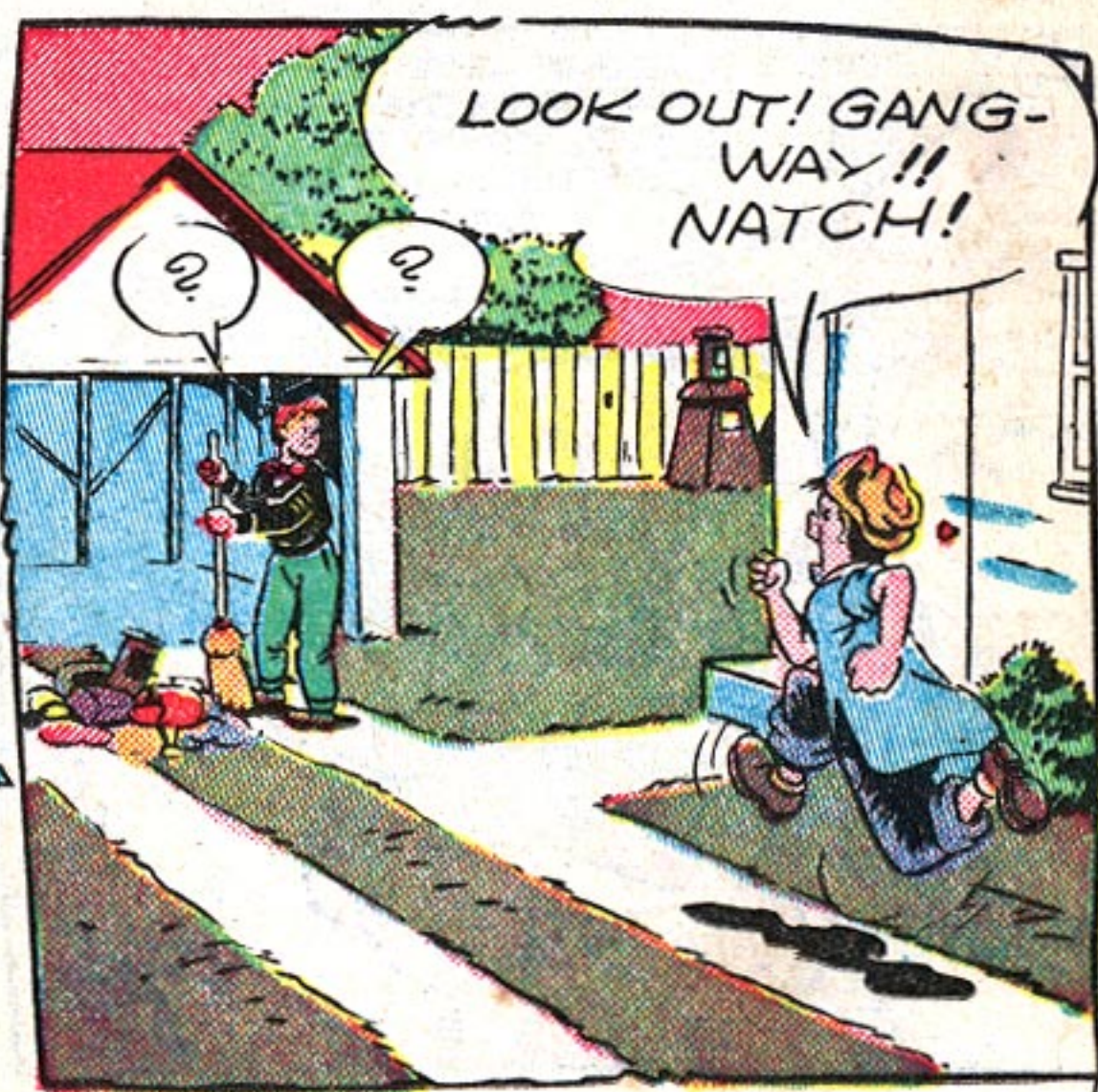
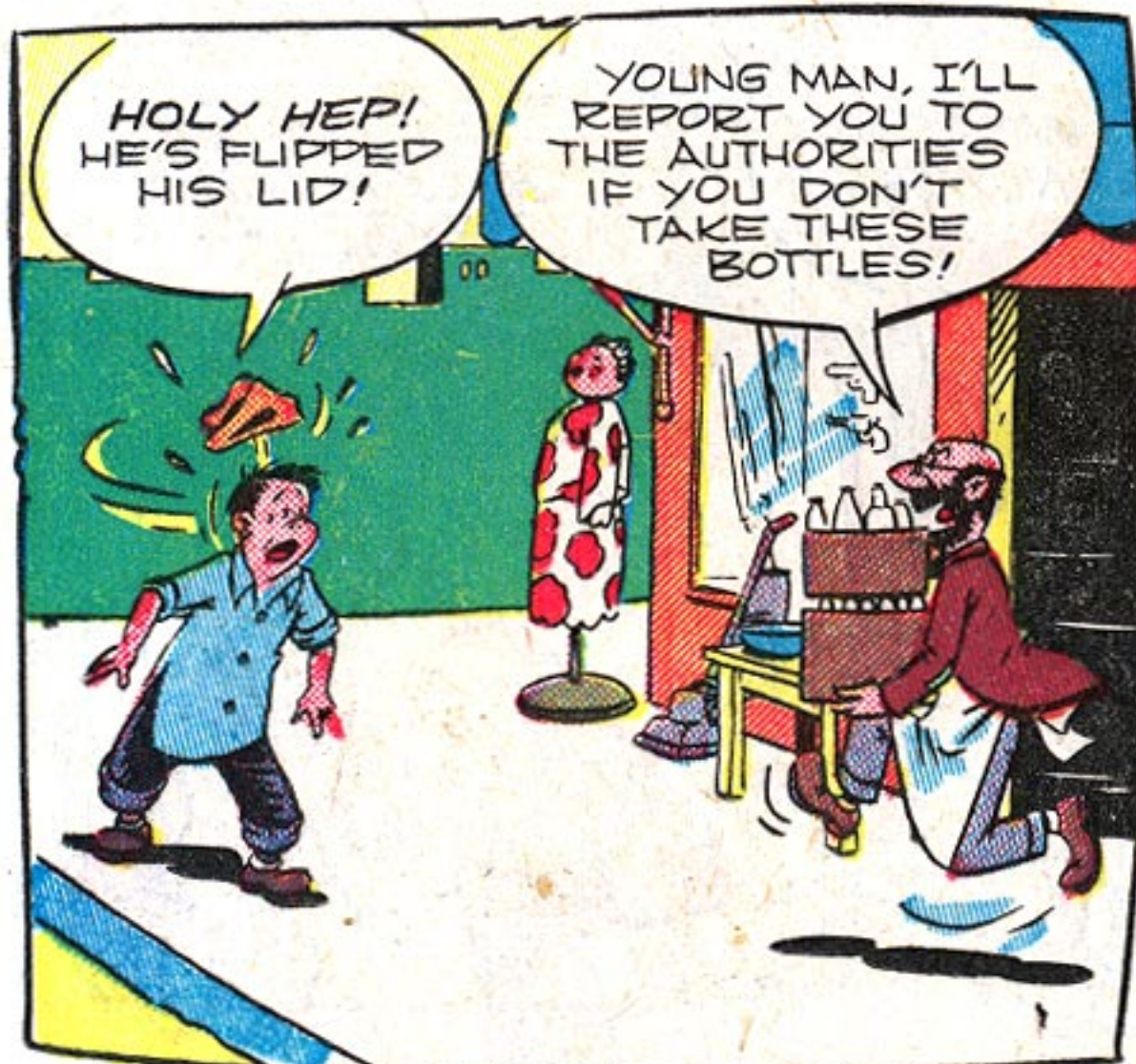


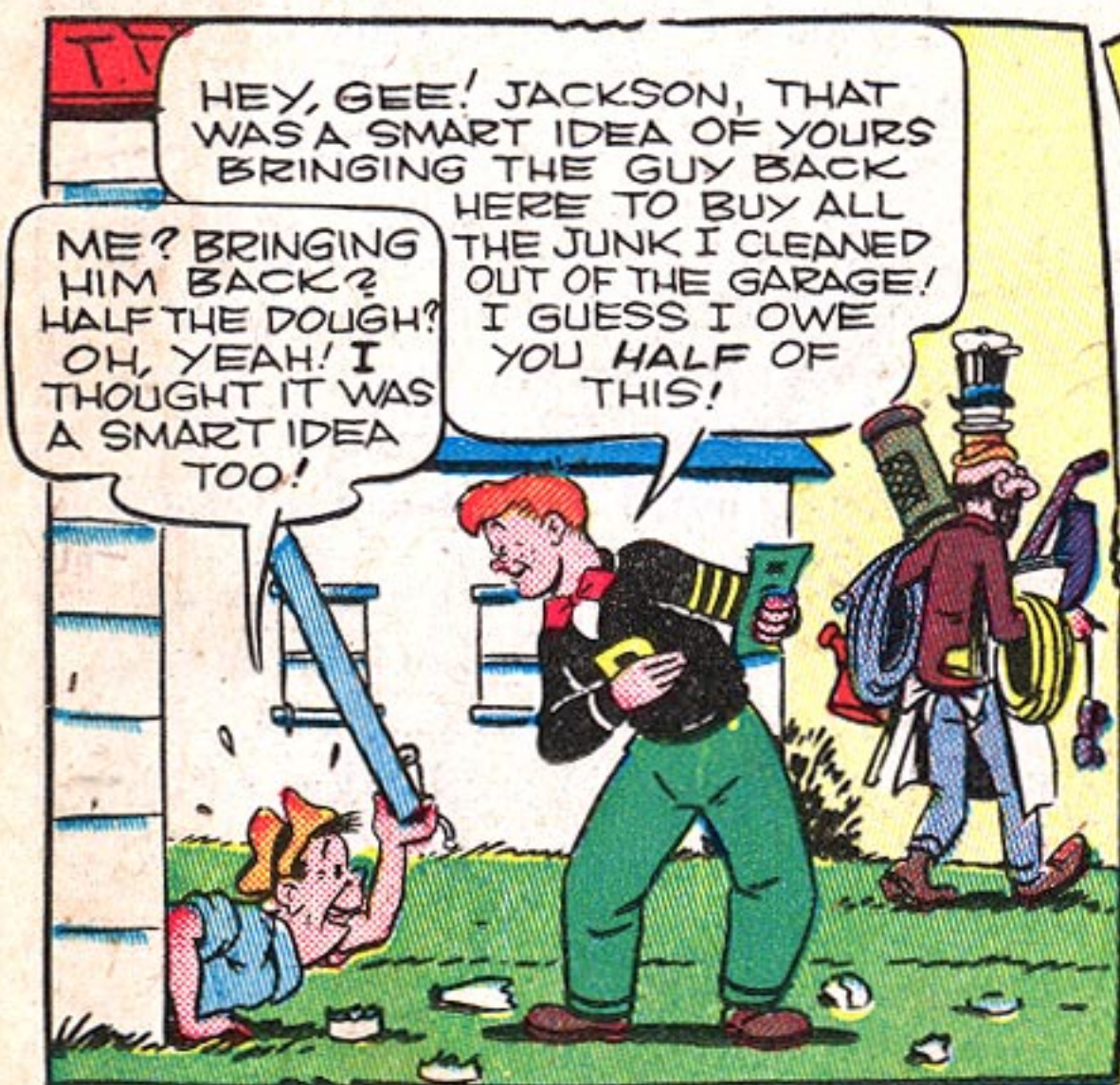
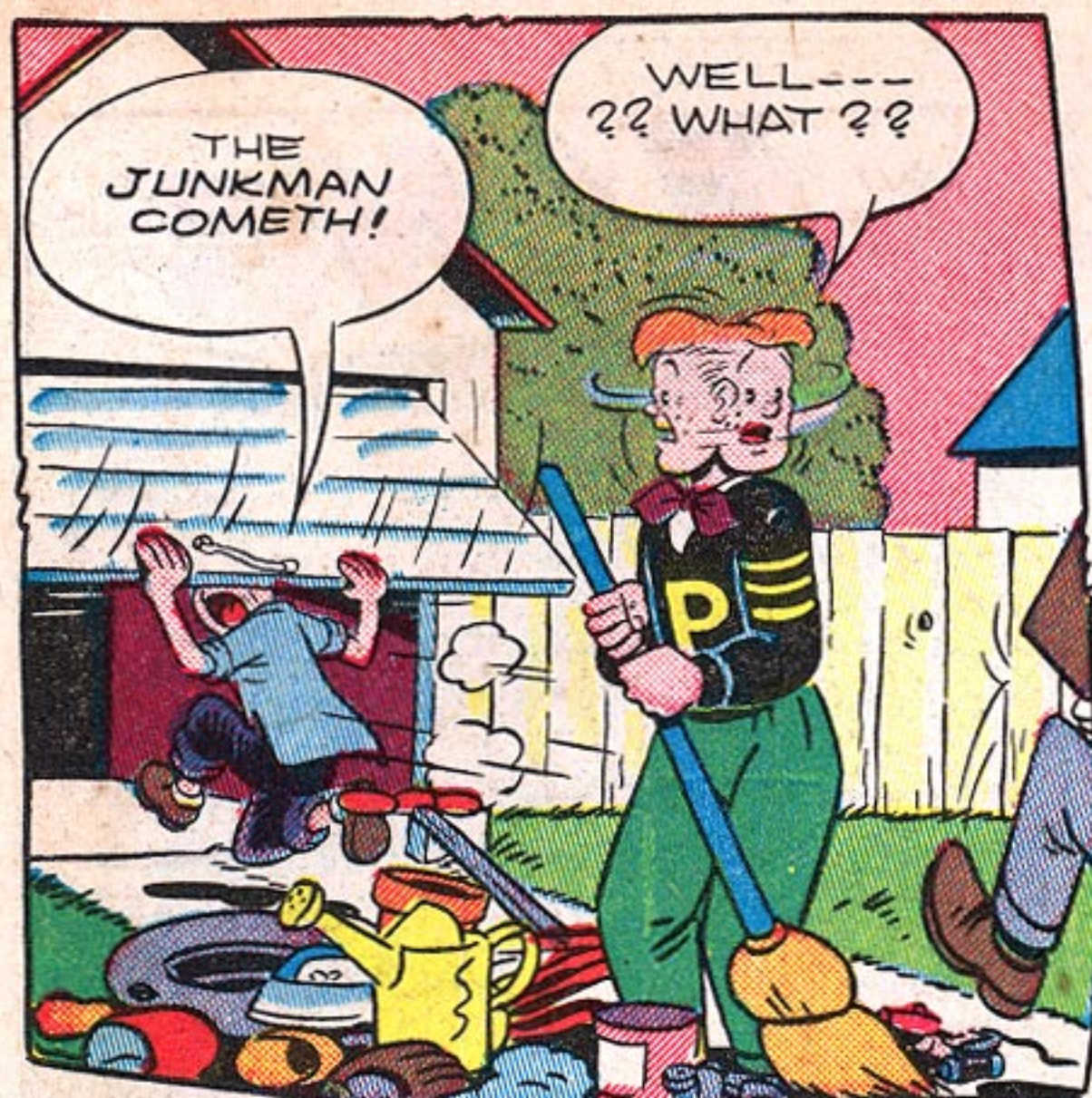












CLOTHES make the **GANG**

WHEN Hughie Bascom moved into the neighborhood, he caused a furor! The girls thought he was divine, the boys had no use for him at all, and poor Hughie was trapped in the middle.

All the fuss was started by his immaculate, well-dressed and crisply-groomed appearance. "That guy's a clothes horse and a drip," was the verdict of the boys, as expressed by Bick Johnson.

"He's the smoothest thing that ever came to town!" was the counter-verdict of the girls, as sighed by Penny Pettis.

As for Hughie Bascom, all *he* could say was, "Oooh! What did I ever do to deserve tis? All the guys in this place have it in for me, and a feller needs a friend! What'll I do?"

Any of the girls would have been happy to take Hughie in hand, especially Penny Pettis. But Hughie would have none of it. After all, if he was so unpopular with the fellows right now, how would things be if he started dating their girls?

"It's a desperate situation, all right," he meditated one afternoon, on the way home from school. "All I need is a dog house to crawl into and I'll be the perfect outcast. I'm getting lonelier and lonelier and no mistake!"

As Hughie mulled his problem over in his mind, an eager female voice called out, "Hugie! Hughie Bascom, wait for me!"

"Wait for *us*, Hughie!" three or four more sweet voices chorused.

Hughie turned around and saw Pen-

ny Pettis and a flock of her friends coming towards him.

"Uh-oh!" he exclaimed. "I'm being surrounded. I'd better get moving!"

Breaking into a run, Hughie cut through a narrow side street and across somebody's back yard. Laughing and calling, the girls came chasing after him. Hughie ran faster, hoping to escape. But the girls were determined, so *they* ran faster too.

"The situation calls for strategic measures," Hughie realized, putting on a burst of speed. Racing like mad, he headed straight for a tall back fence and, taking a fast grip of a loose board, he vaulted over.

The rip of his trousers as they tore on a nail could be heard for blocks, but that wasn't the worst of it! How could Hughie Bascom foretell the presence of a huge ash barrel on the other side of the fence? He couldn't possibly!

It was a different Hughie Bascom who picked himself ruefully from the ground. His hair was mussed, his clothing torn, and he was covered from head to foot with a layer of cinders!

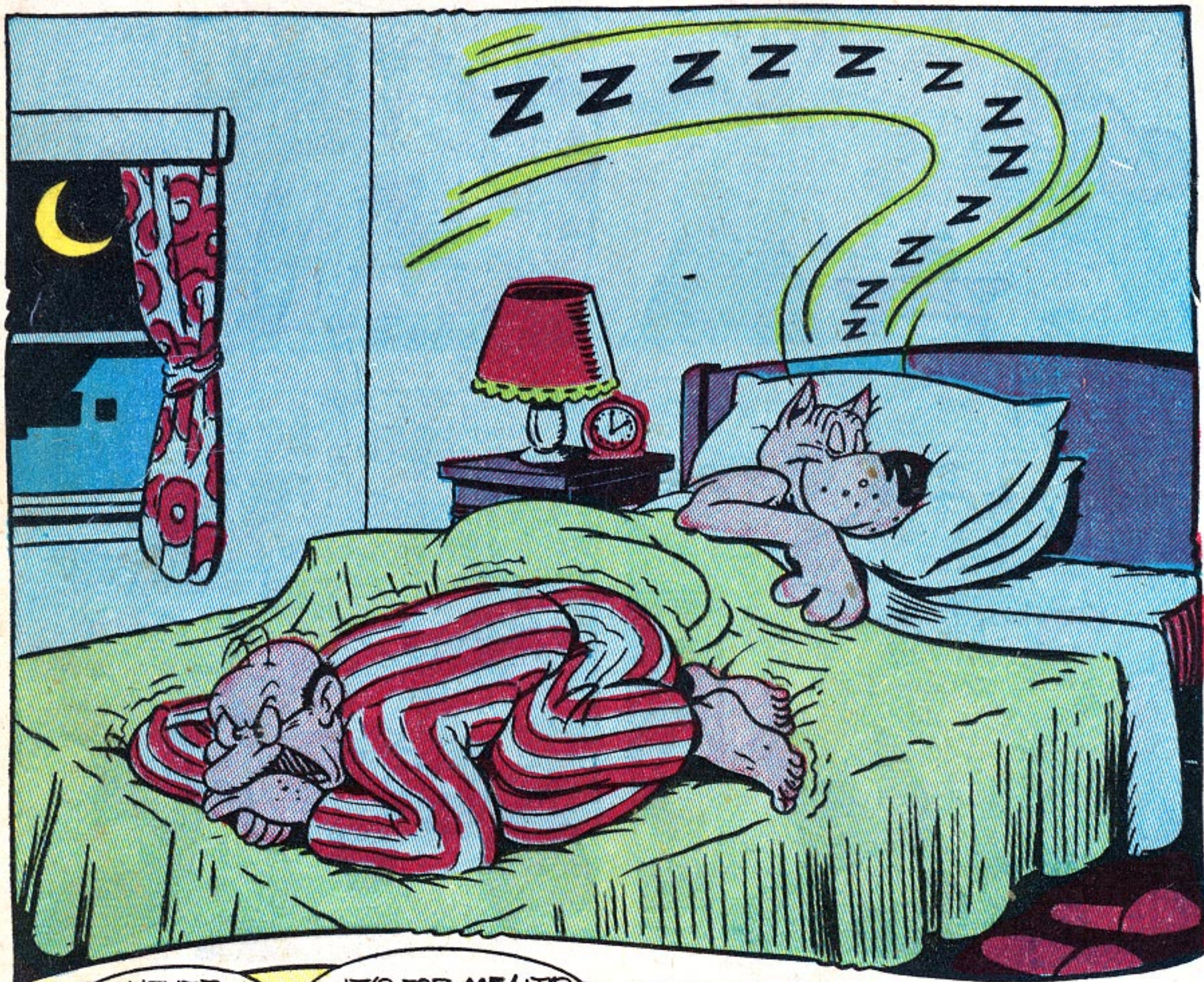
By the time Penny Pettis and the other girls reached him, their faces were expressing varying degrees of disapproval. "Hmm!" Penny said. "You are just as uncouth as all the others!"

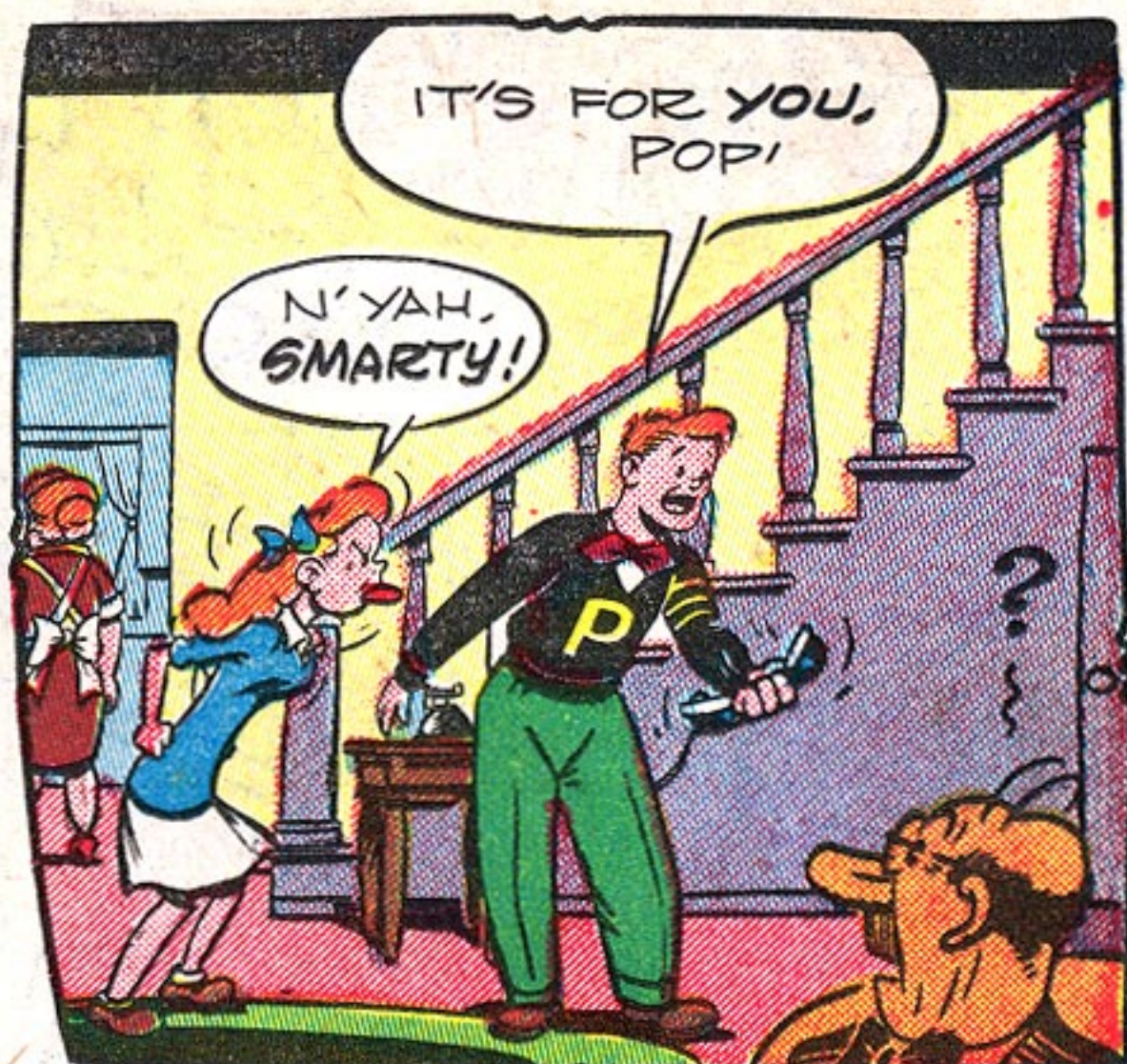
Bick Johnson and the gang thought so too. That's why they welcomed Hughie Bascom to the crowd with loud cries of laughter. "Looks like you're one of the gang, now!" Bick said.

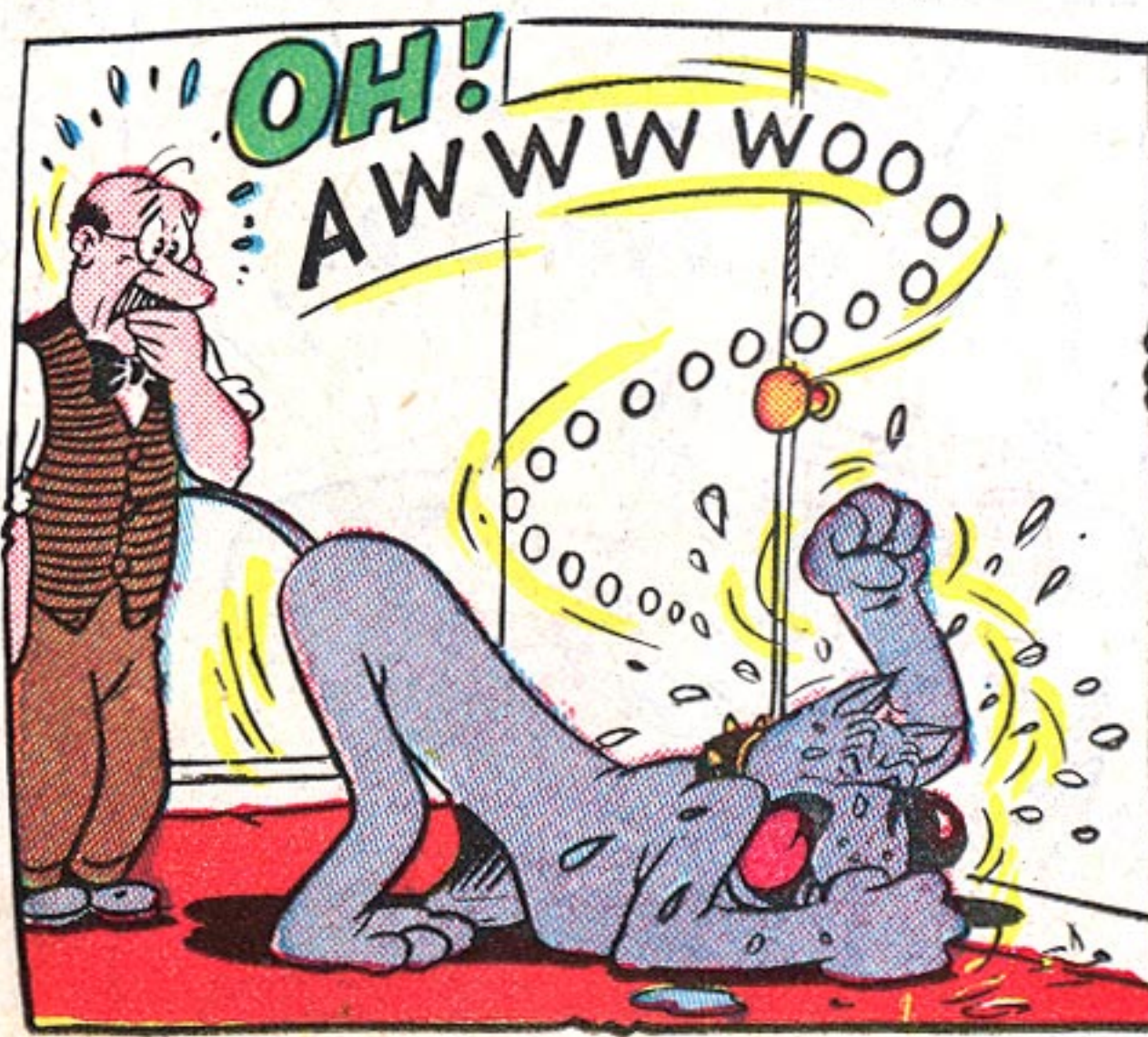
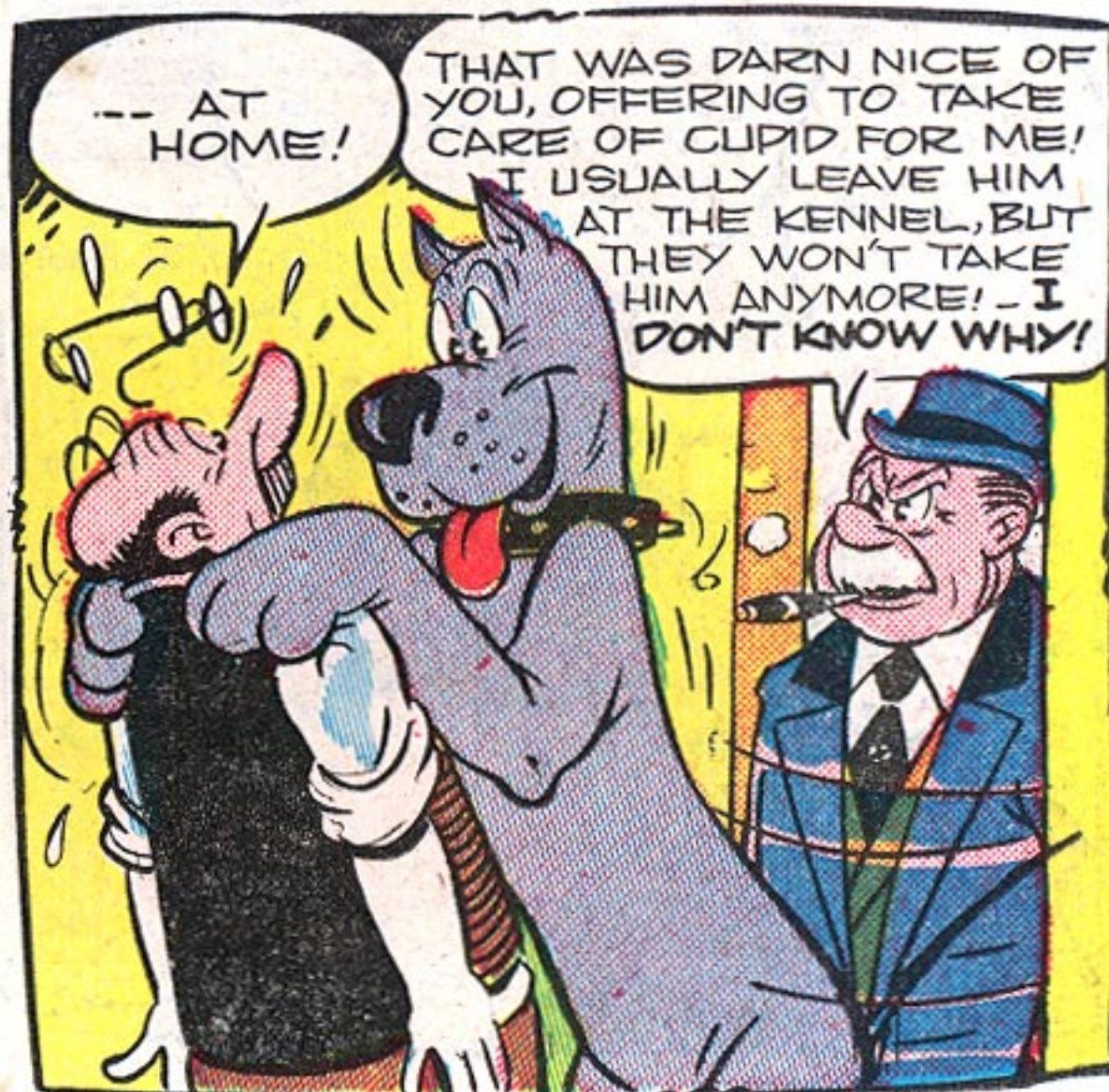
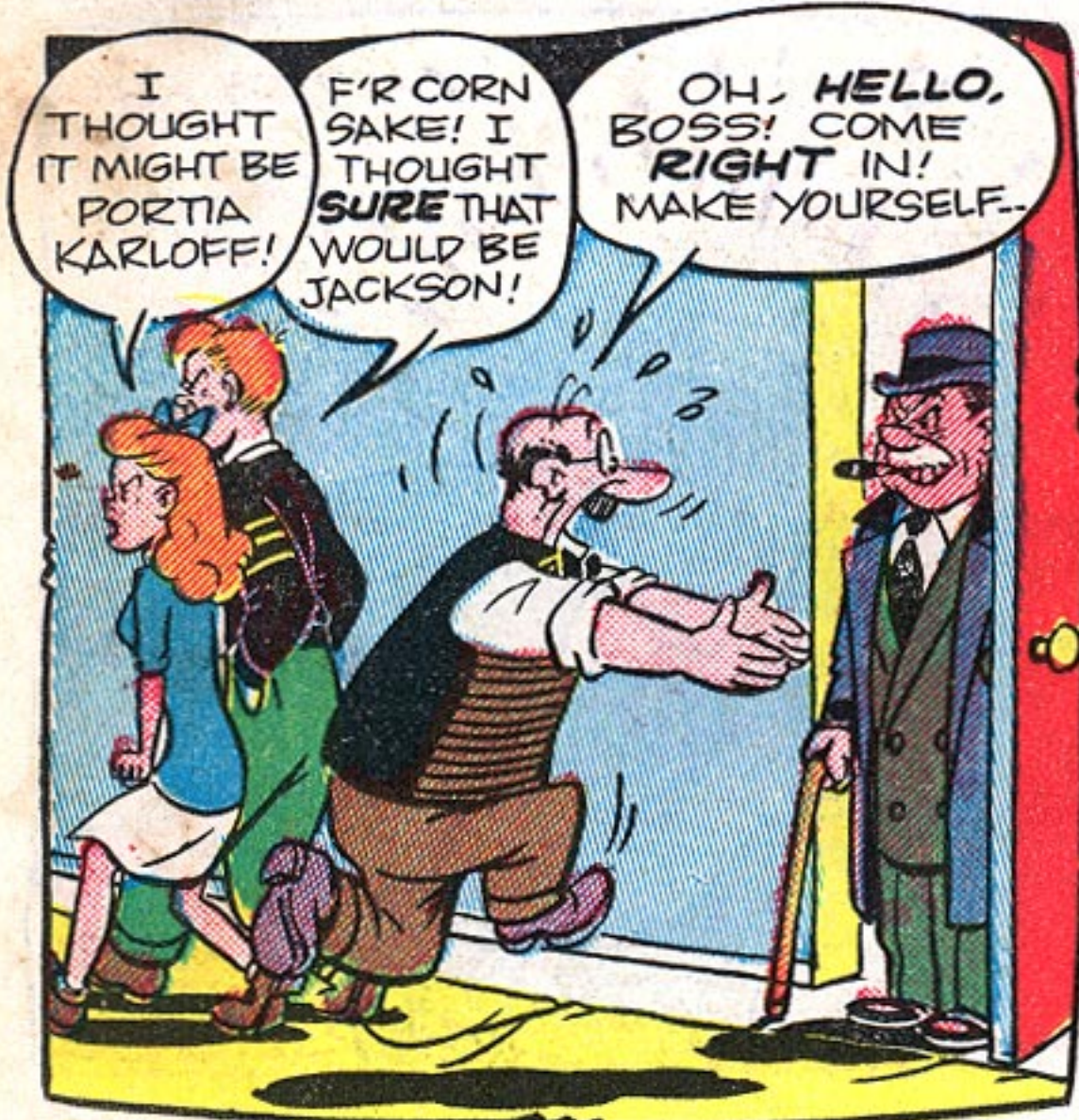
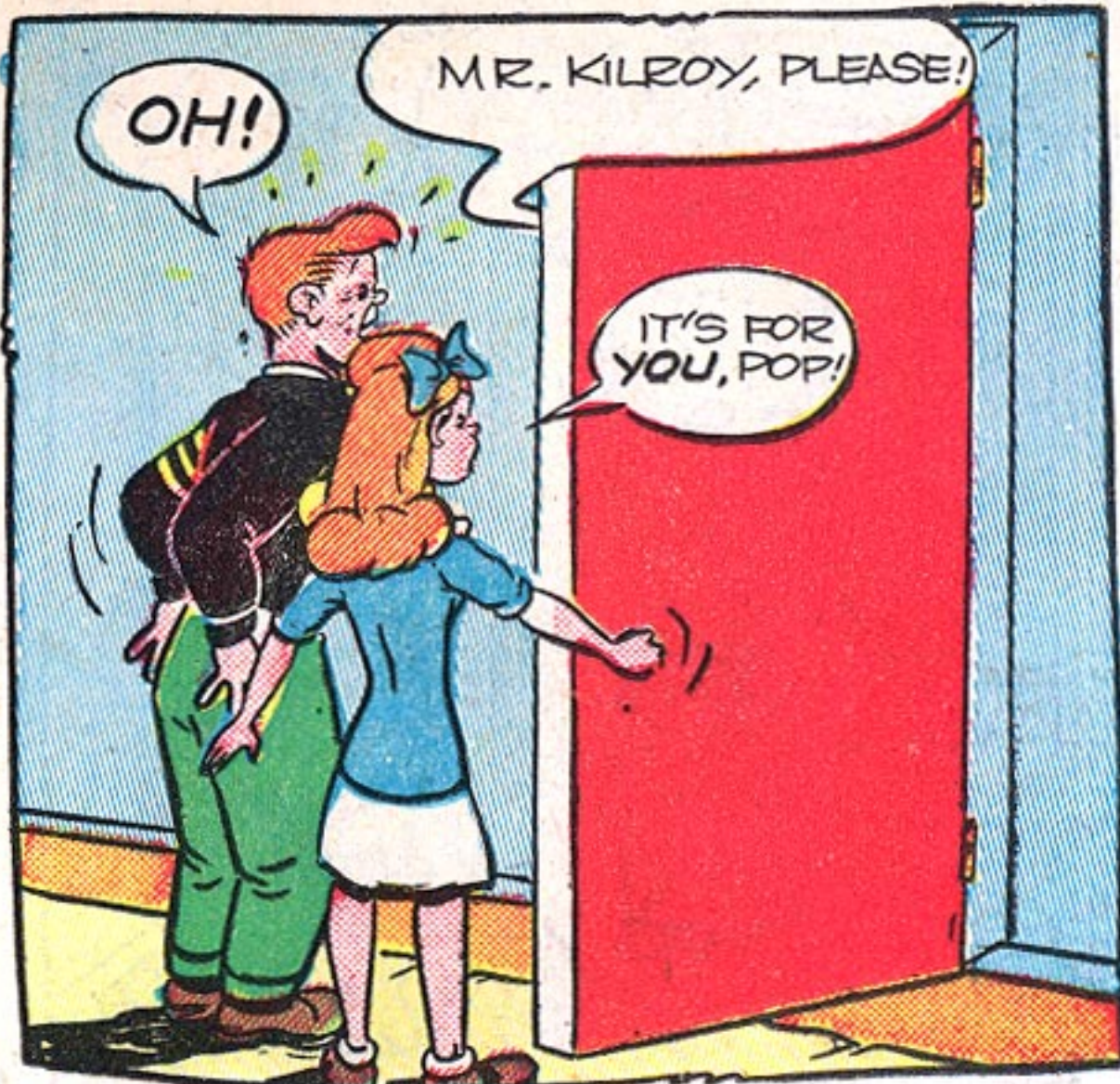
Which made Hughie Bascom feel at home at last!

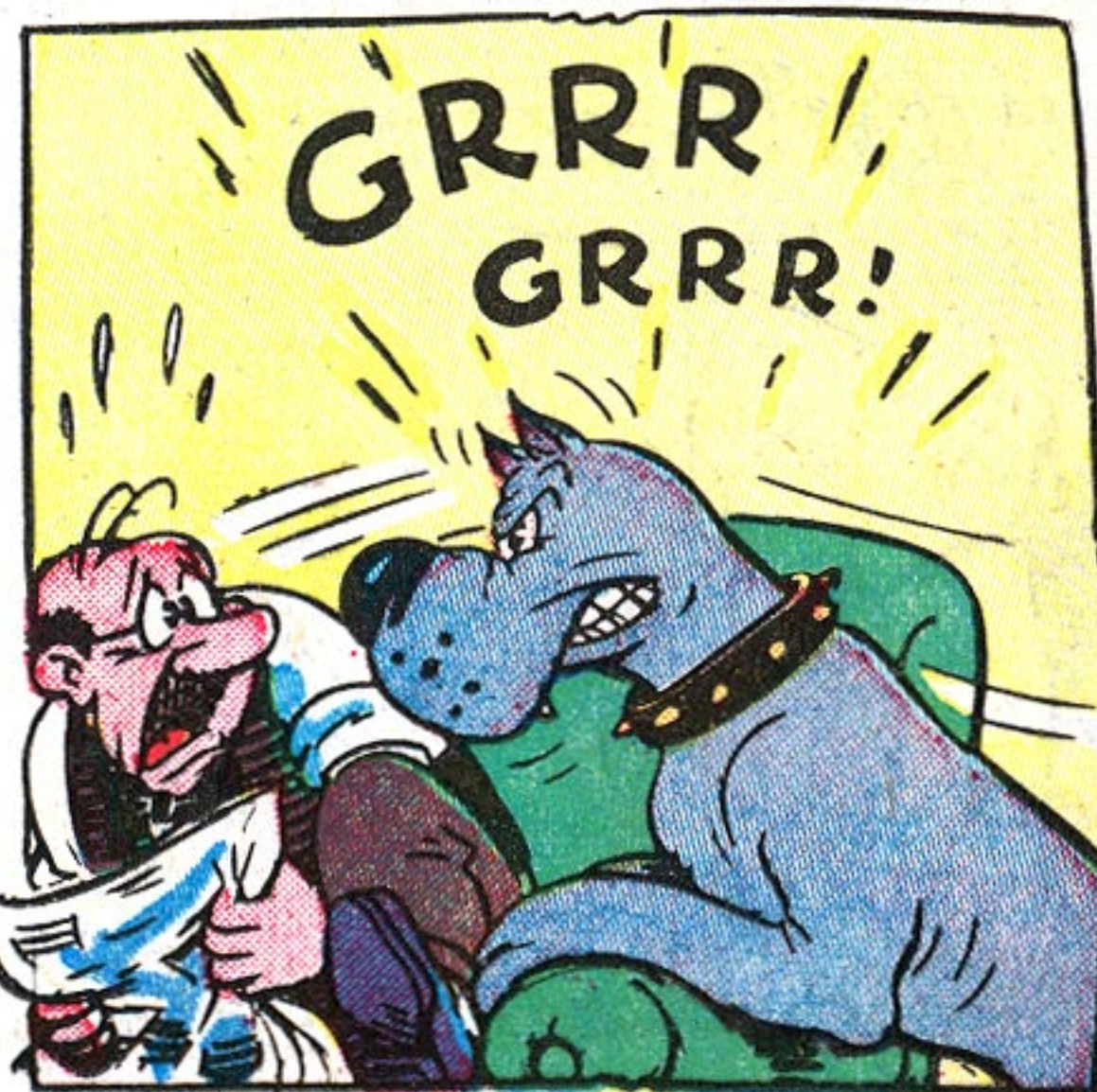
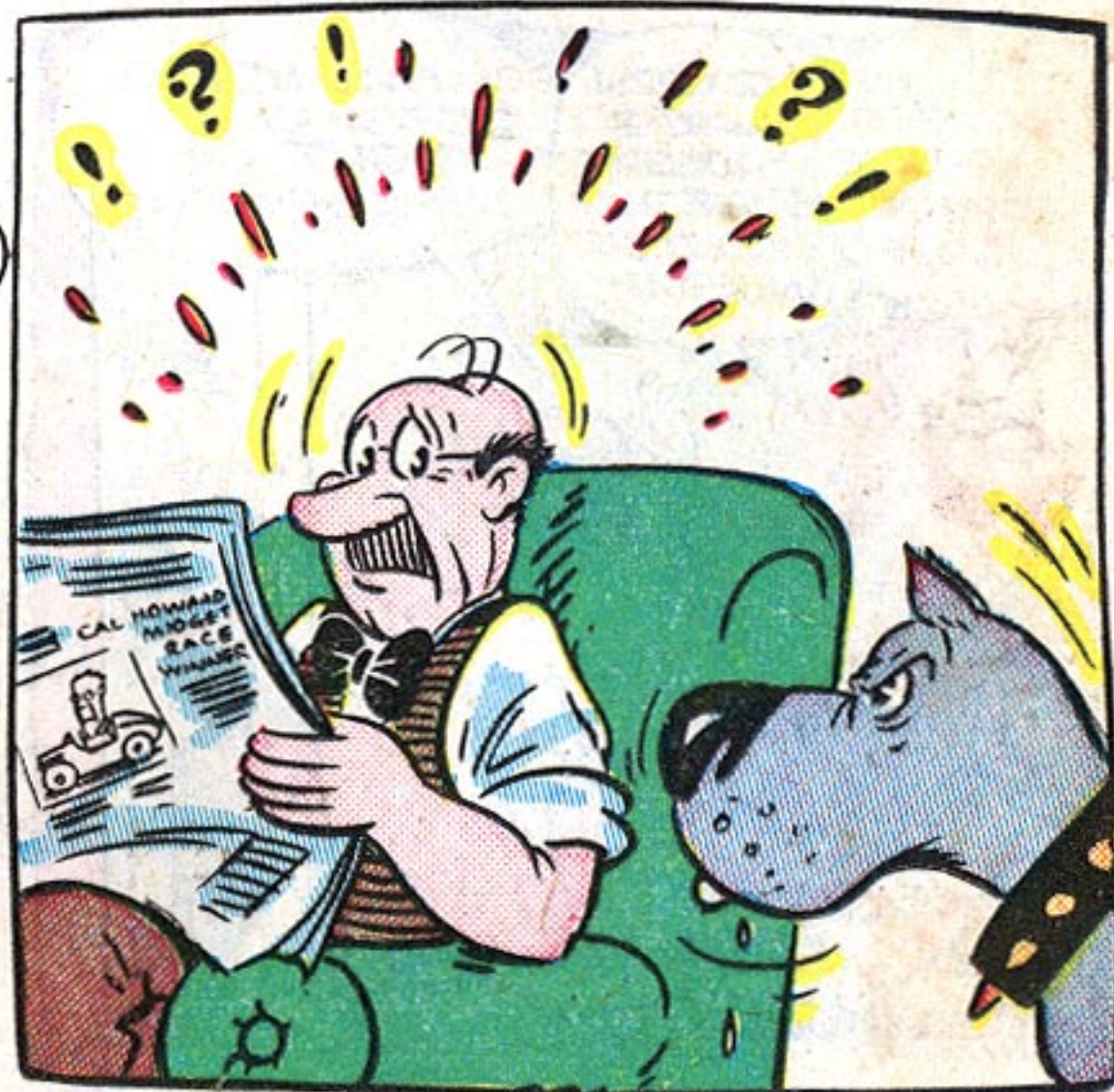
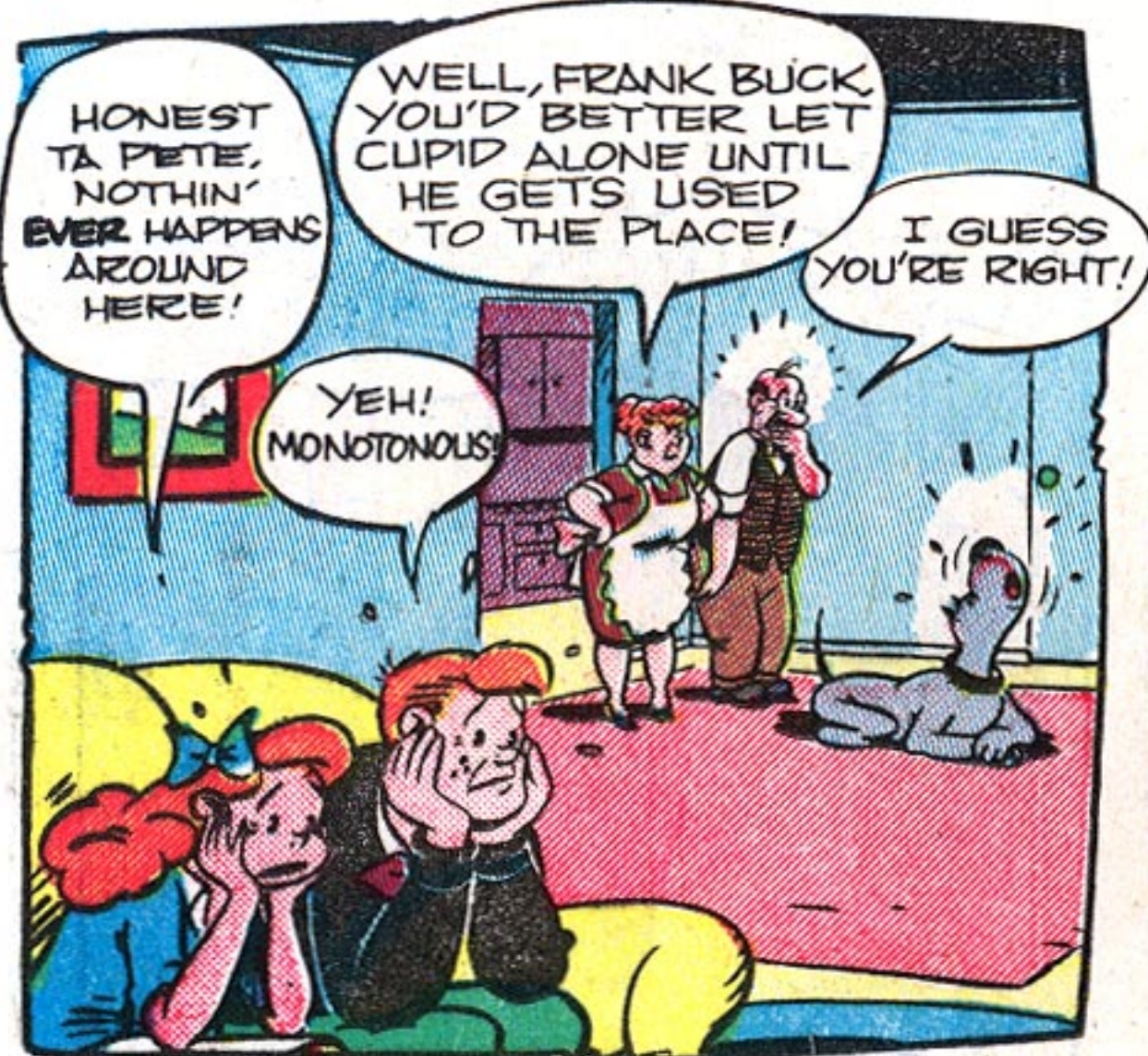
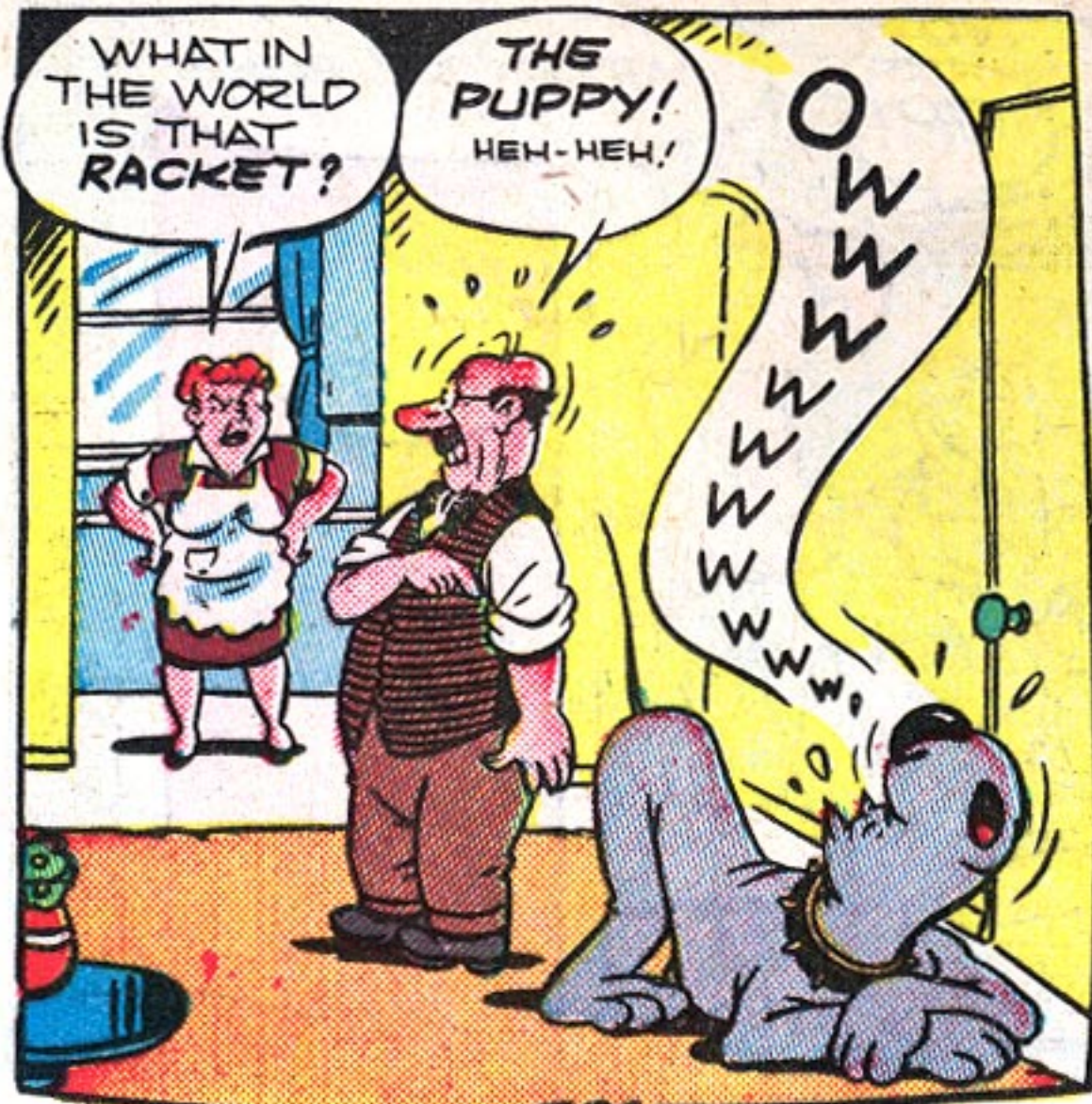
The KILROYS

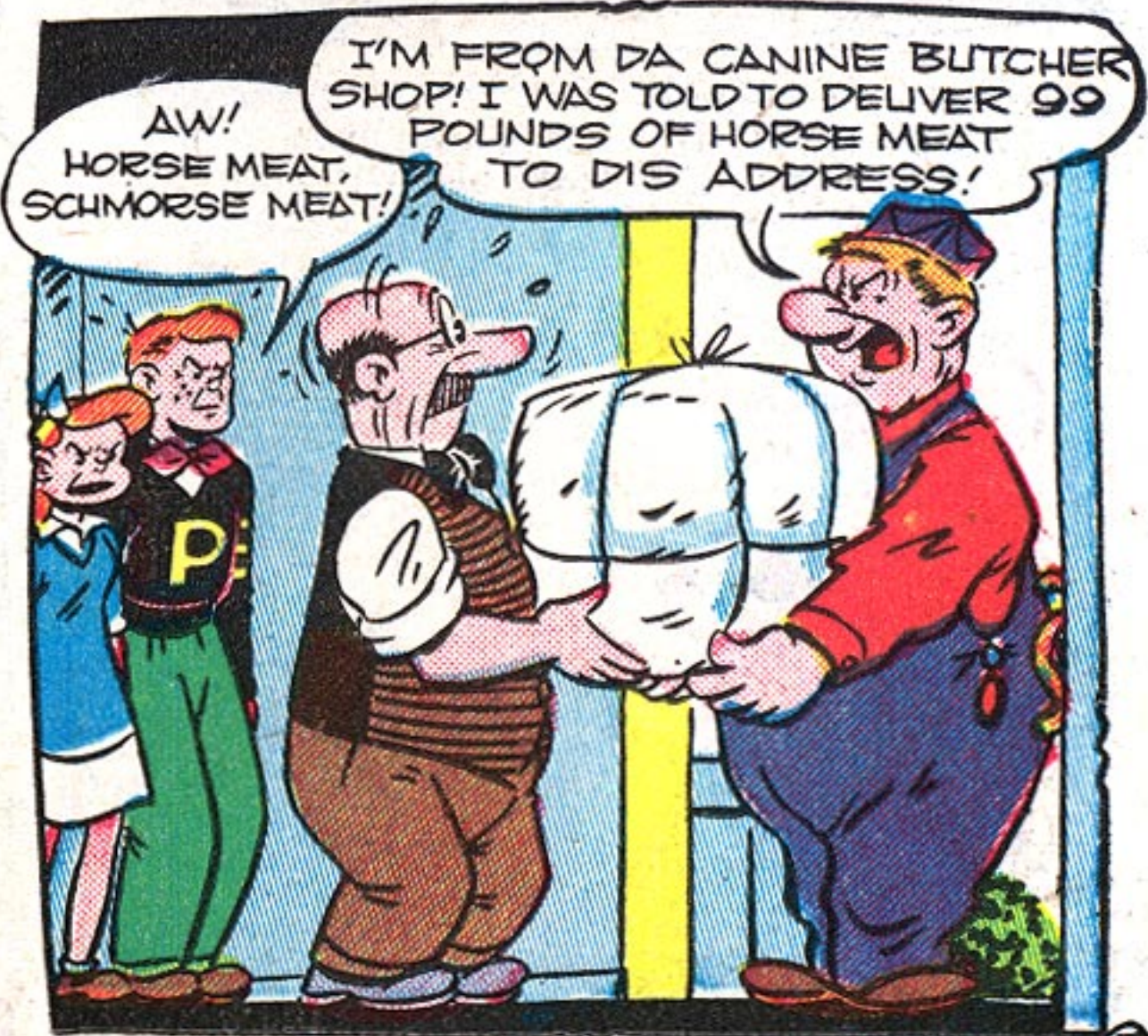
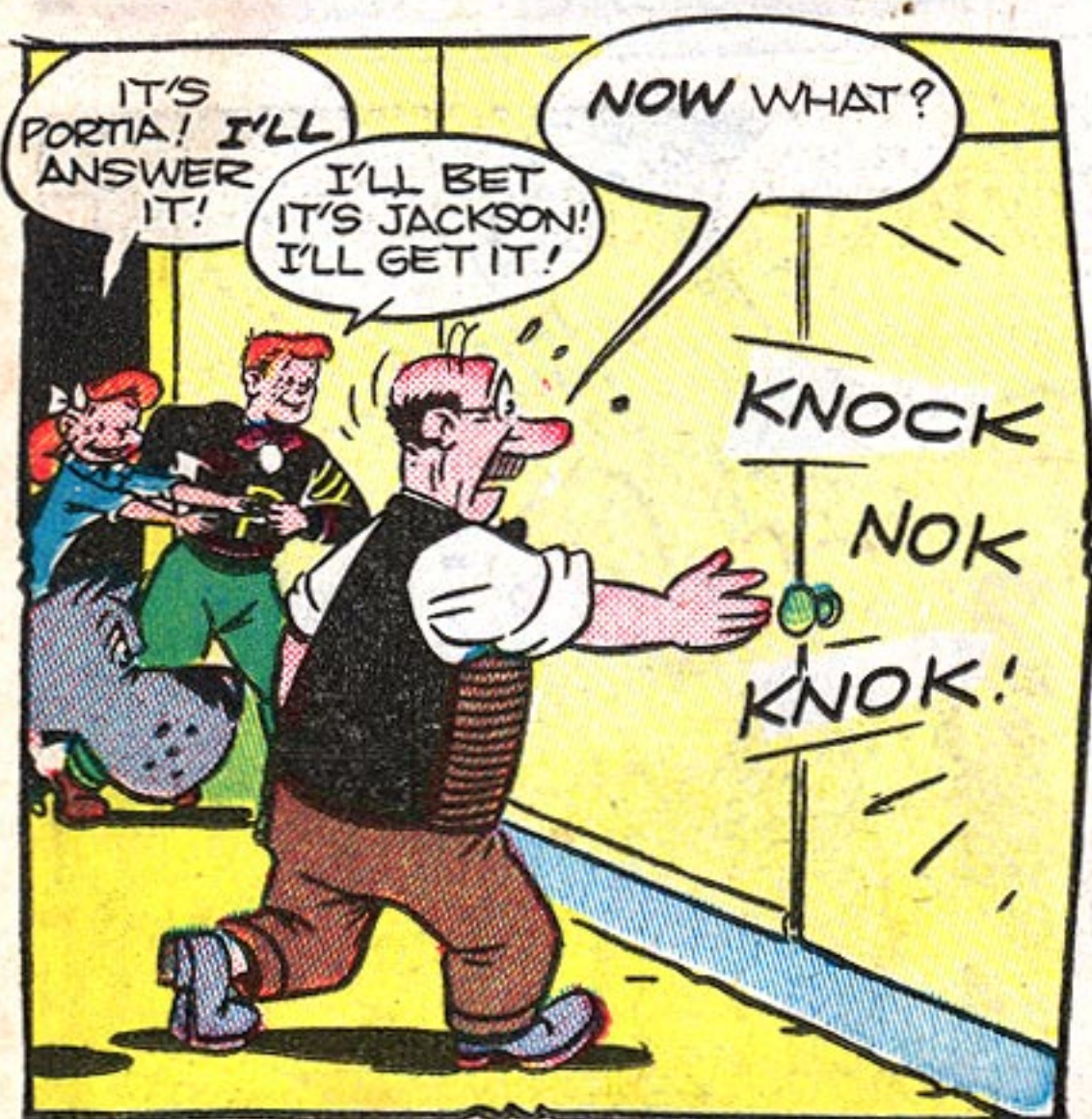
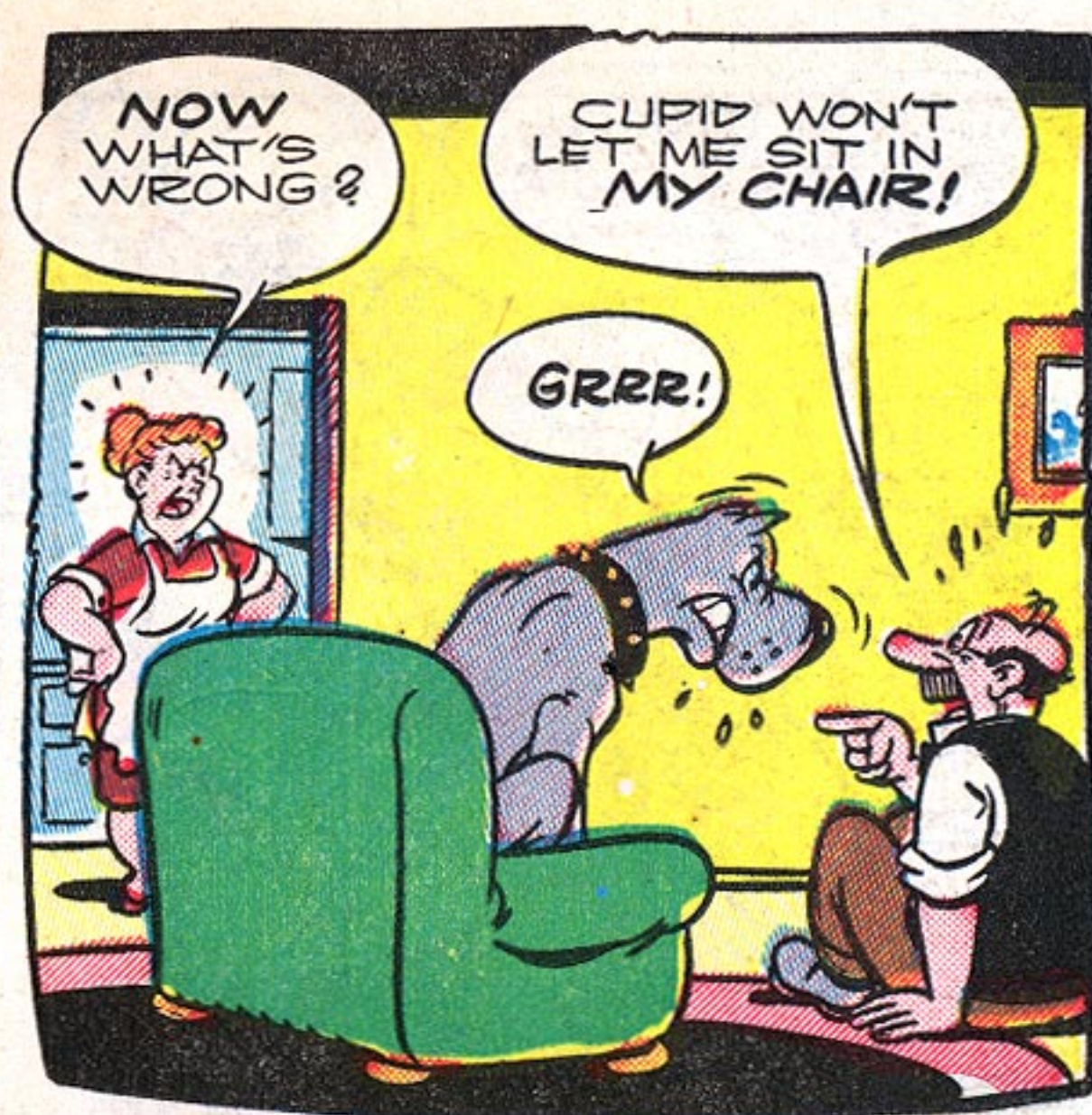
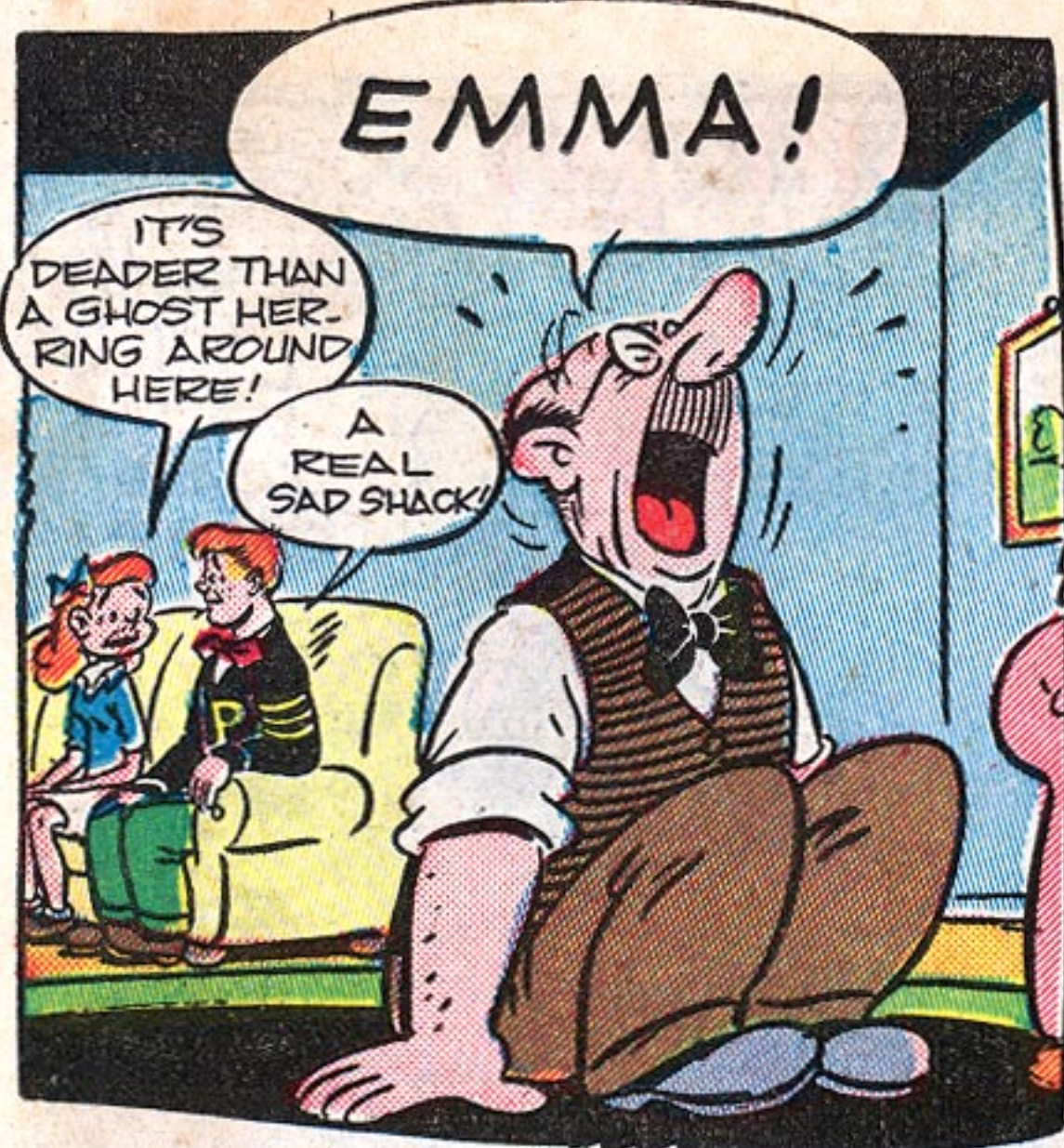
"A DOG'S LIFE!"

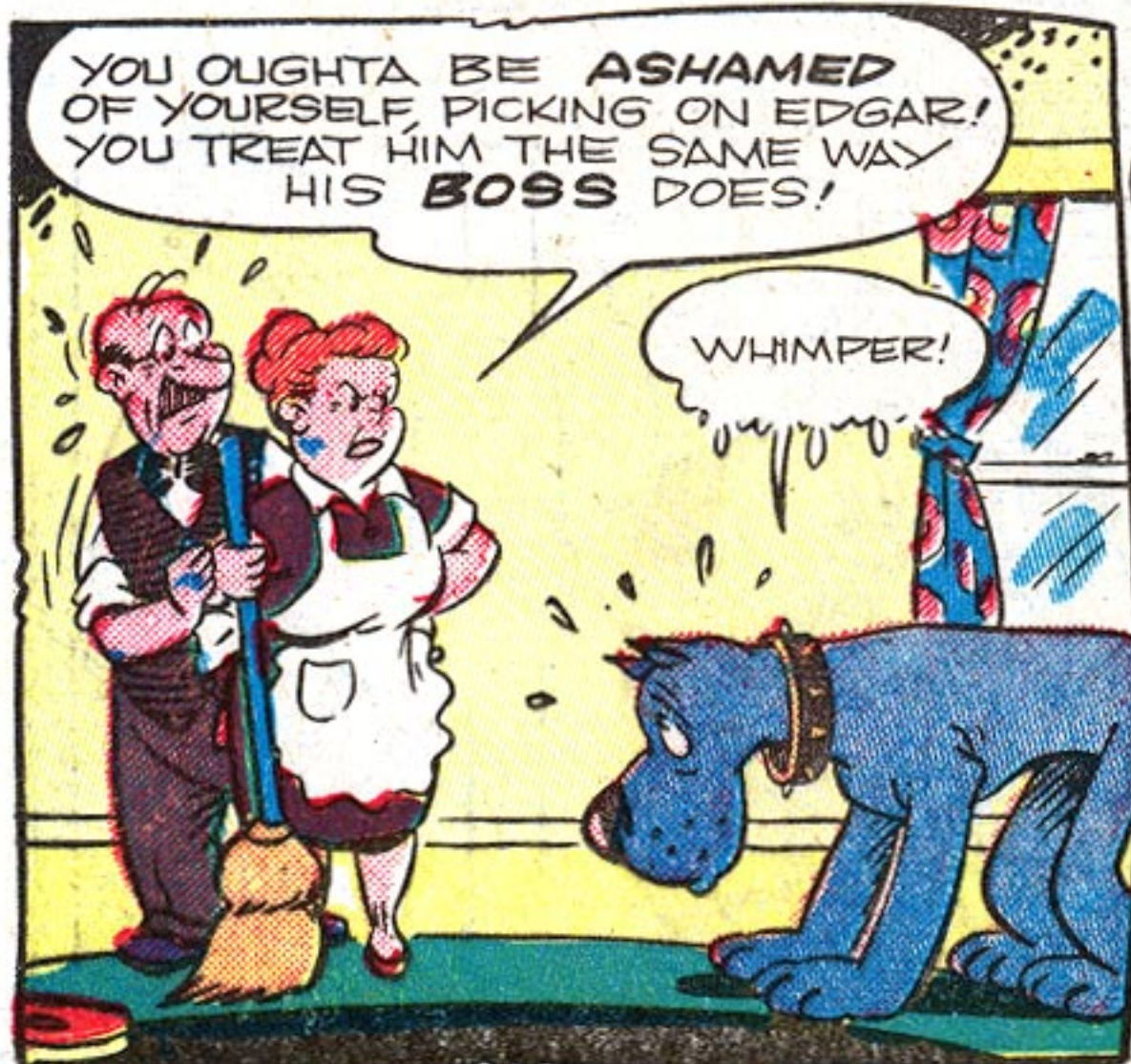
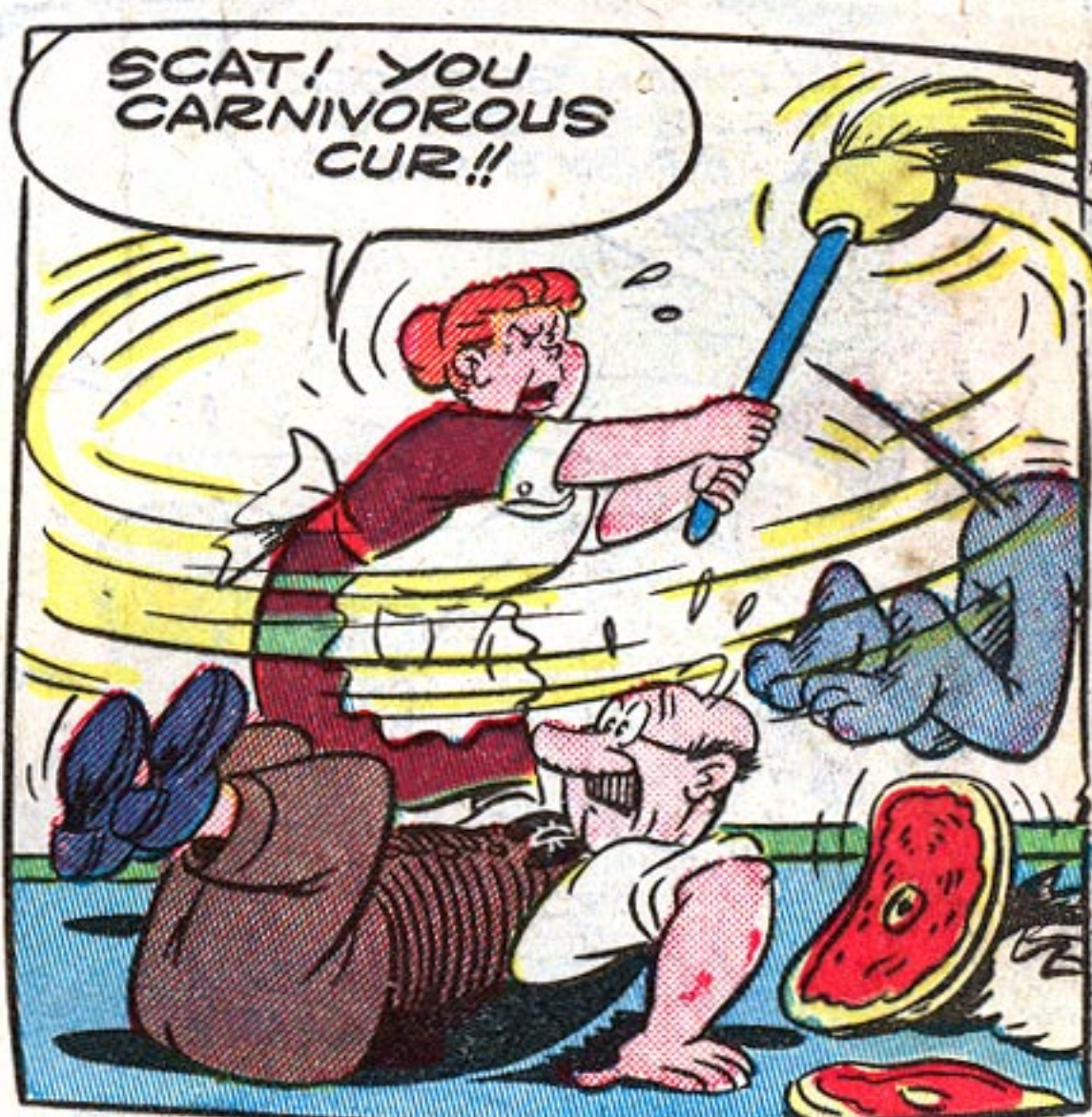
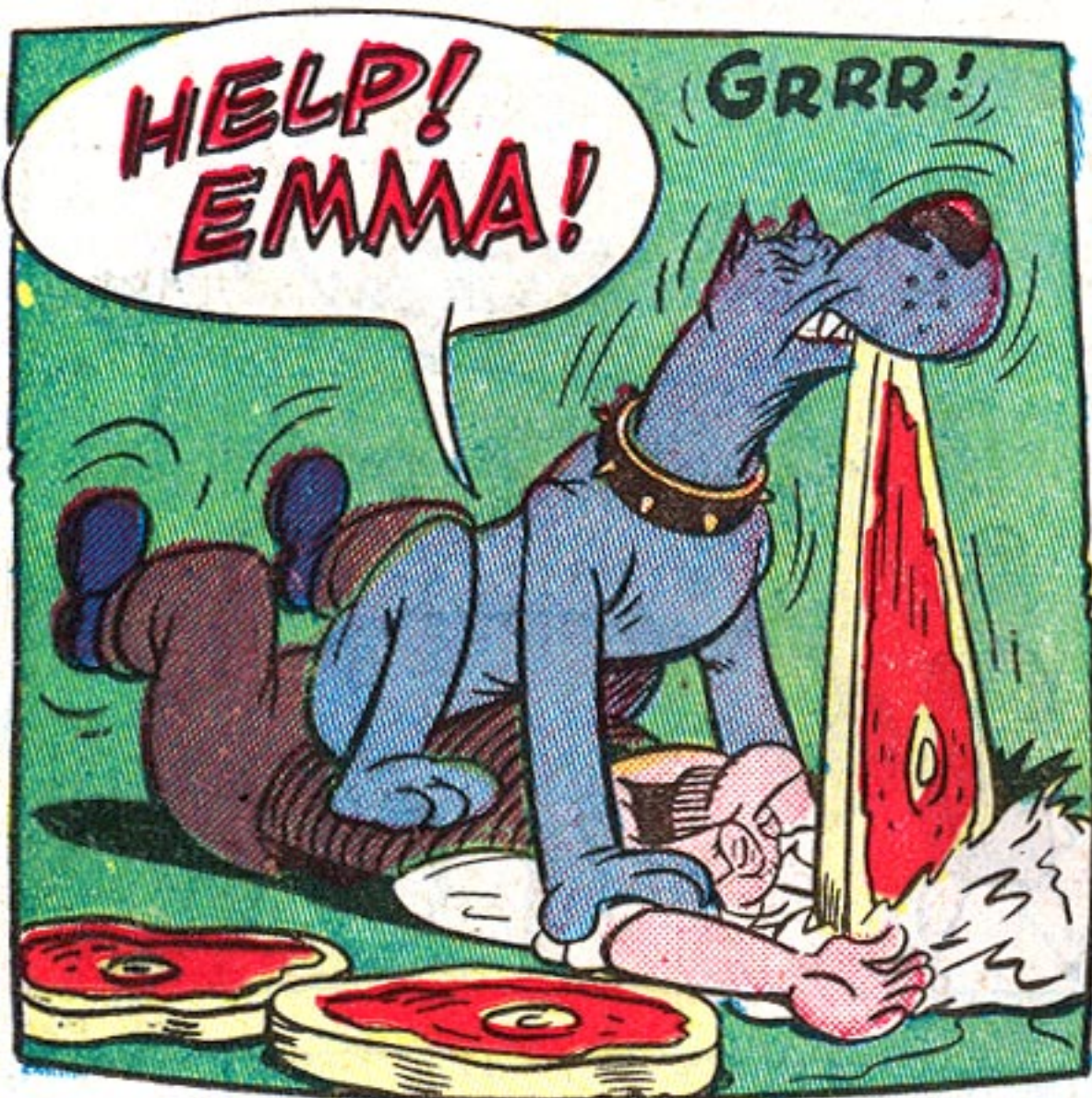


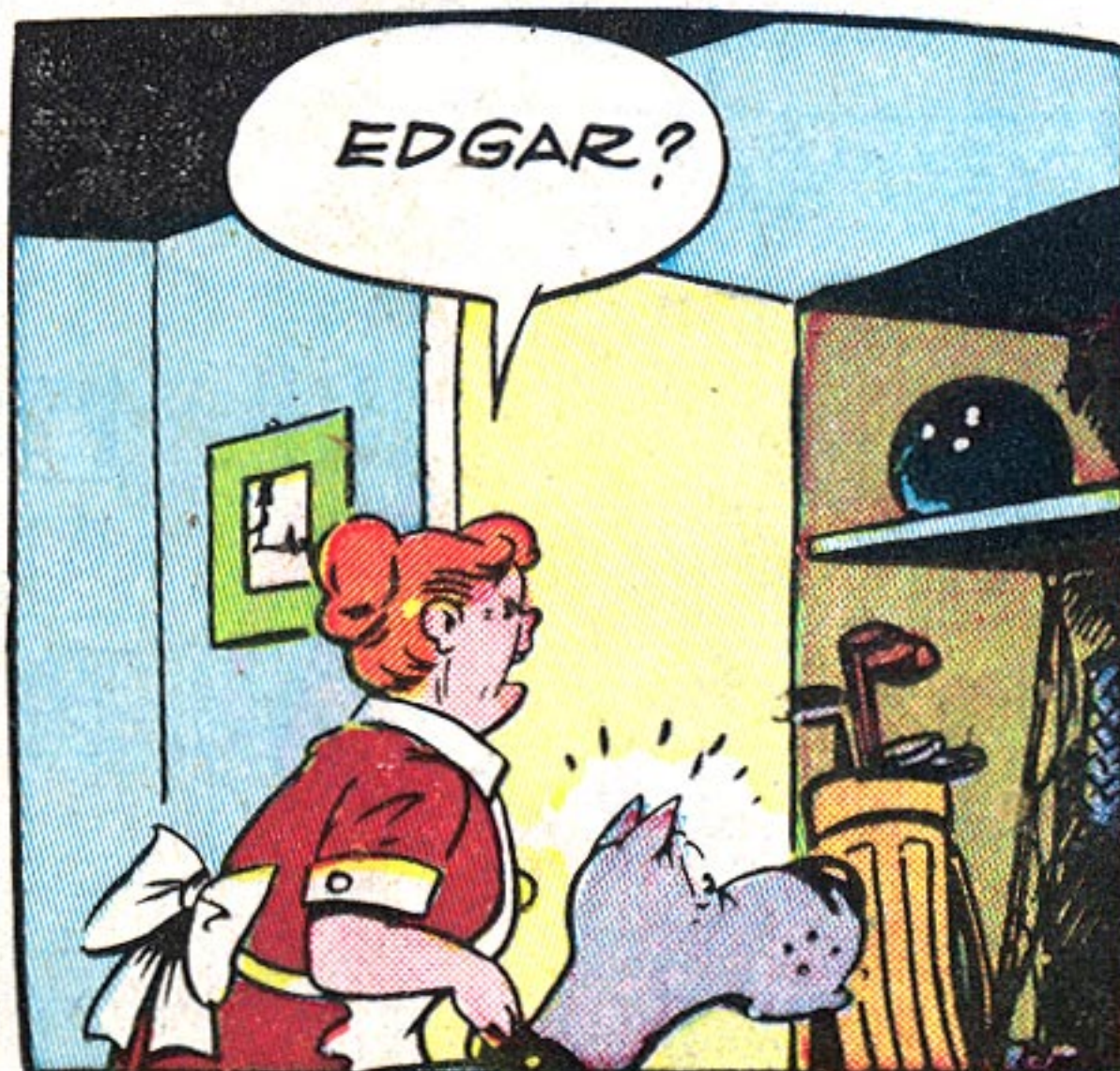
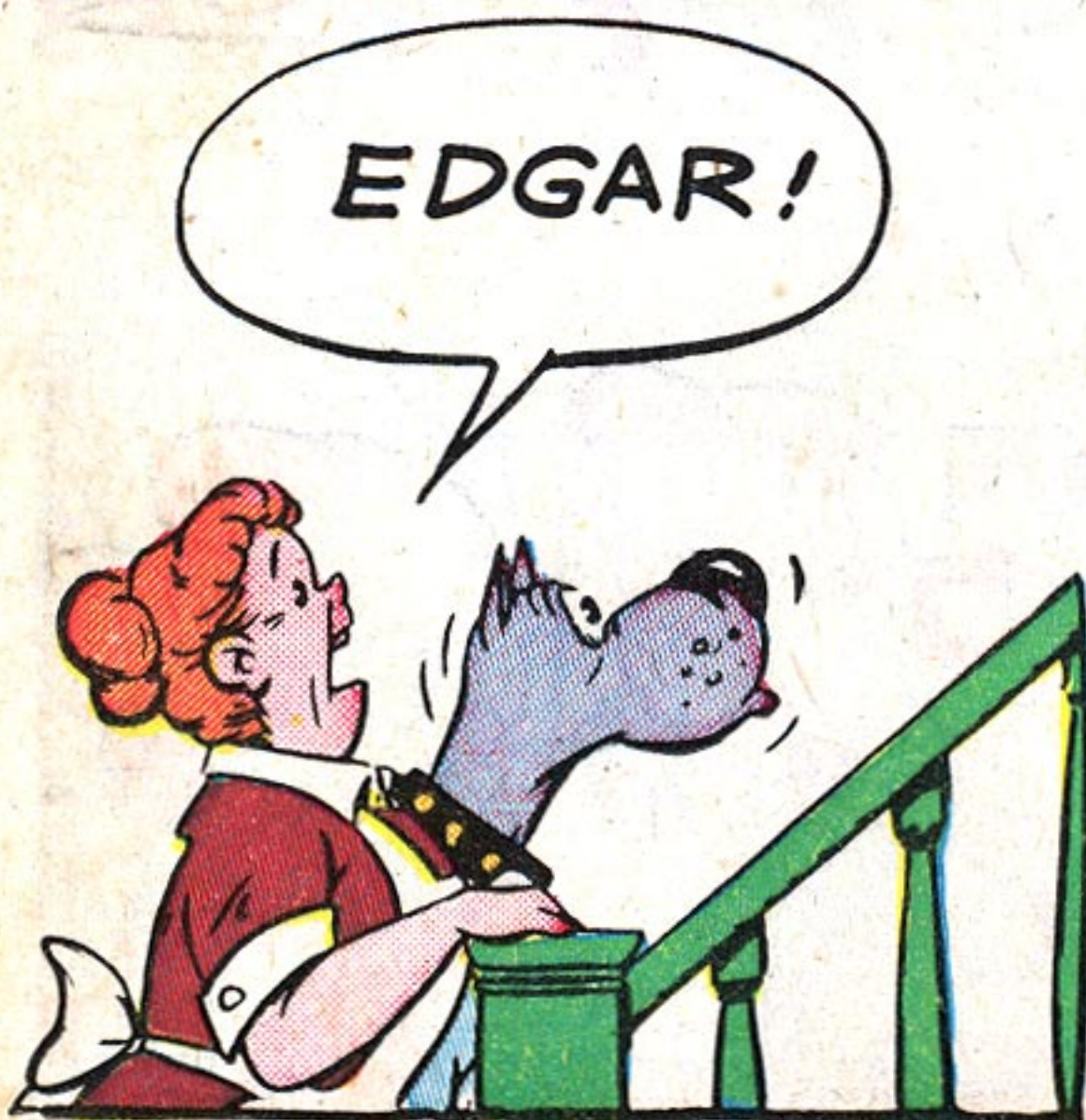
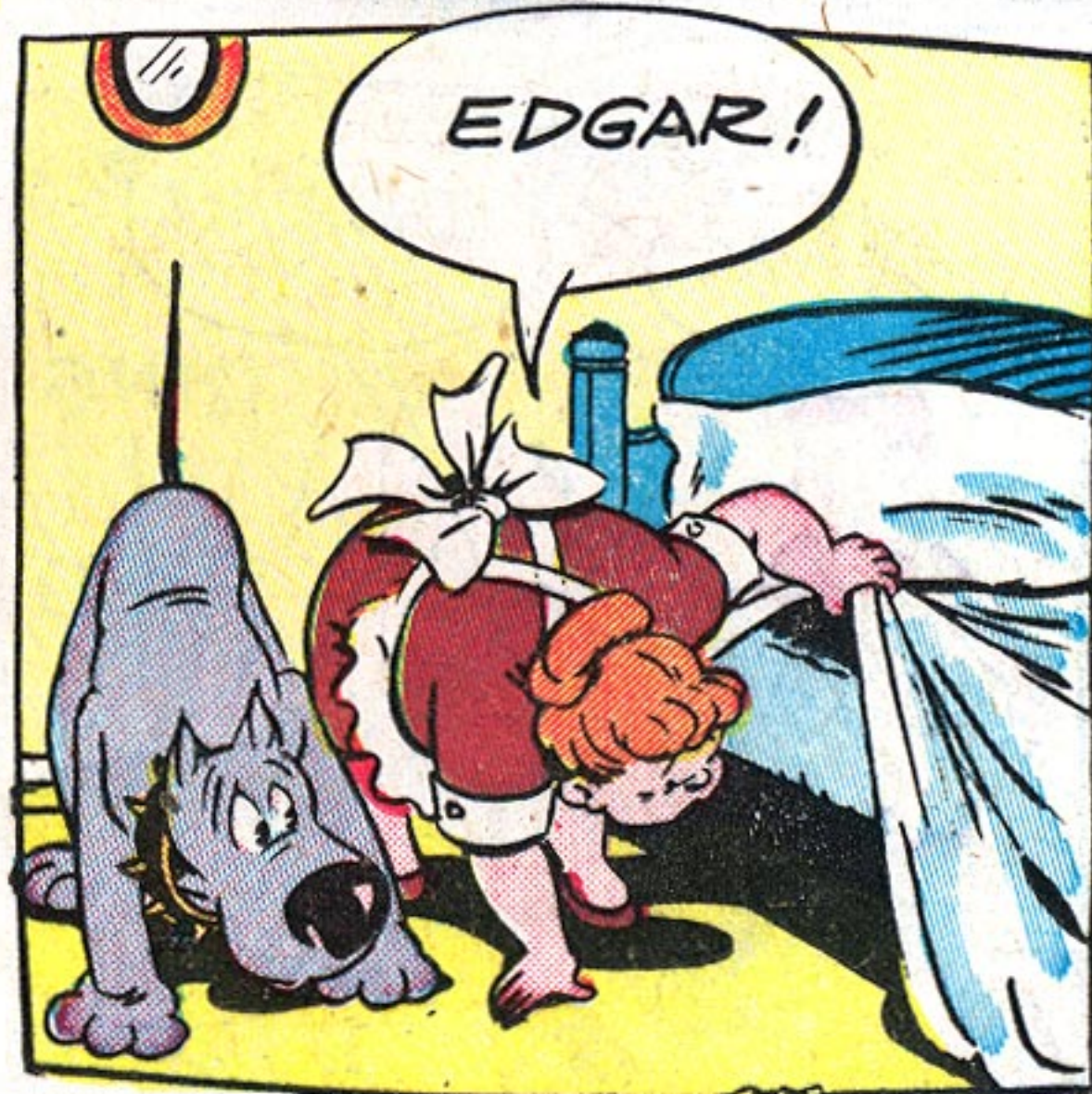


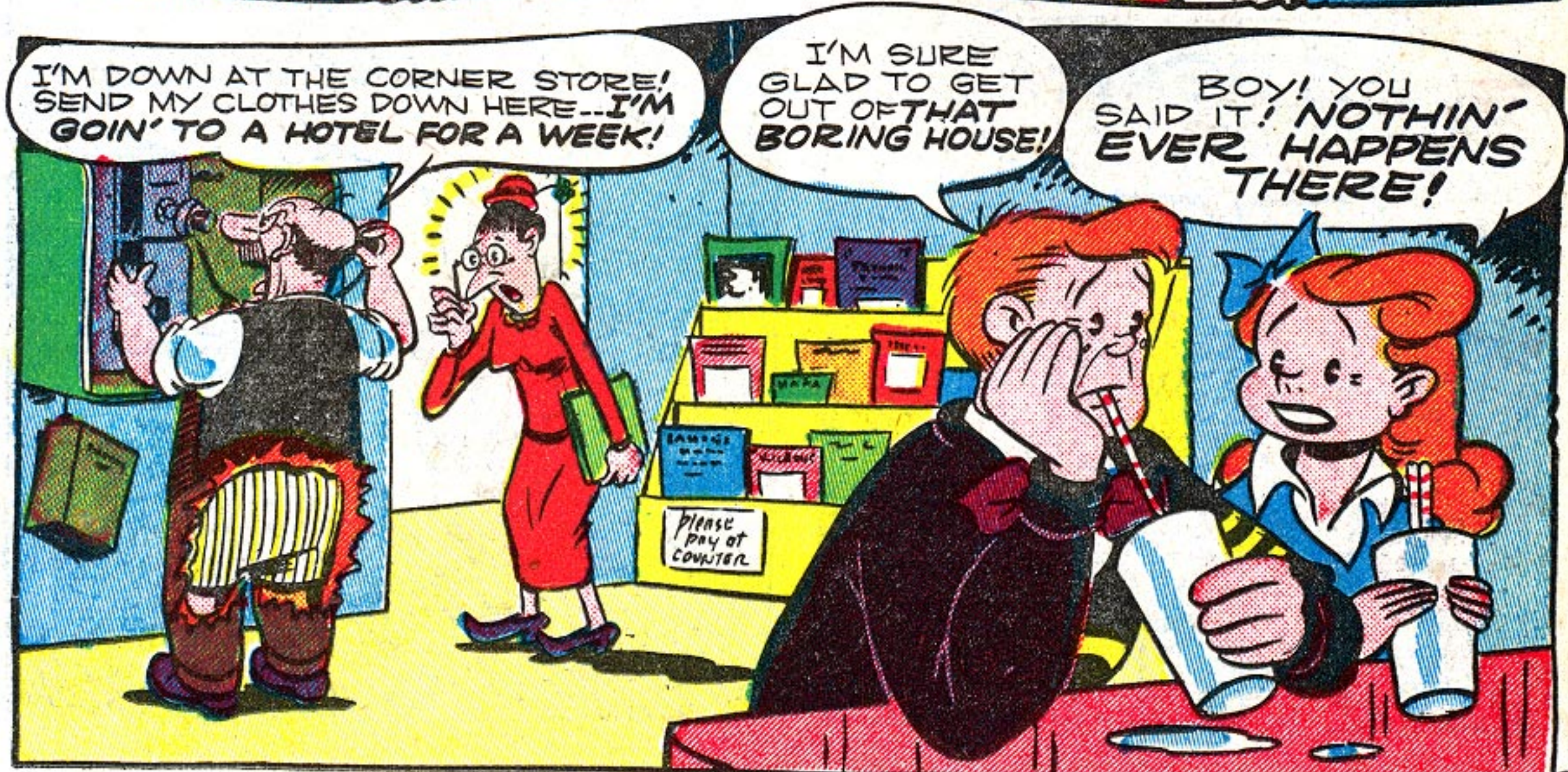
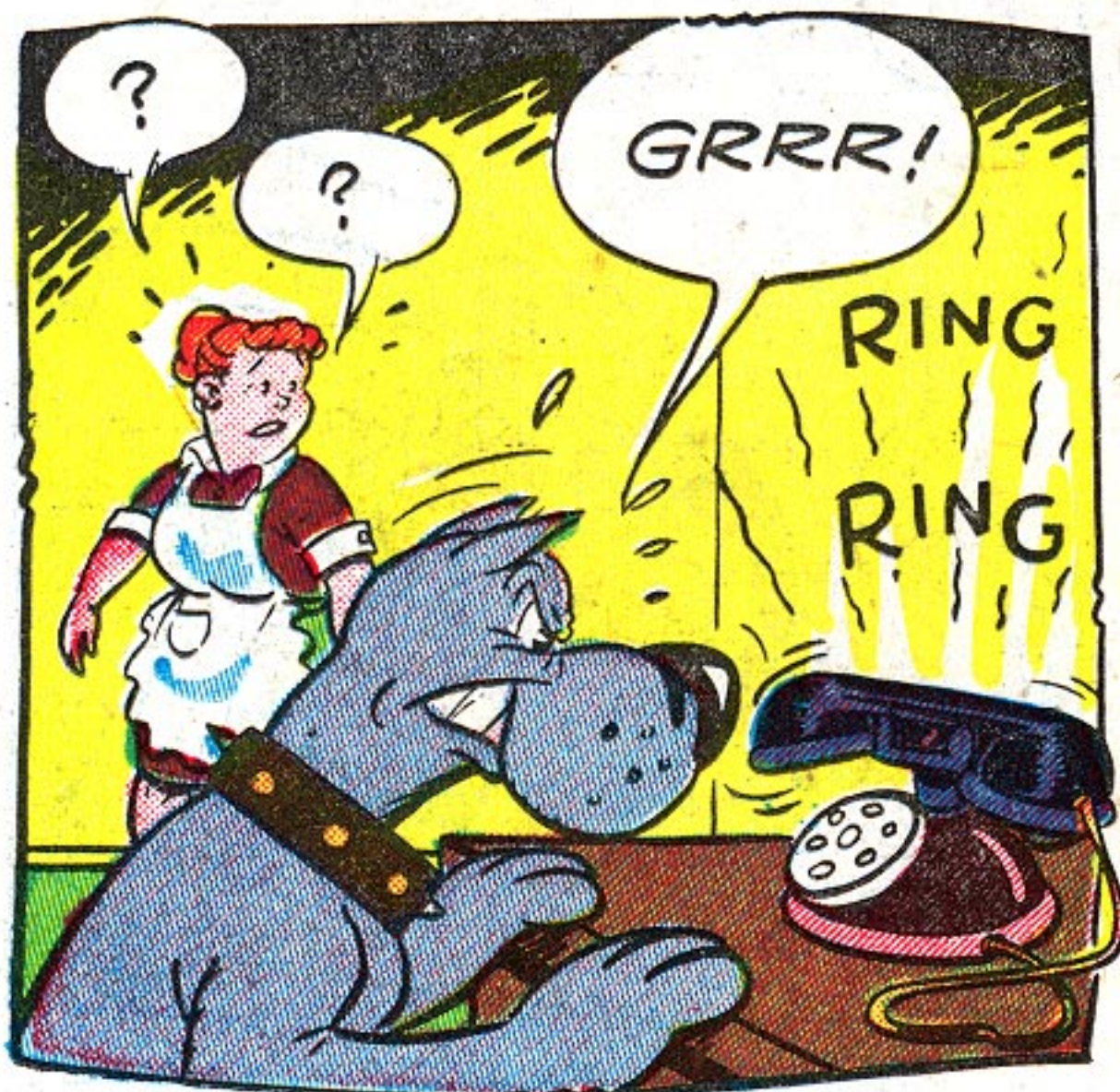
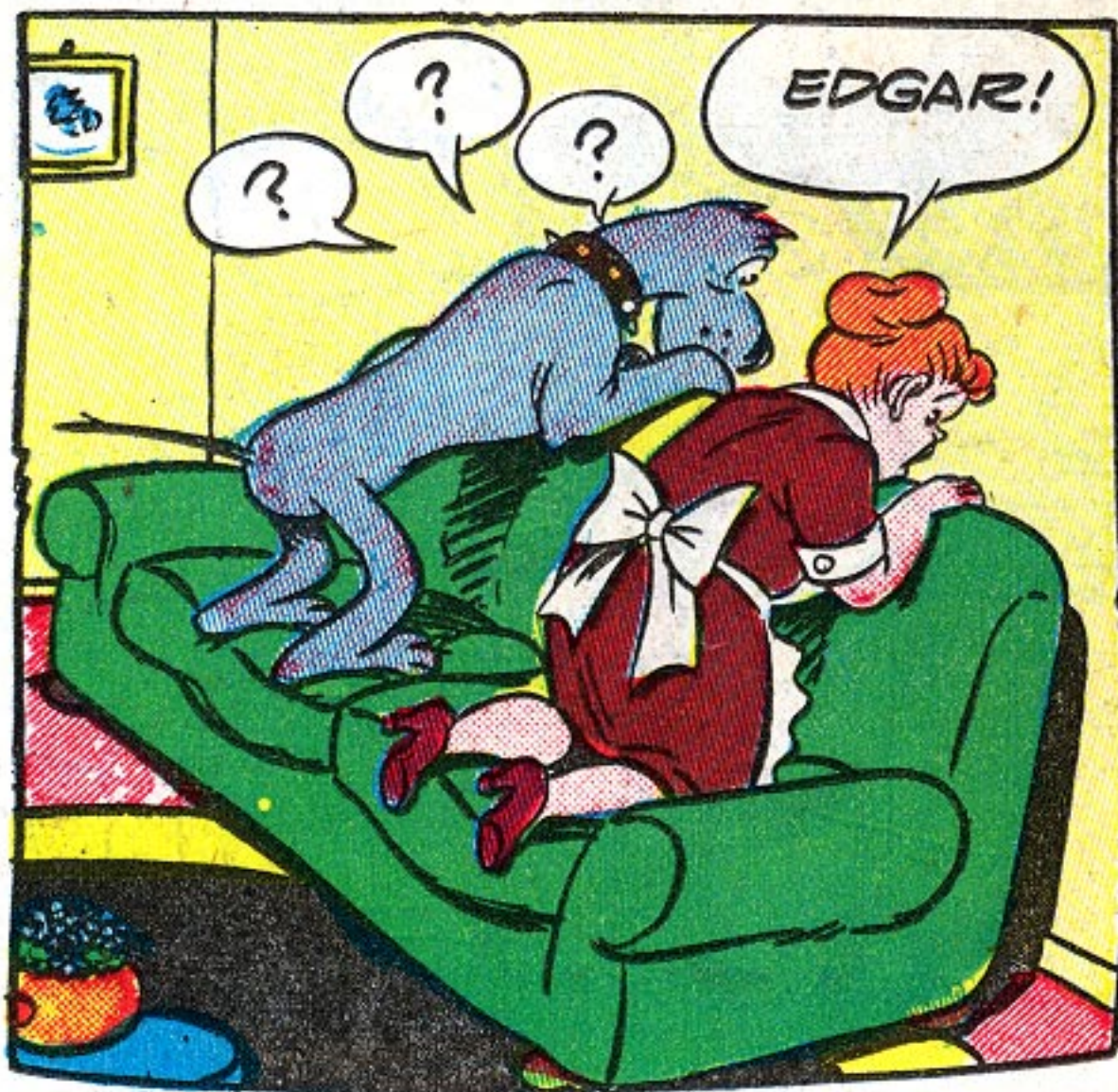






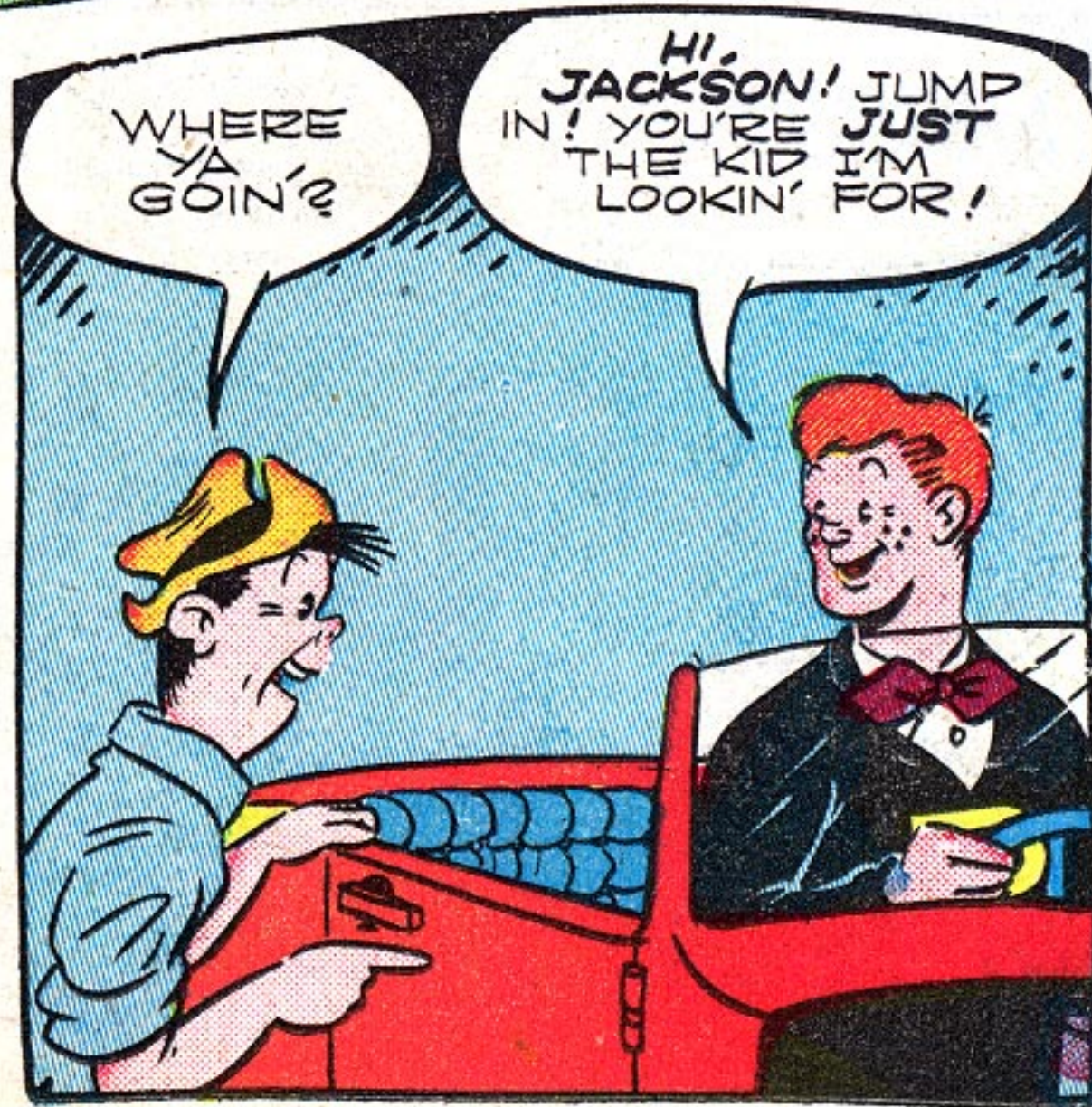
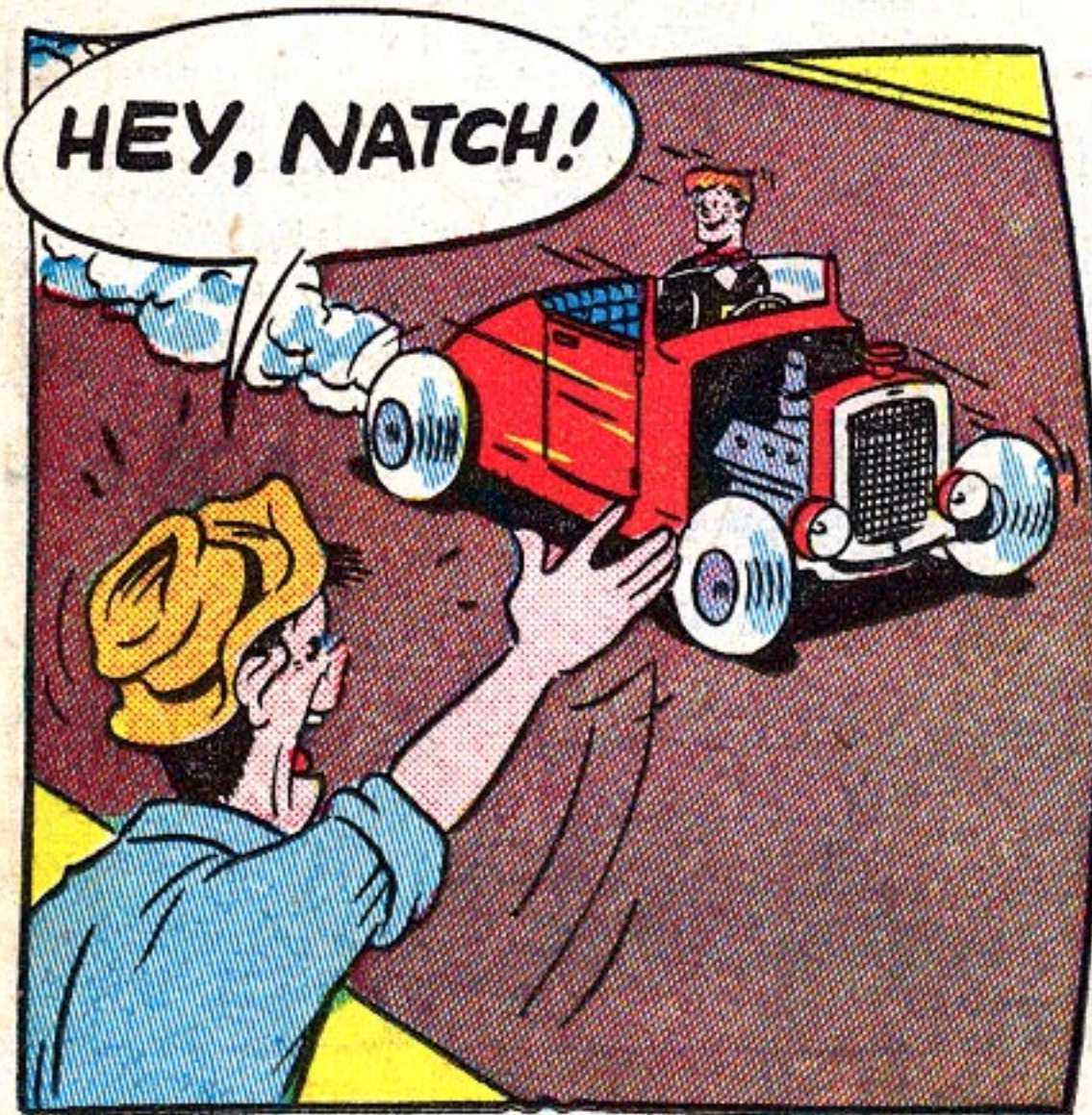
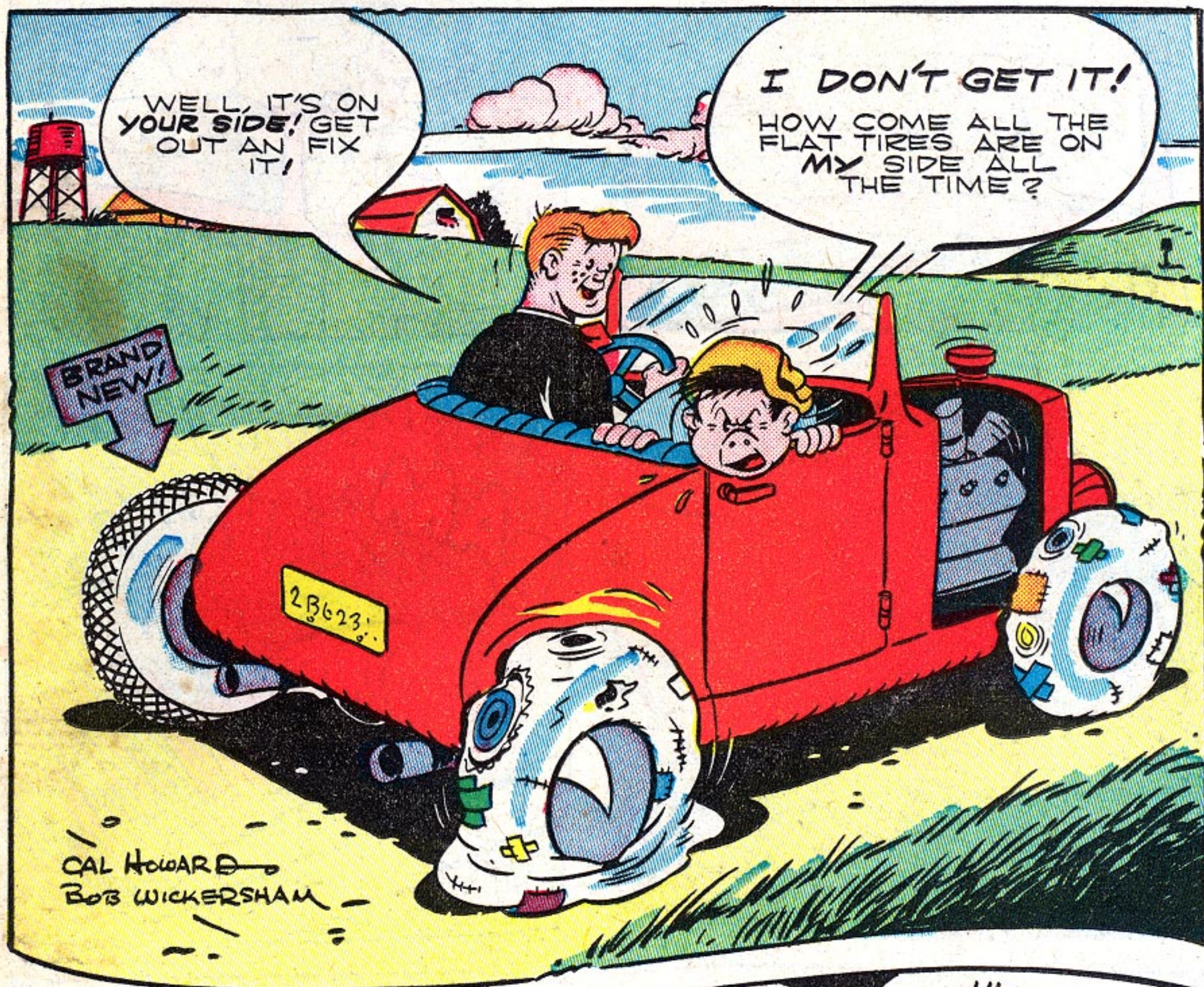


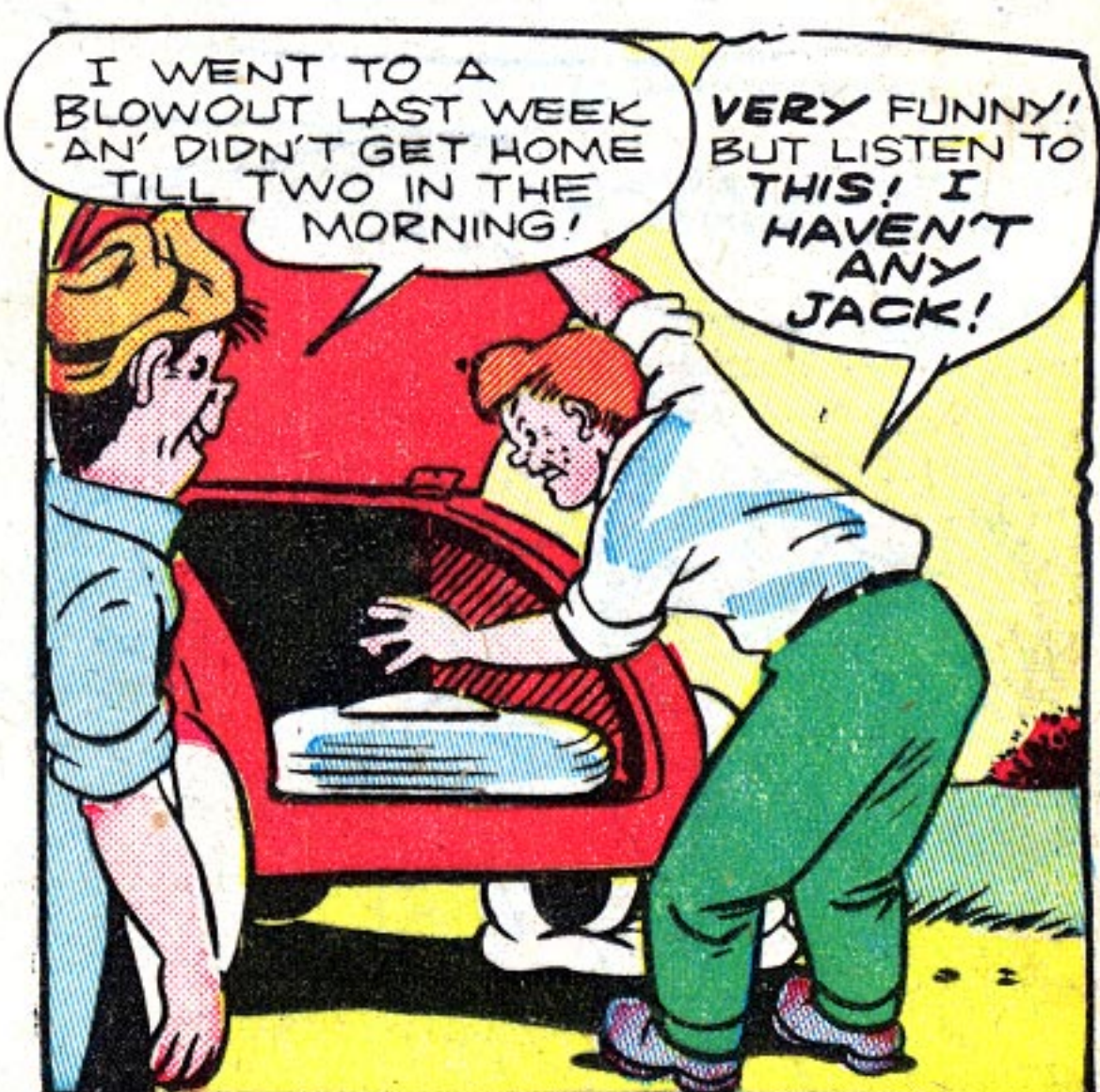
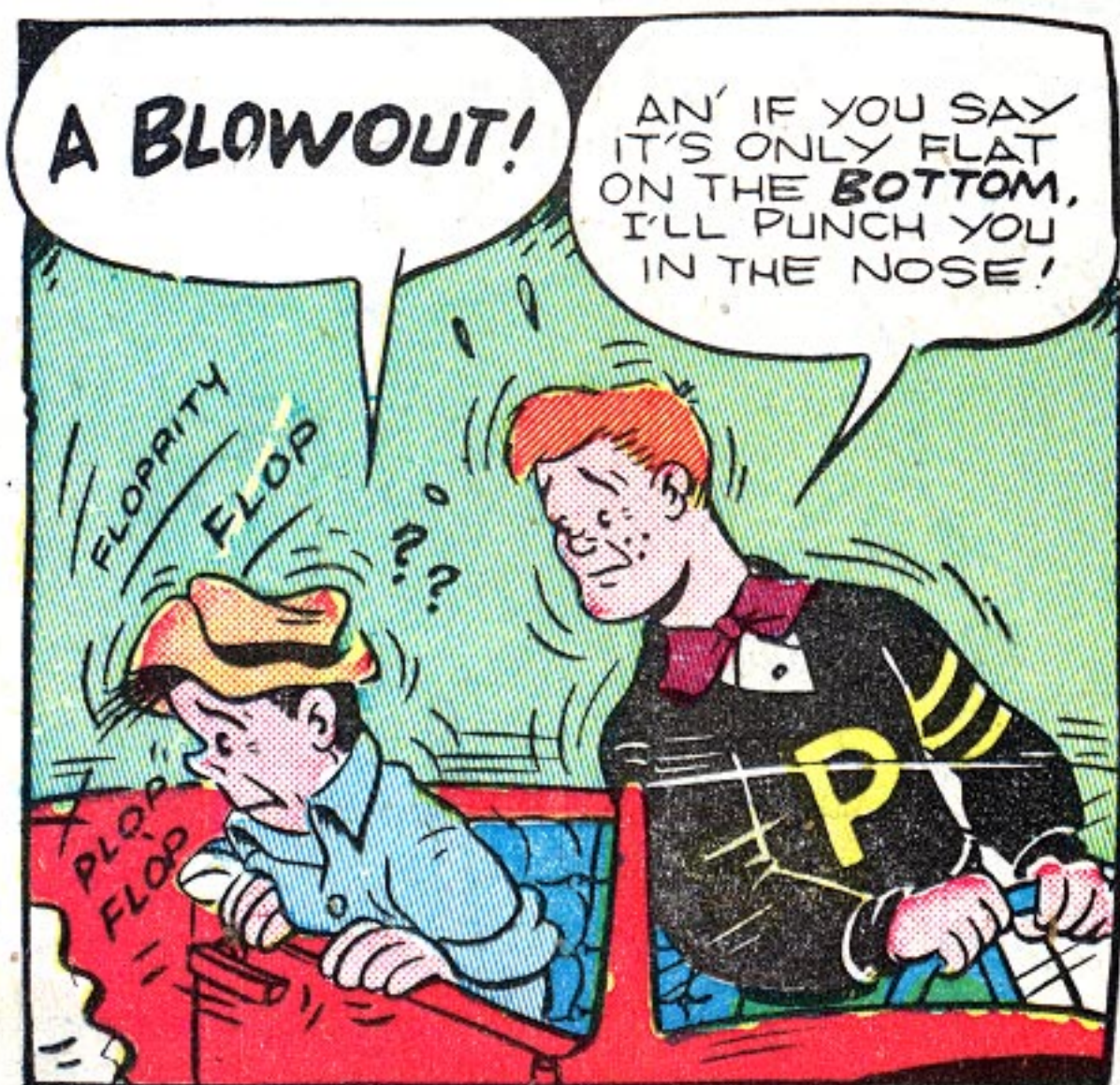
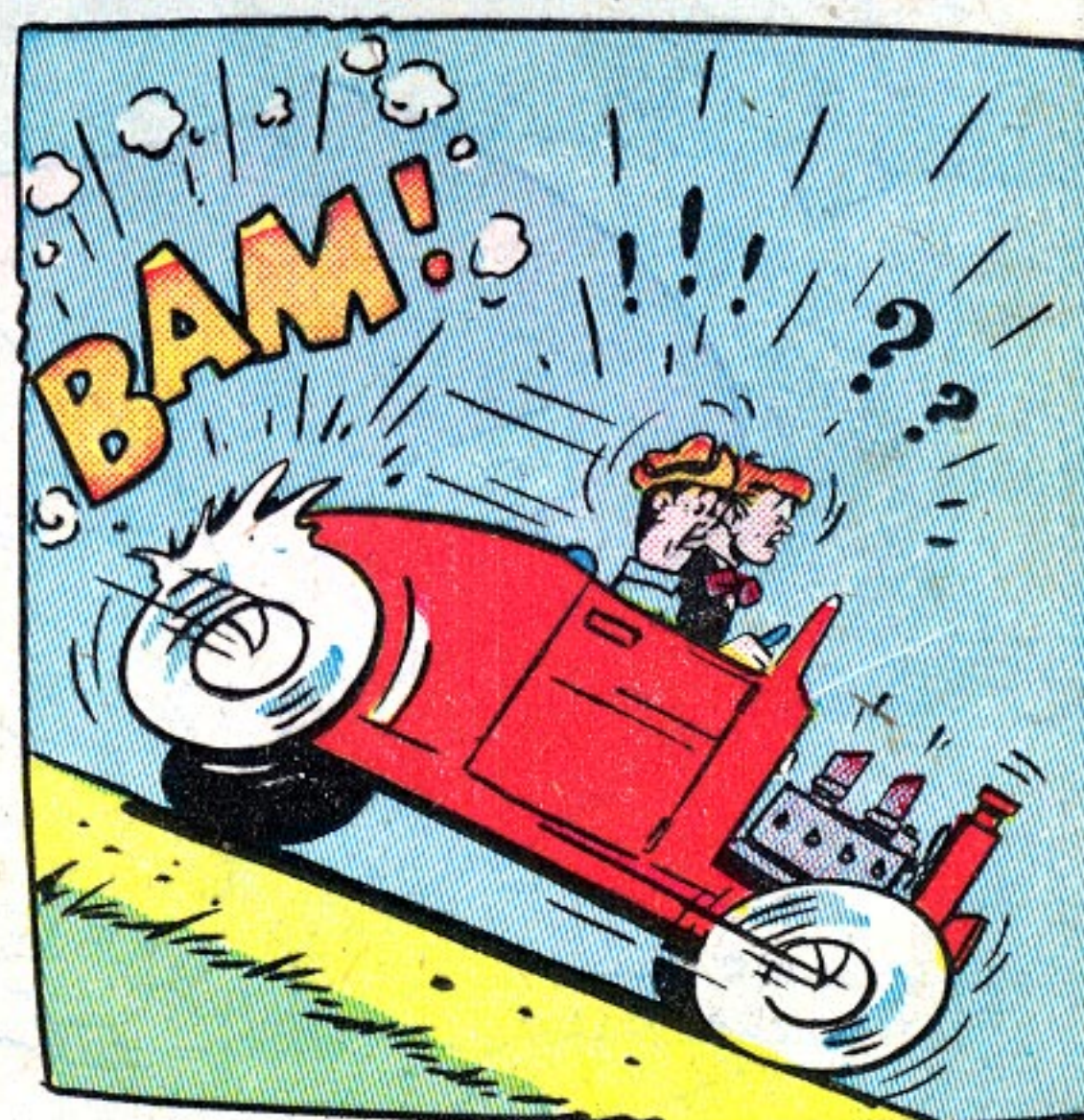
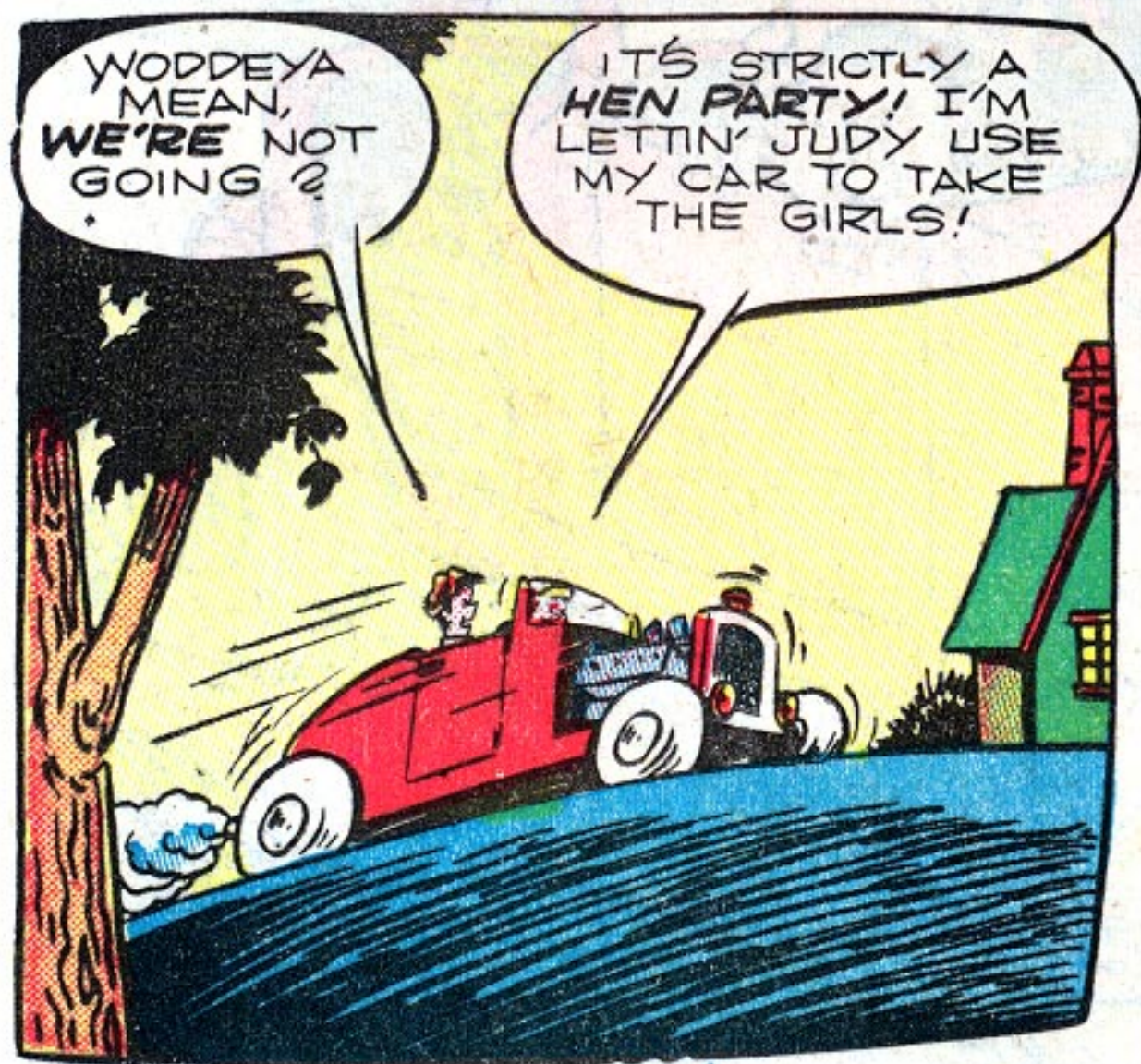
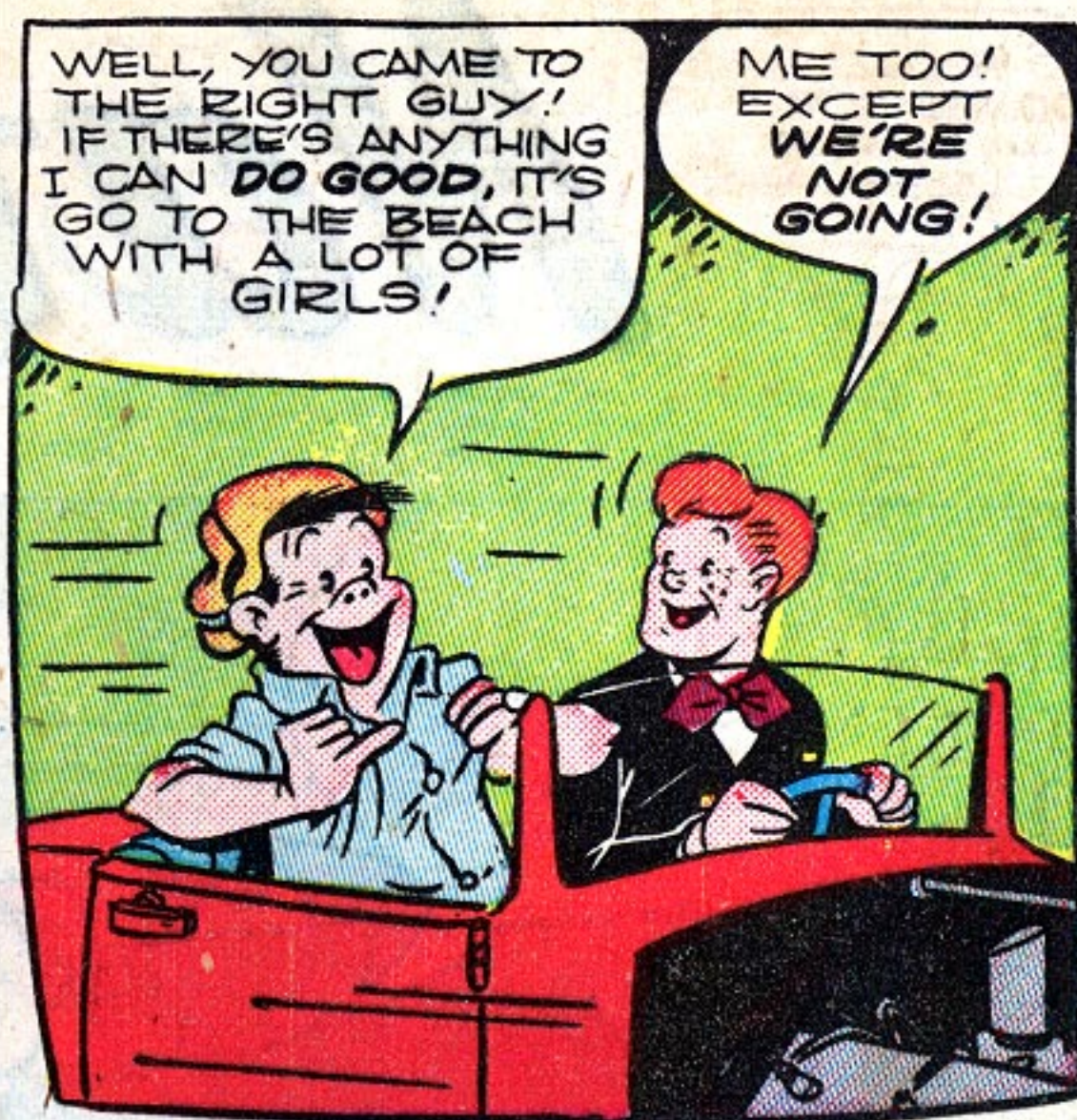
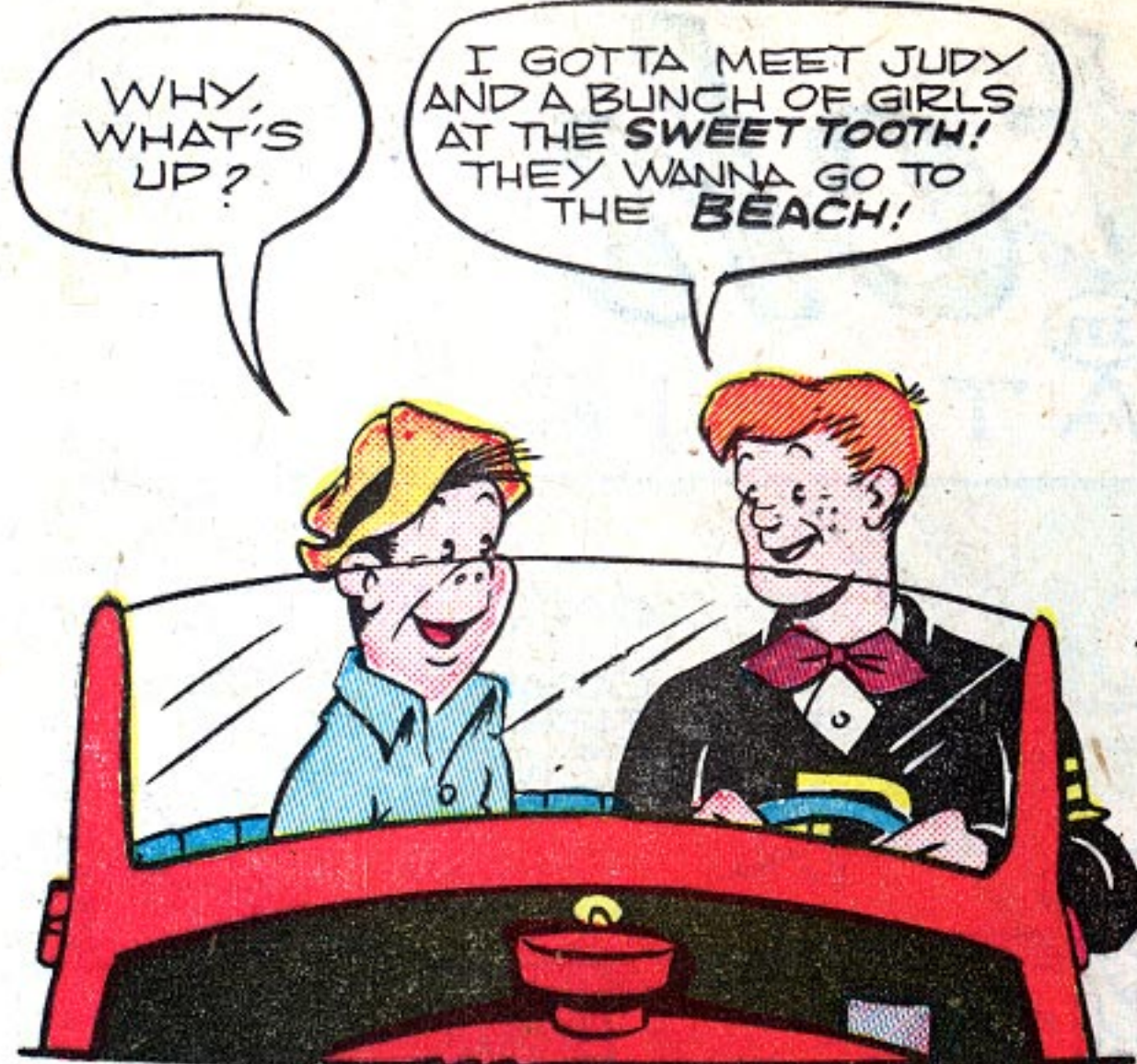


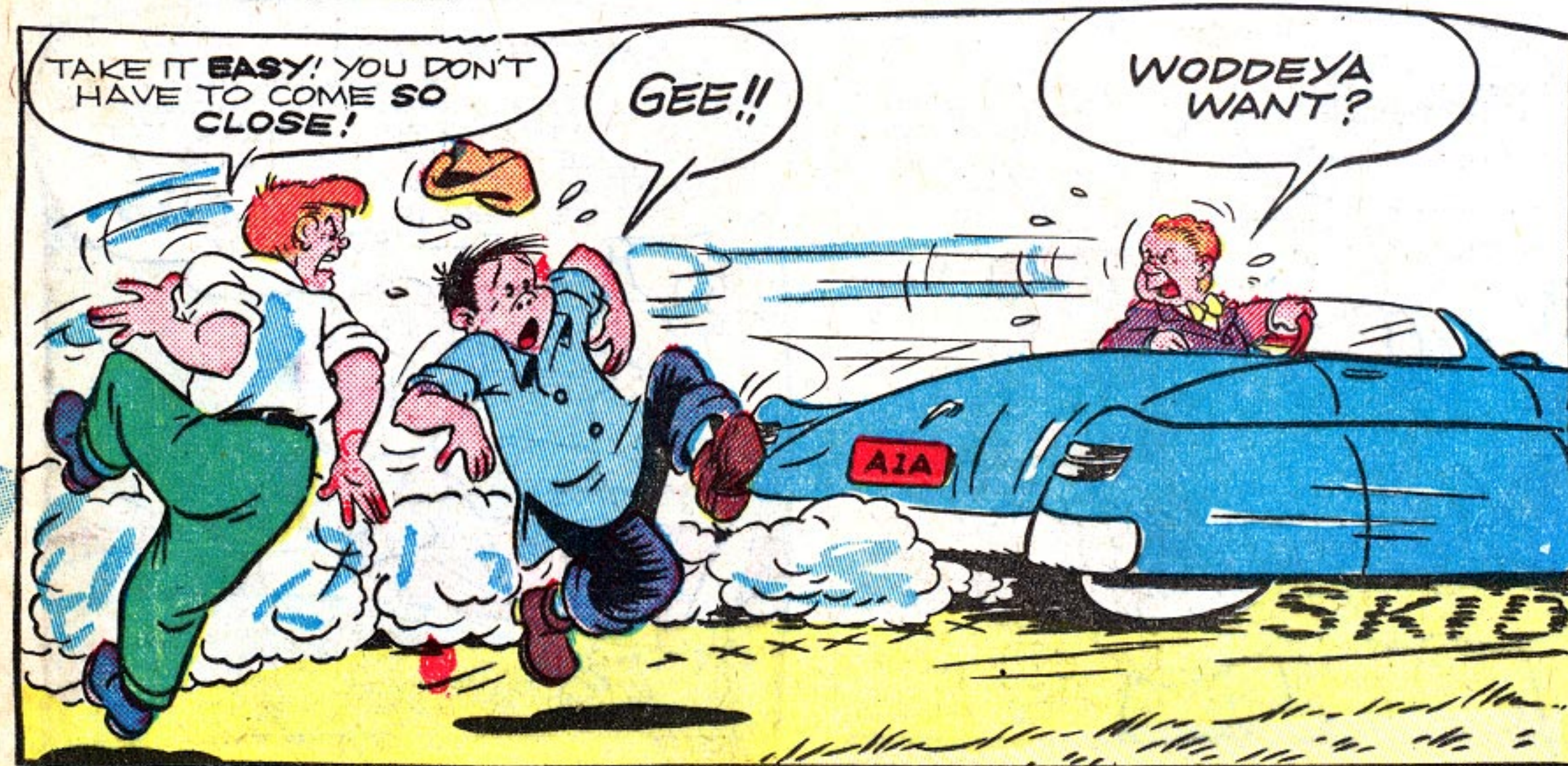
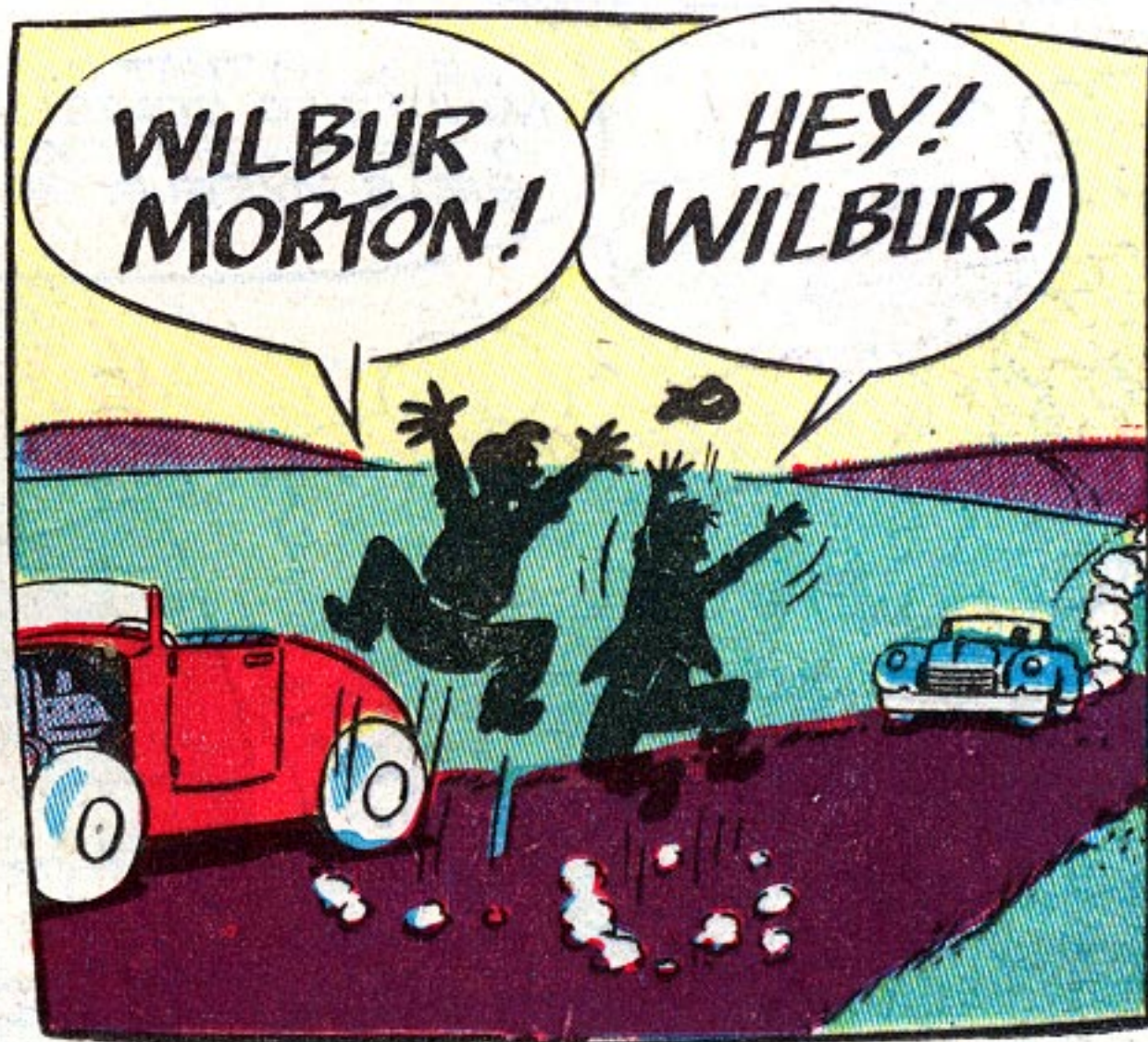
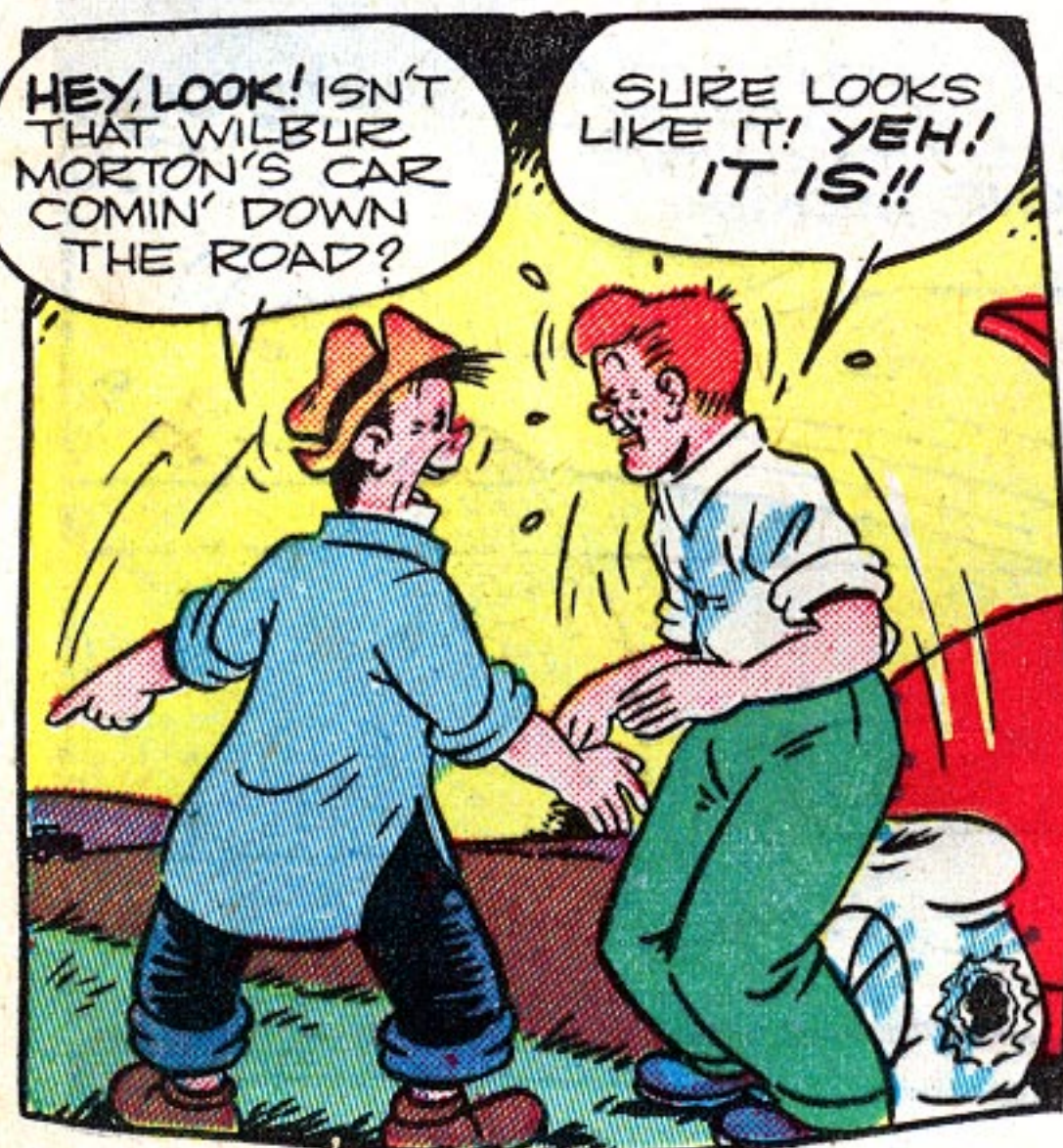
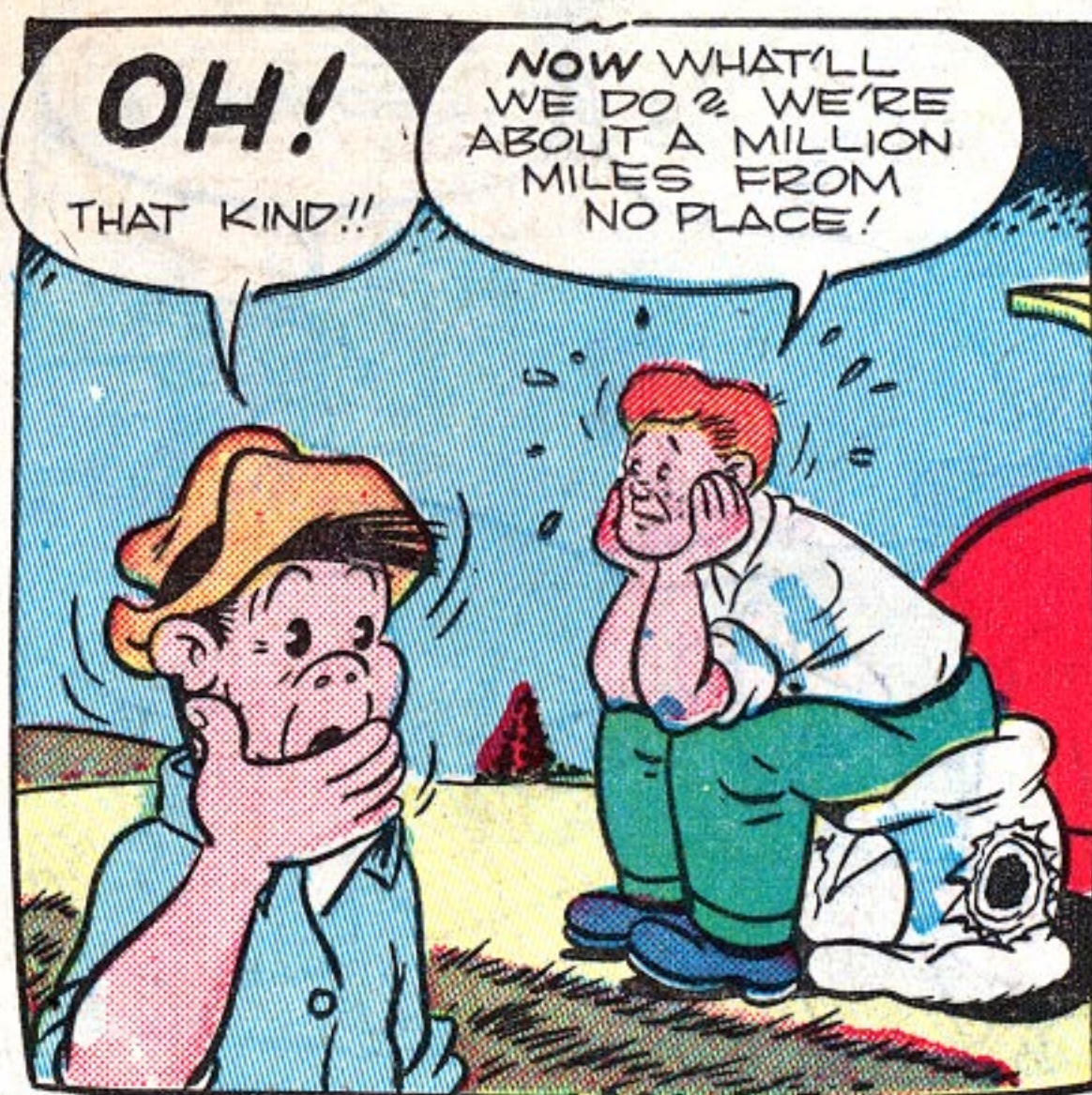


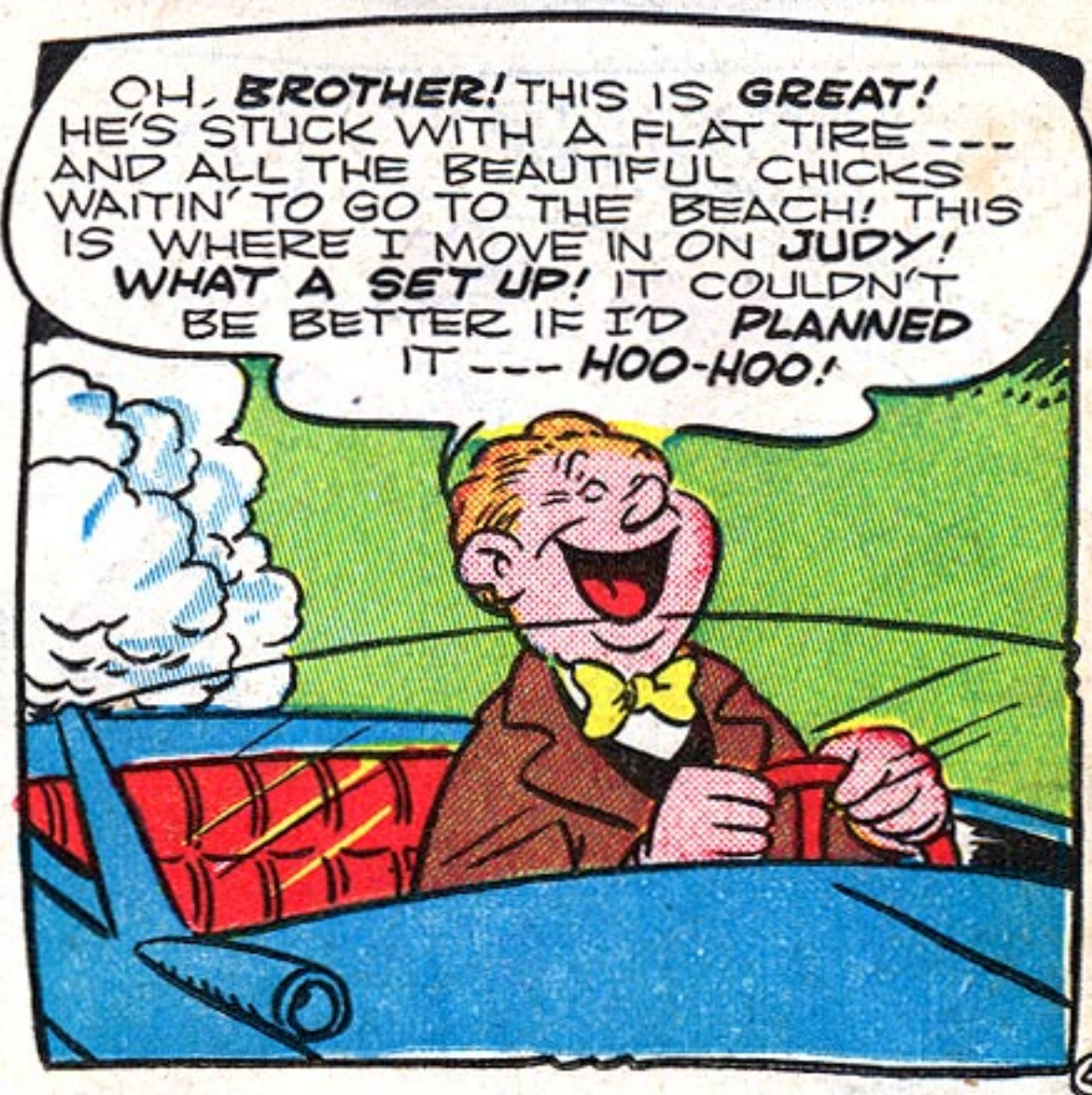
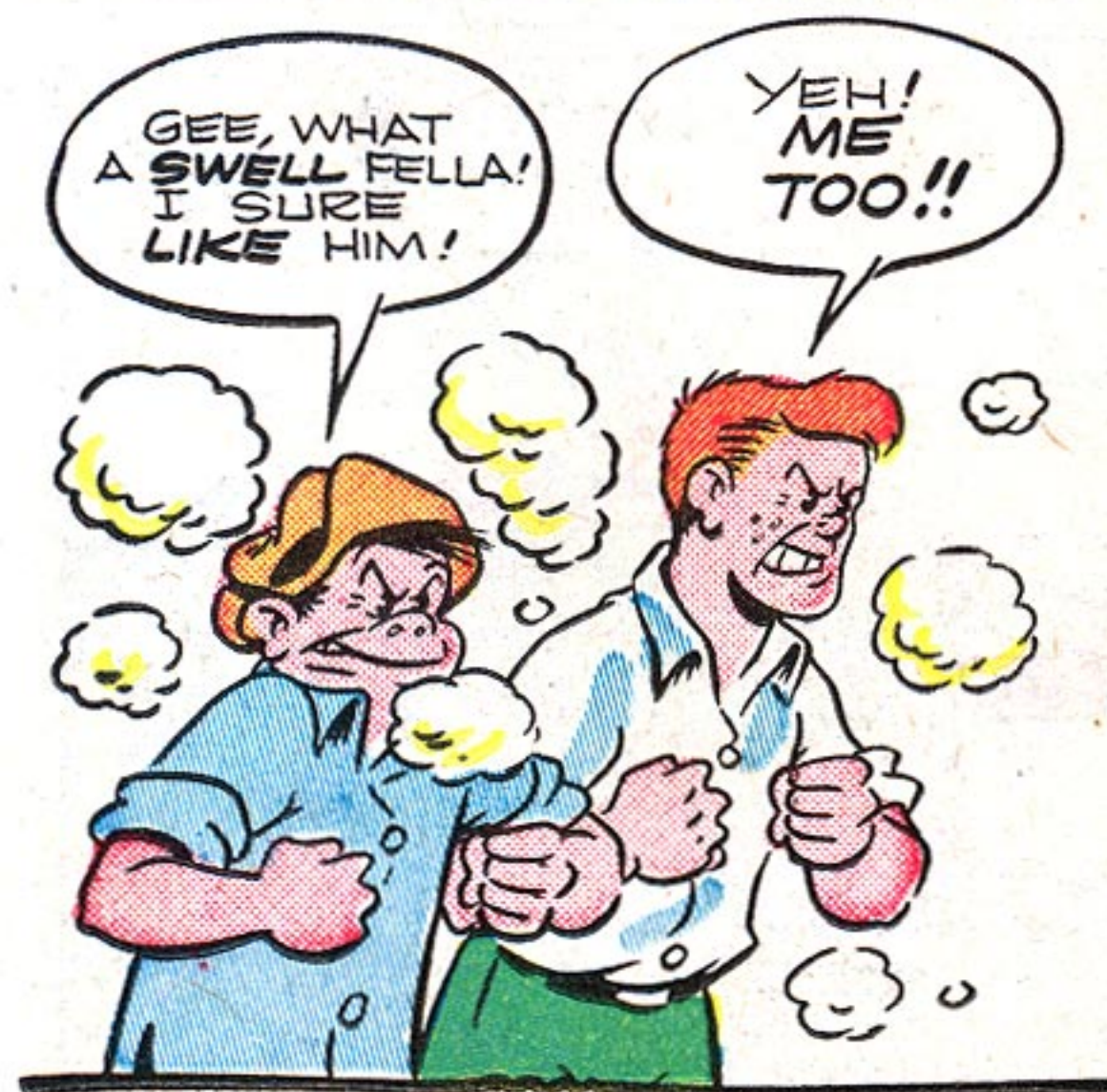
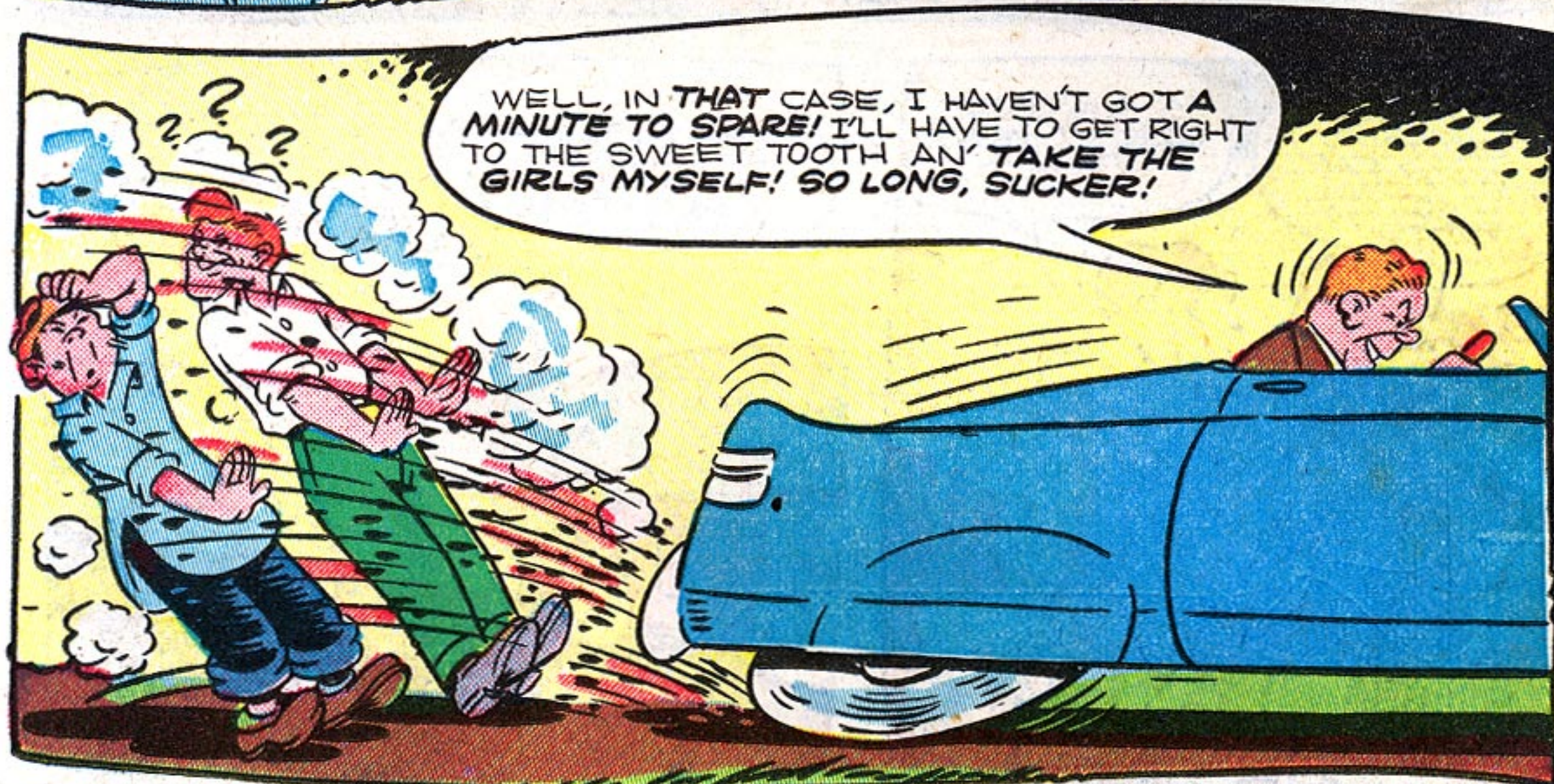
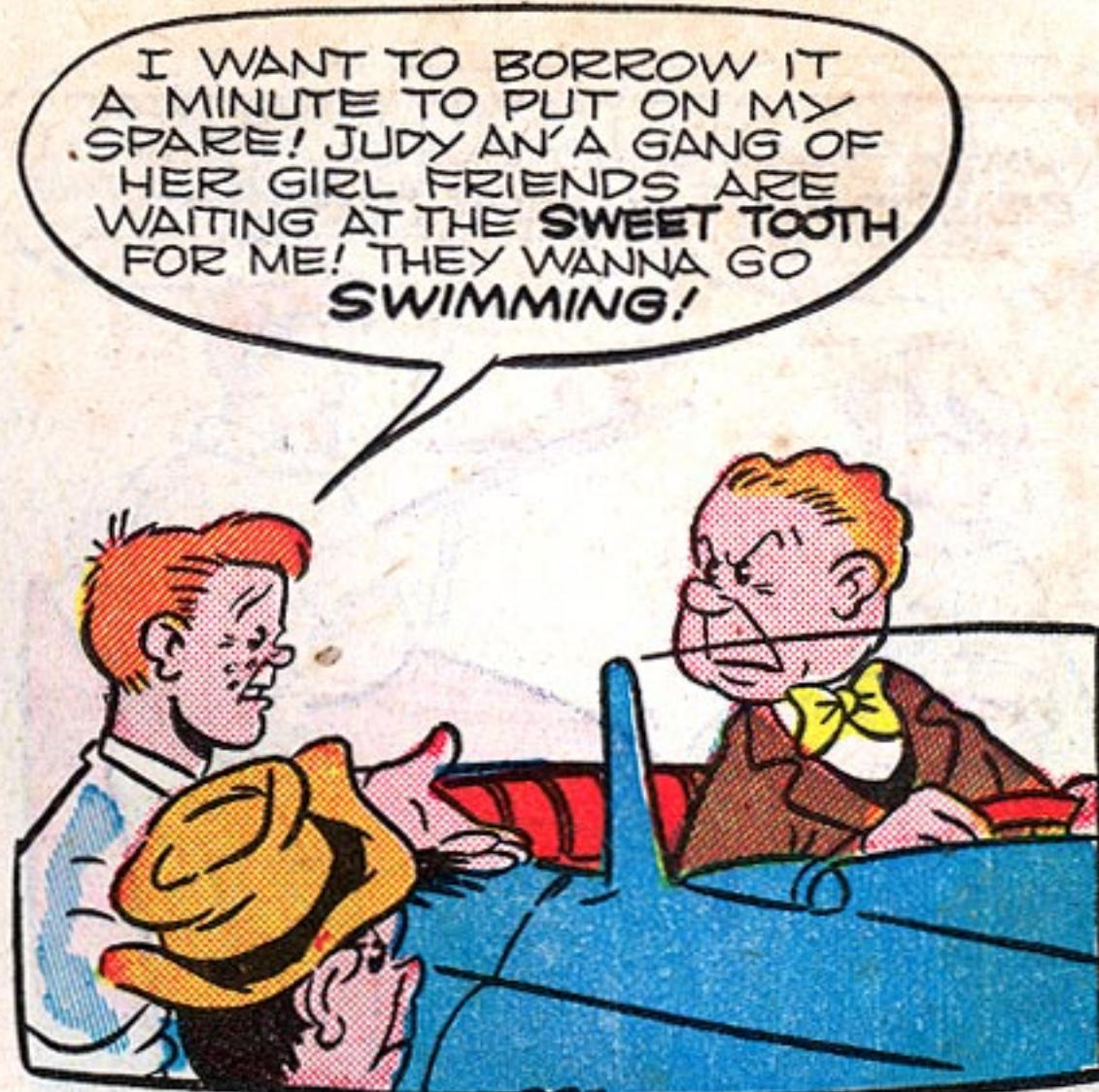
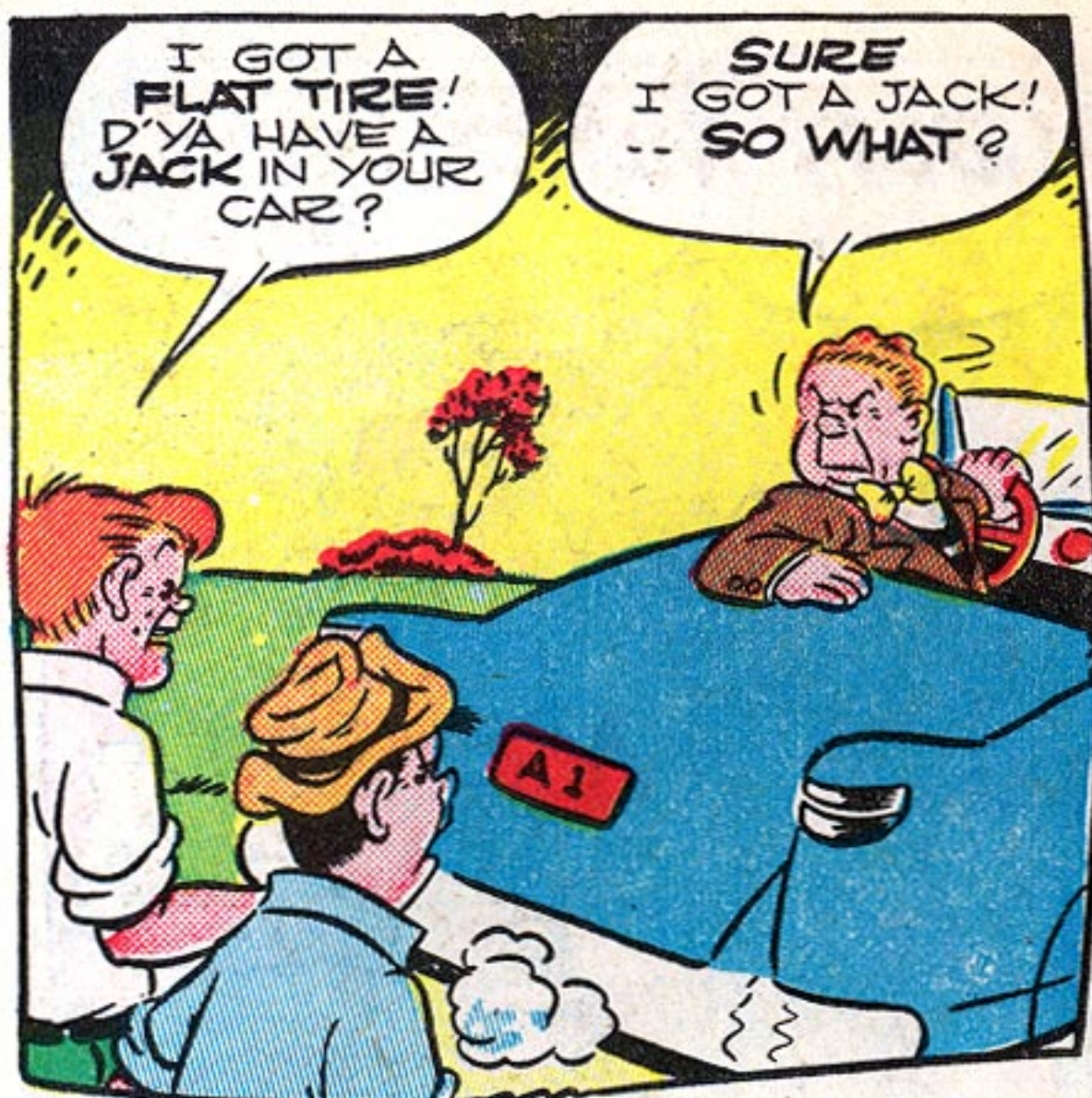
Natch

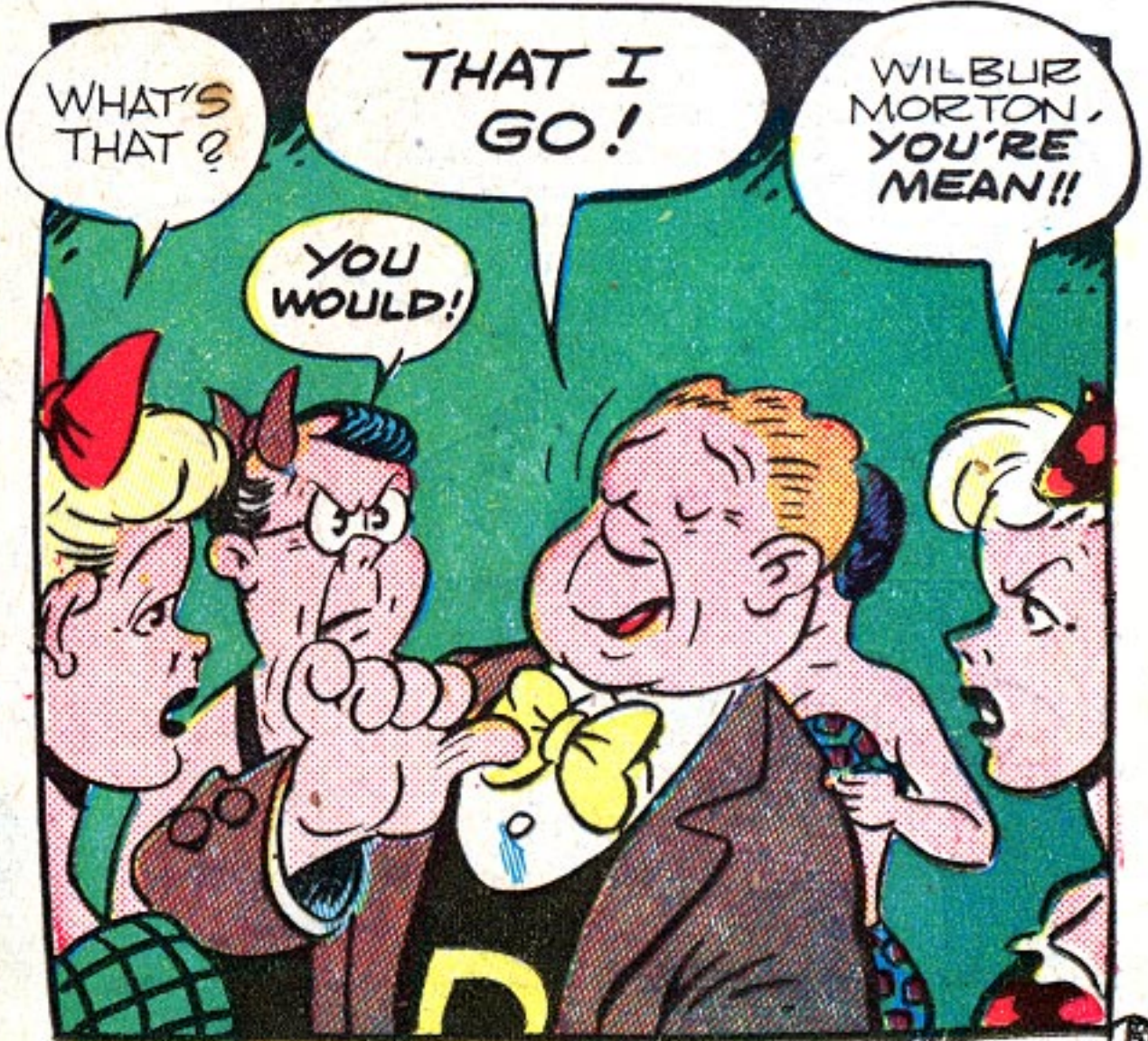
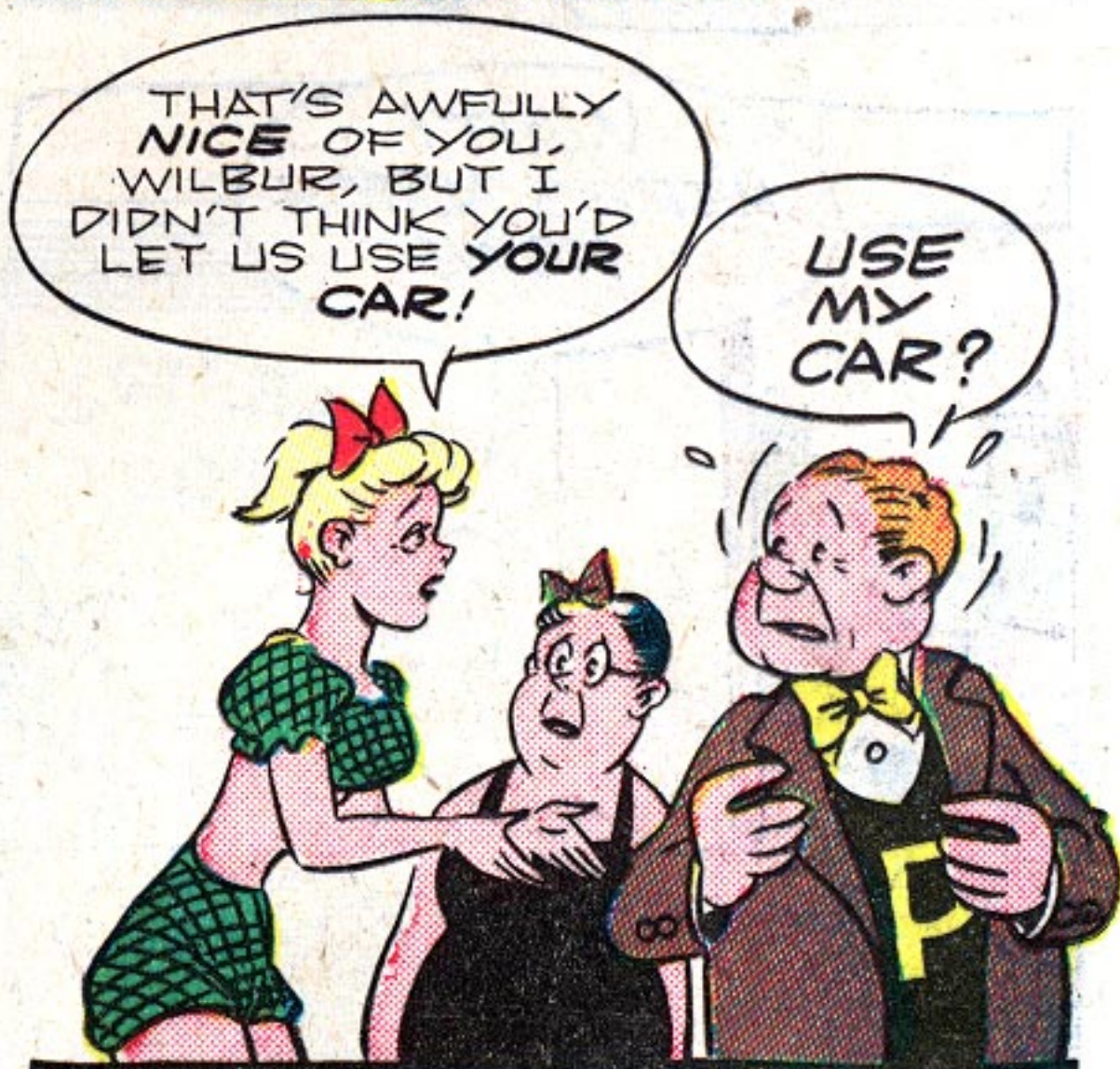
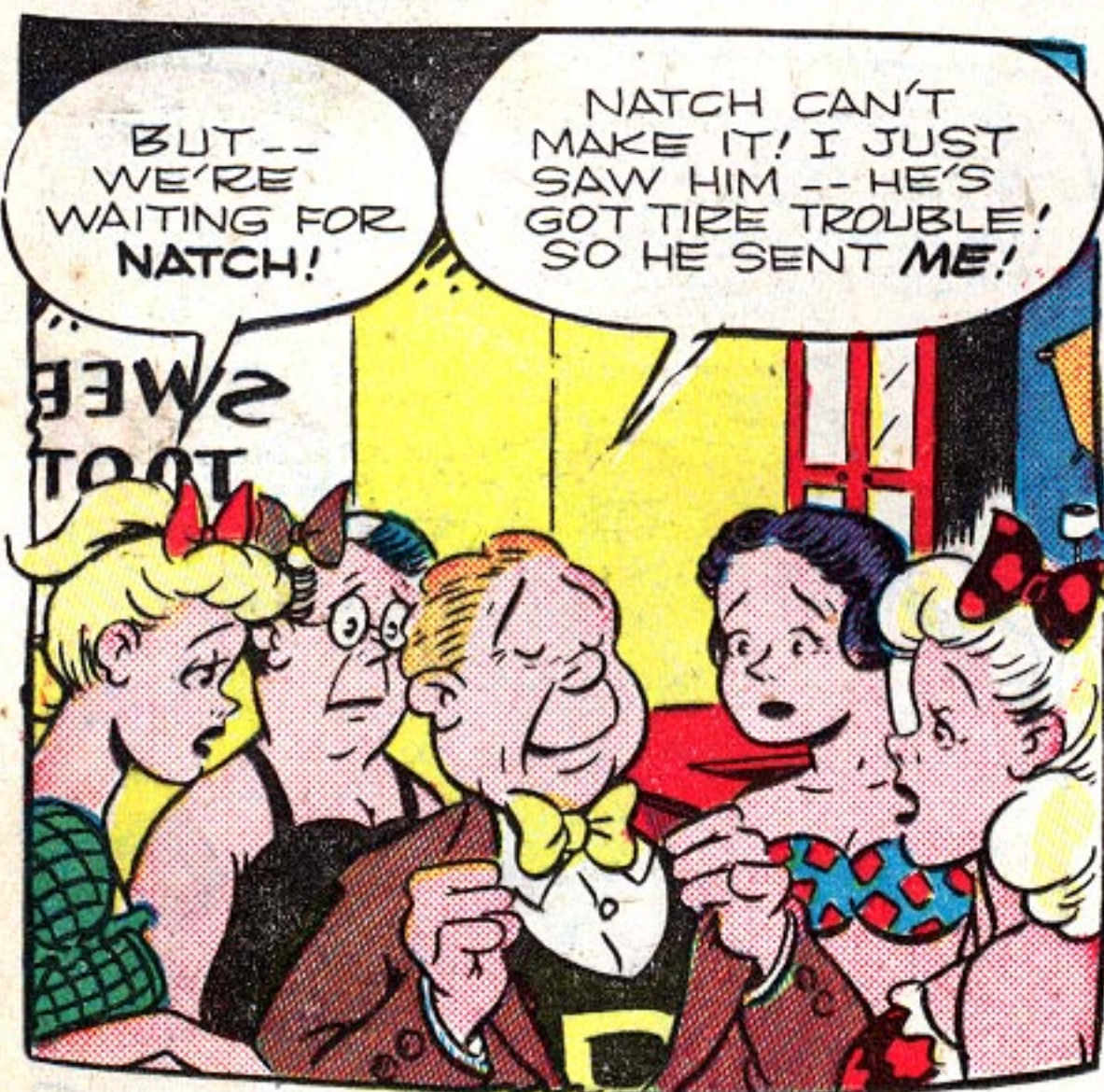
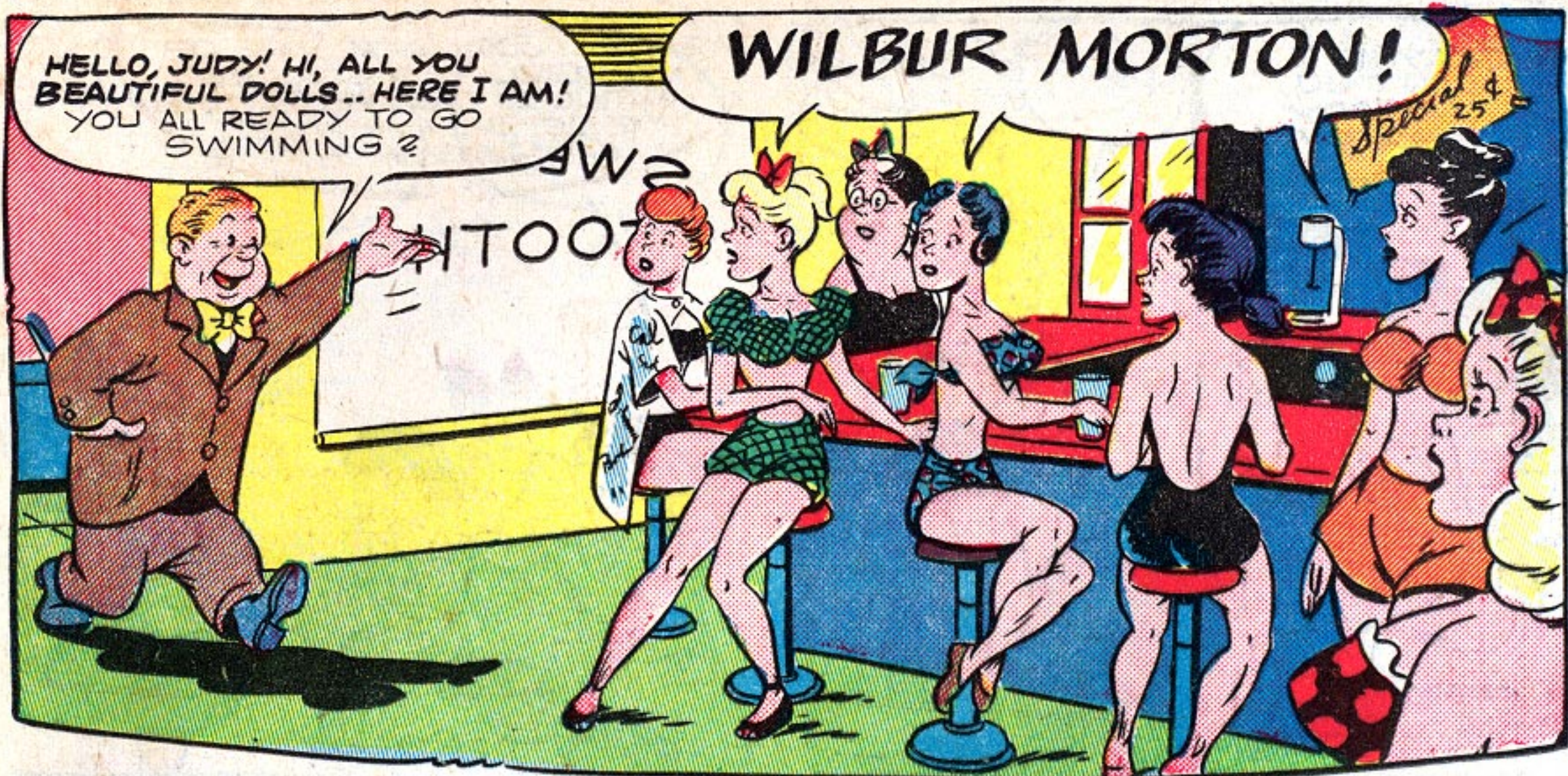
"THE FLAT TIRE"

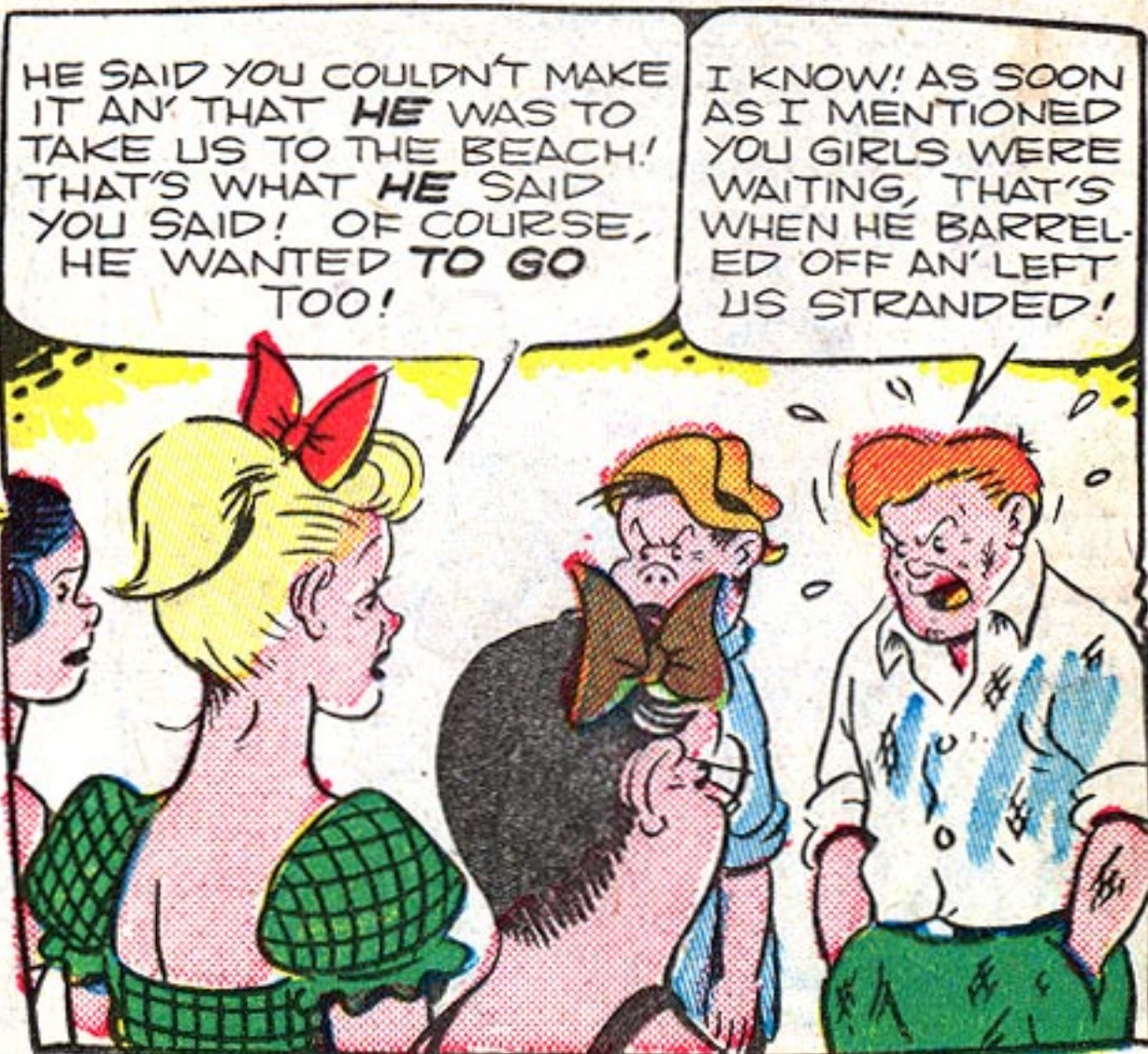
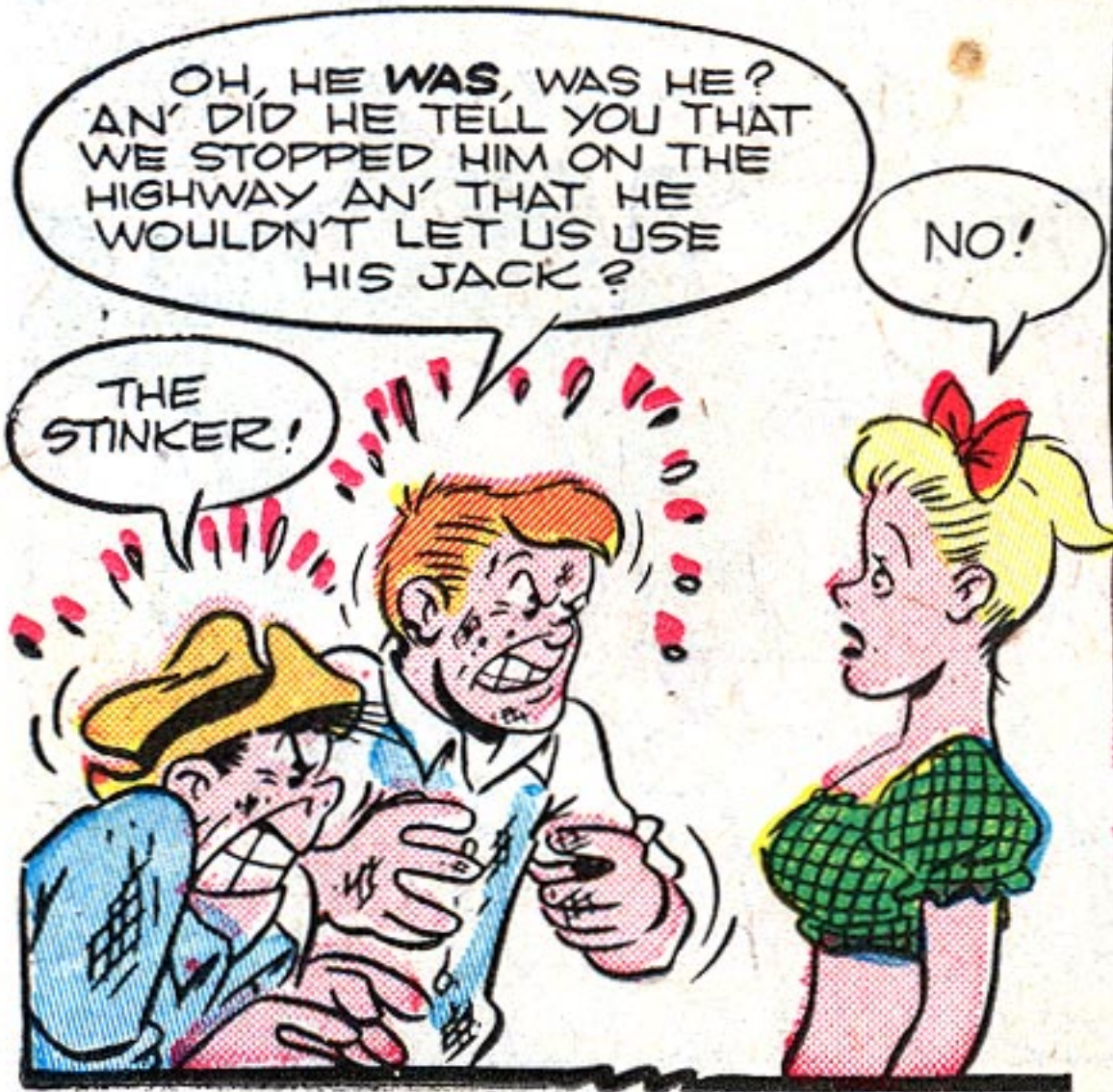
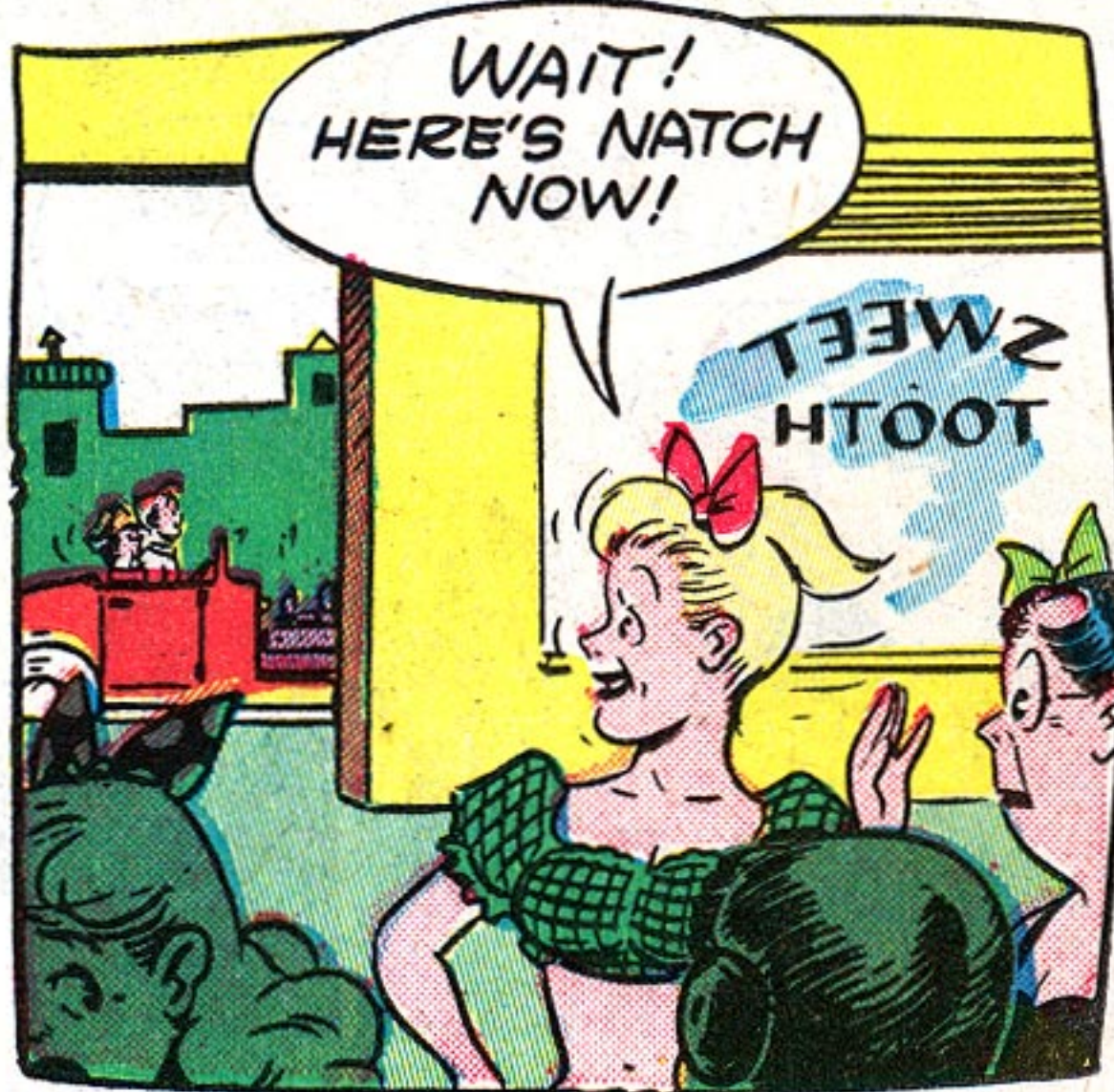
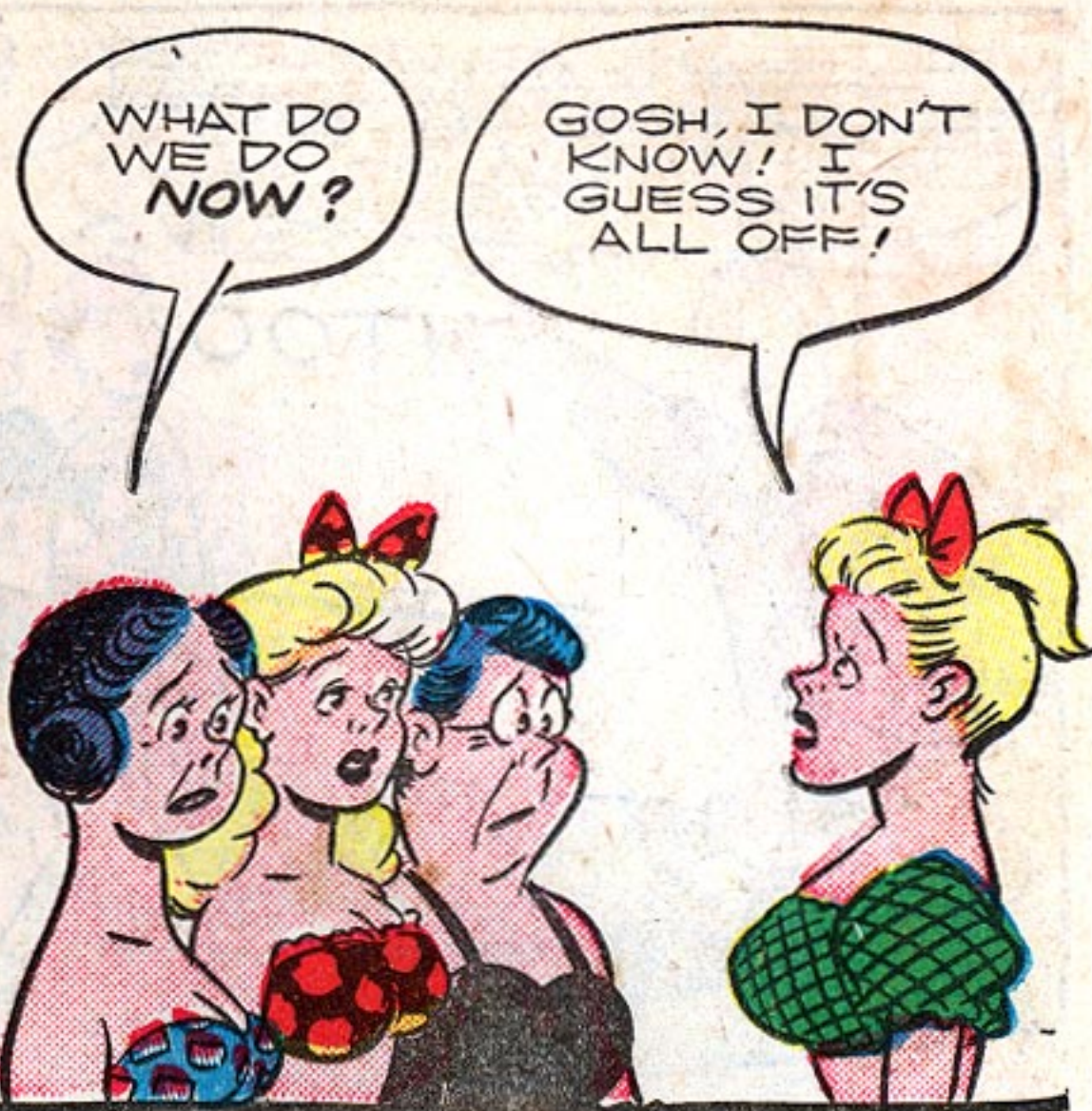
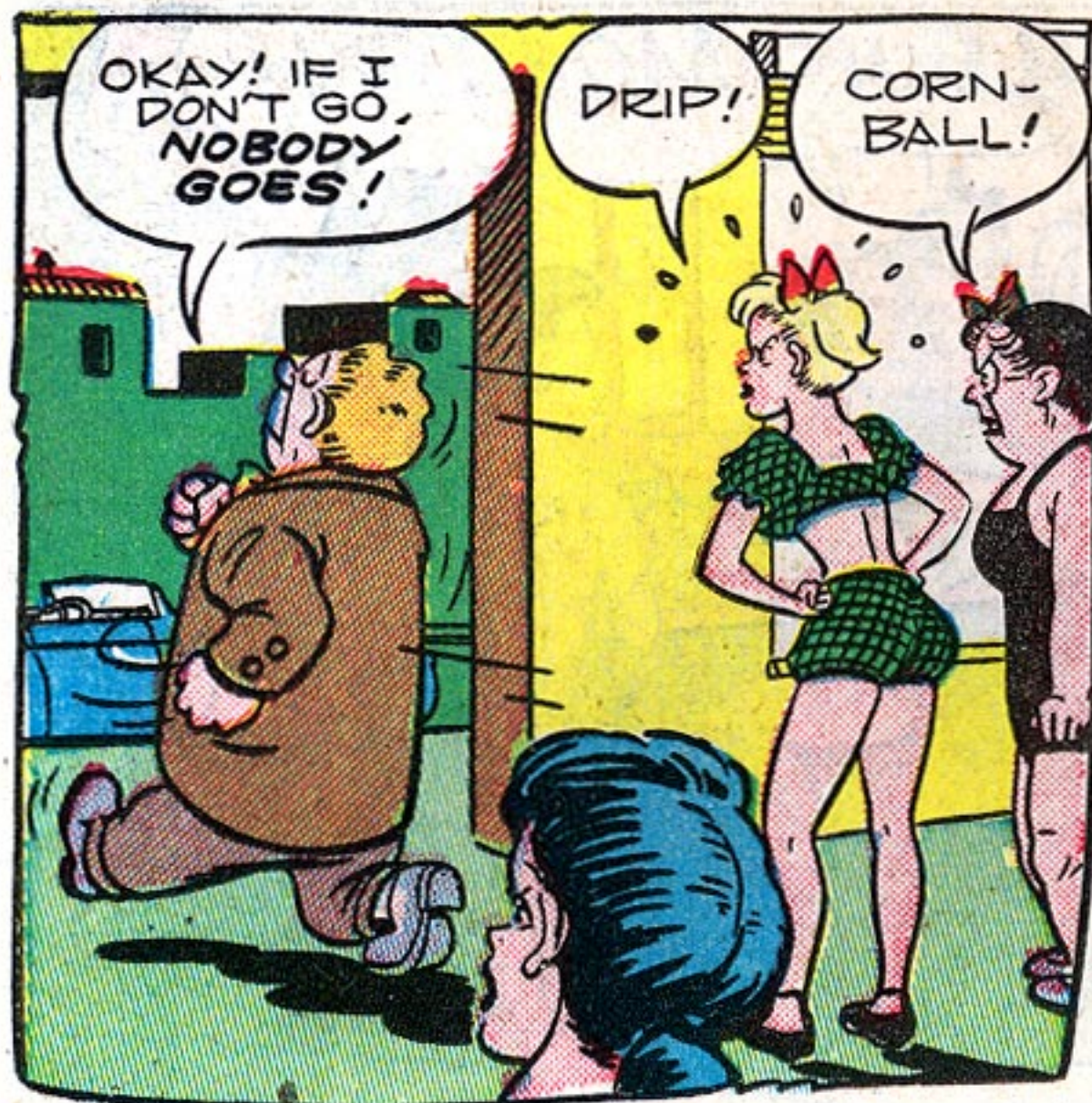












WELL, THE HECK WITH WILBUR MORTON! I'LL GET EVEN WITH HIM **SOME WAY!** HERE, JUDY, HERE'S THE KEY TO MY JALOPY! I KNOW YOU GIRLS WANT TO GET GOIN'... I WASTED HALF OF YOUR DAY ALREADY!

THANKS, NATCH--
--HONEY!

LISTEN, GIRLS! IN VIEW OF ALL THE TROUBLE NATCH AND JACKSON HAVE GONE TO TO LET US USE THE CAR, I THINK WE OUGHT TO CALL OFF THE HEN PARTY AND **INVITE THEM!**--THAT IS, IF THEY WANT TO GO!

GOLLY, YES! I GOT MY SWIM TRUNKS IN MY JALOP!

MEET
TOO

LET'S GO! I GOT MY BATHIN' SUIT ON! I WEAR IT ALL SEASON! YA CAN NEVER TELL WHEN SOMETHIN' LIKE THIS WILL COME UP!

OH, TO BE YOUNG AGAIN!

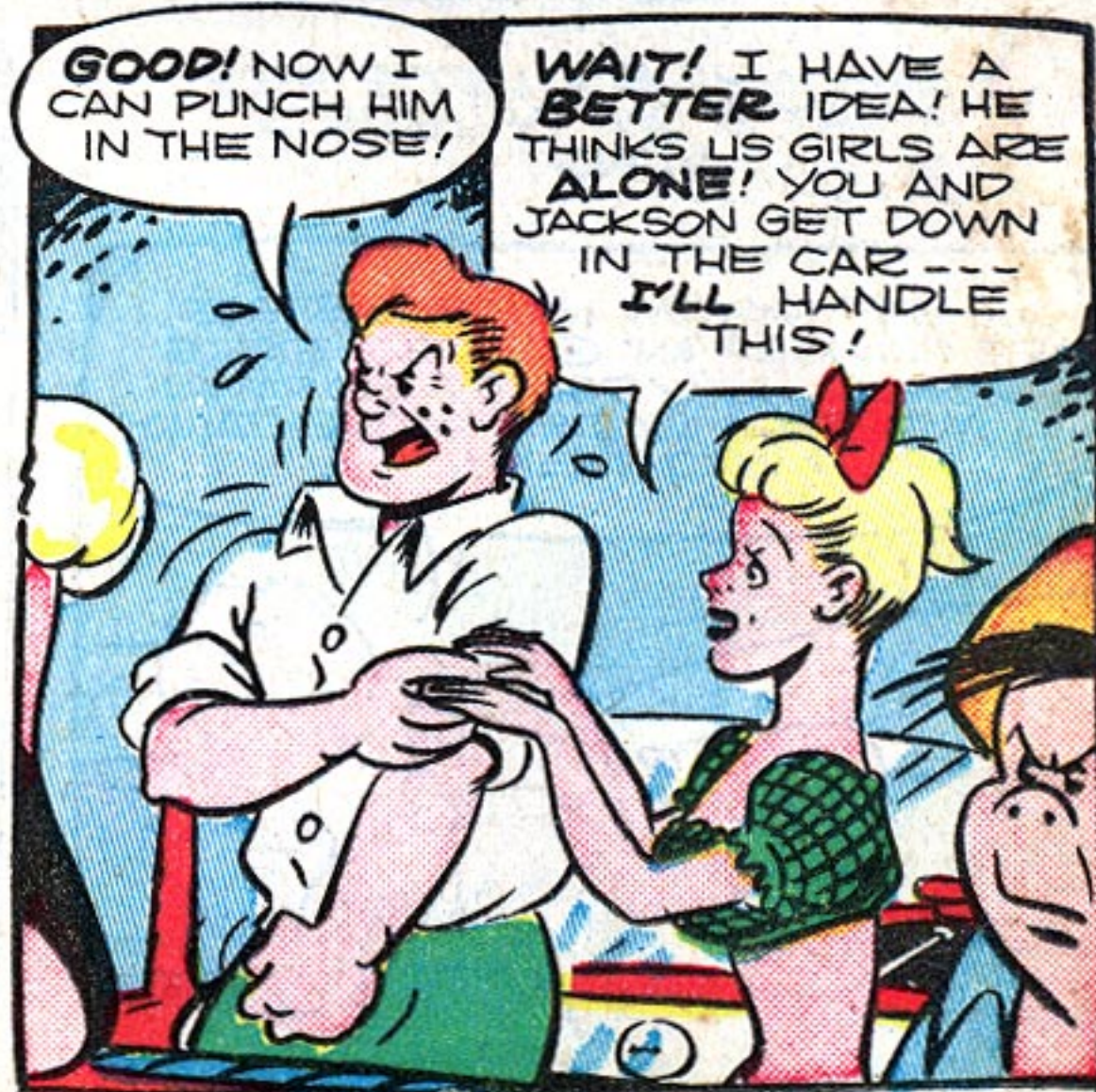
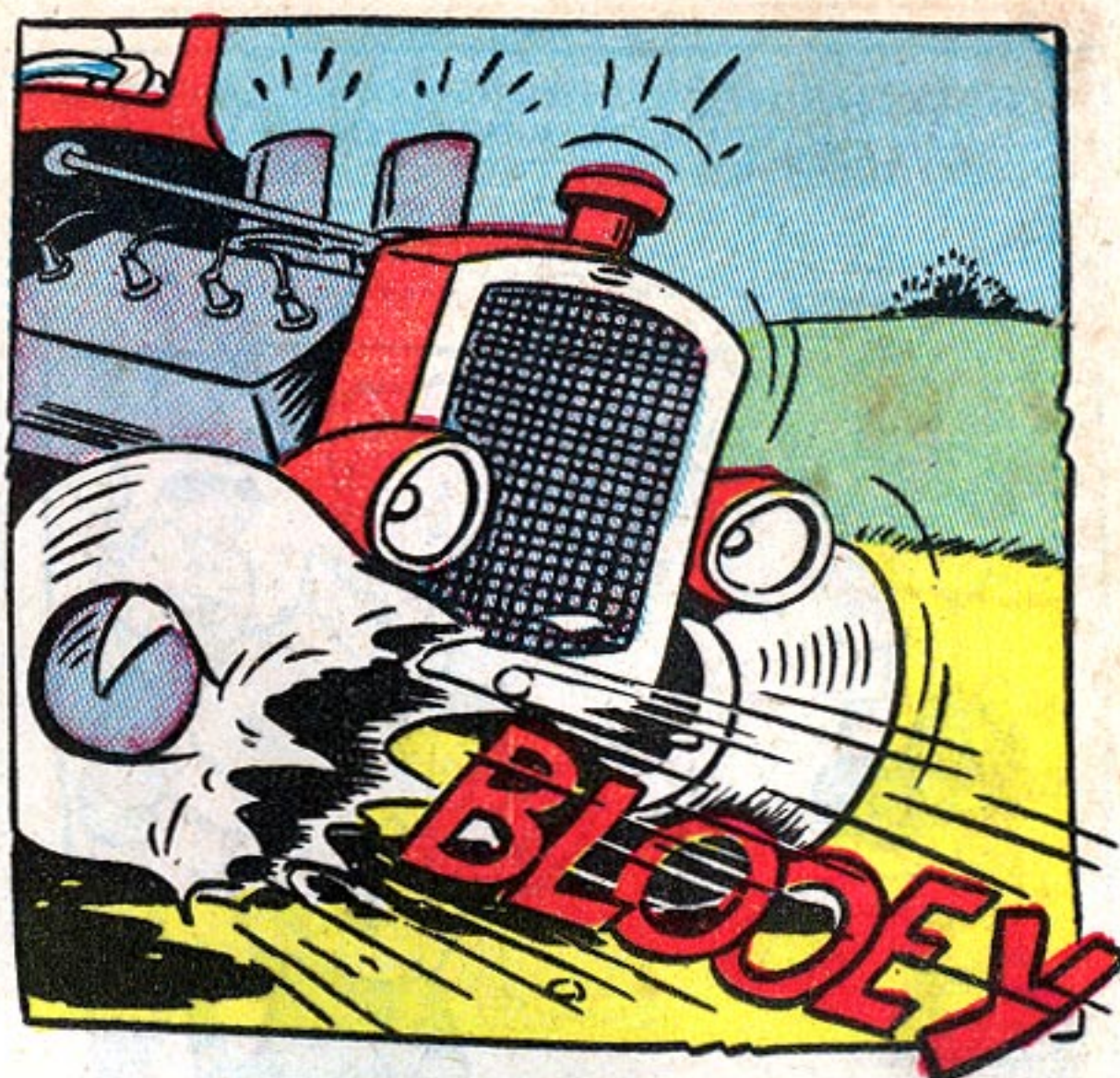
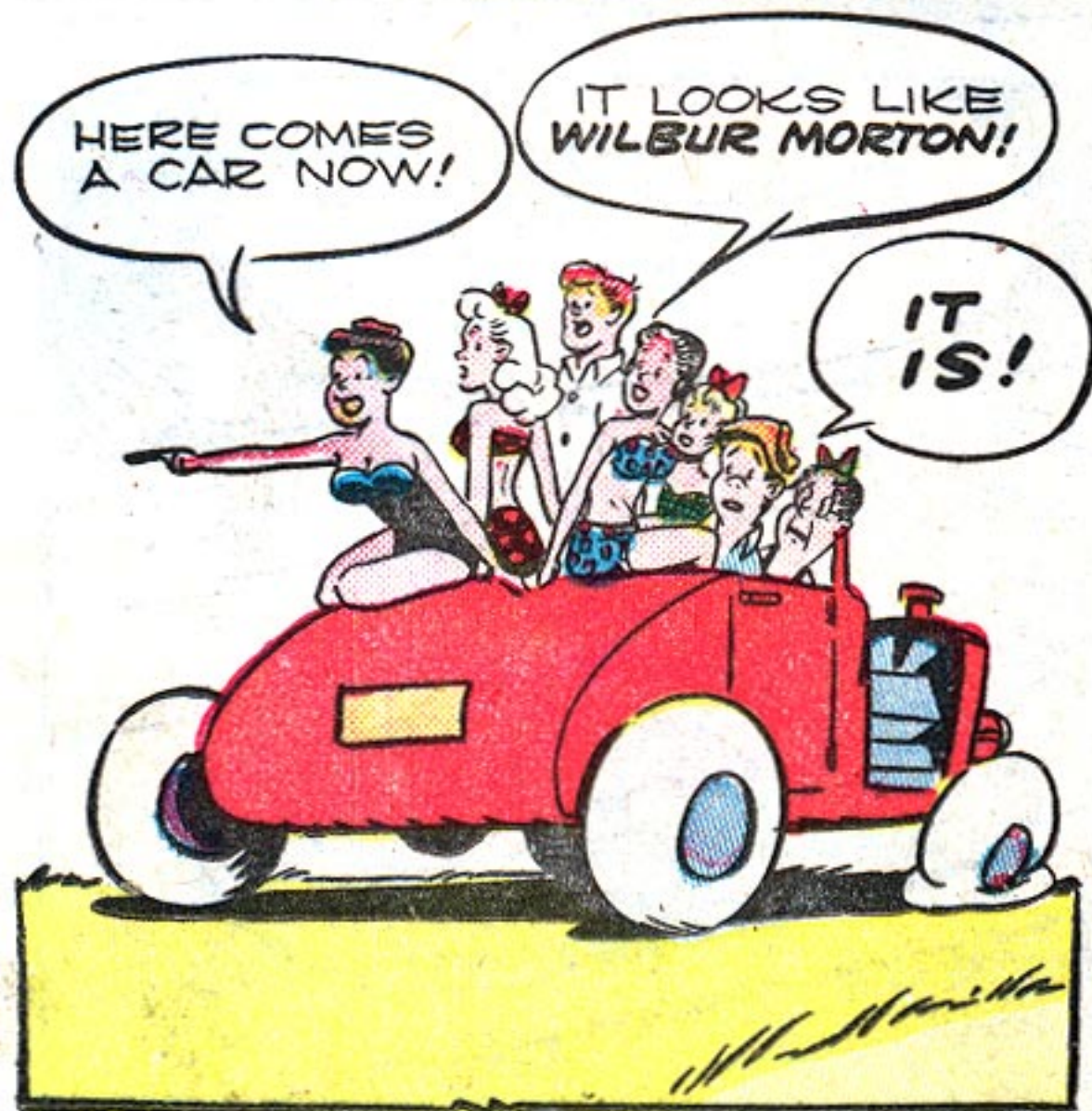
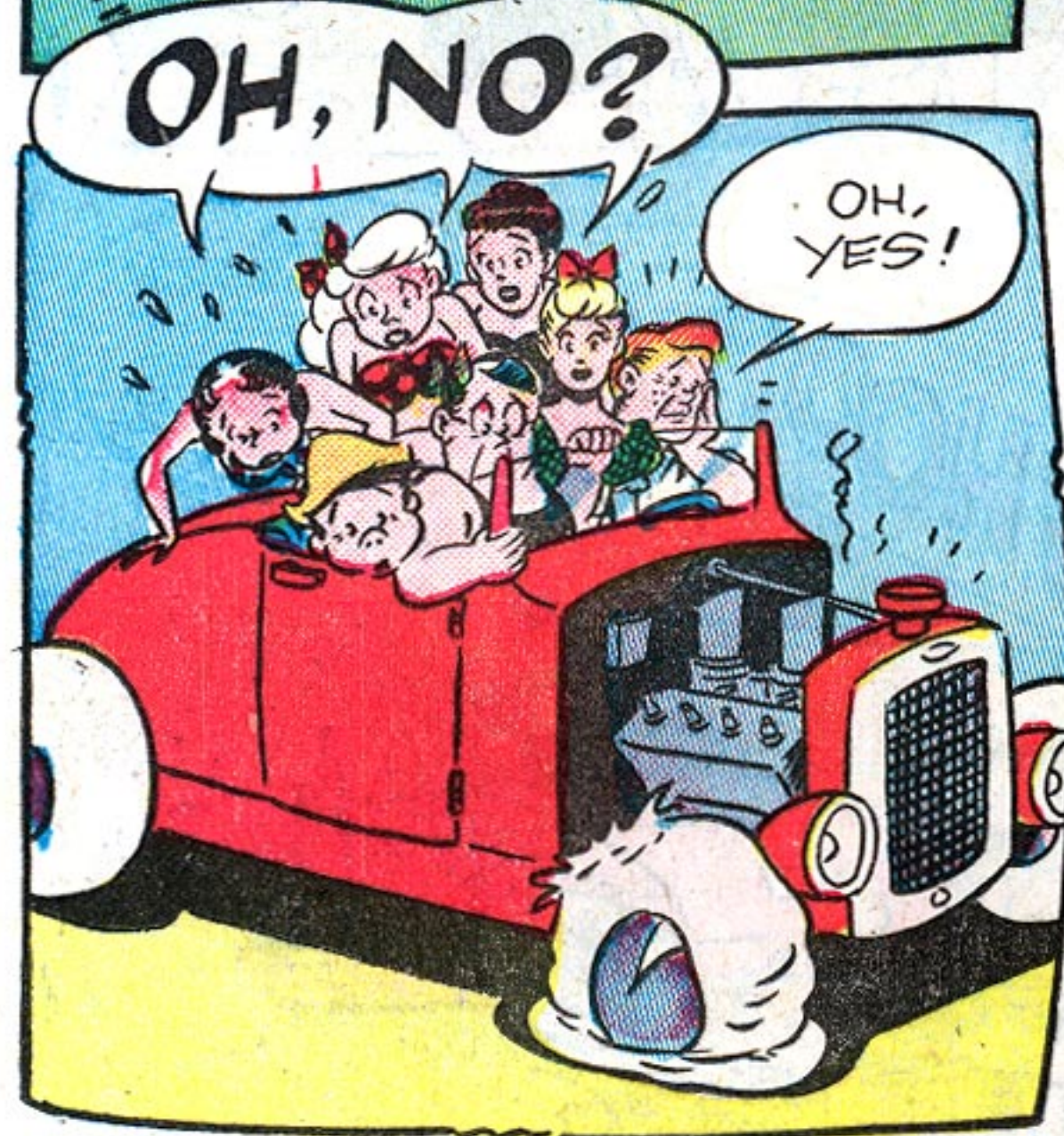
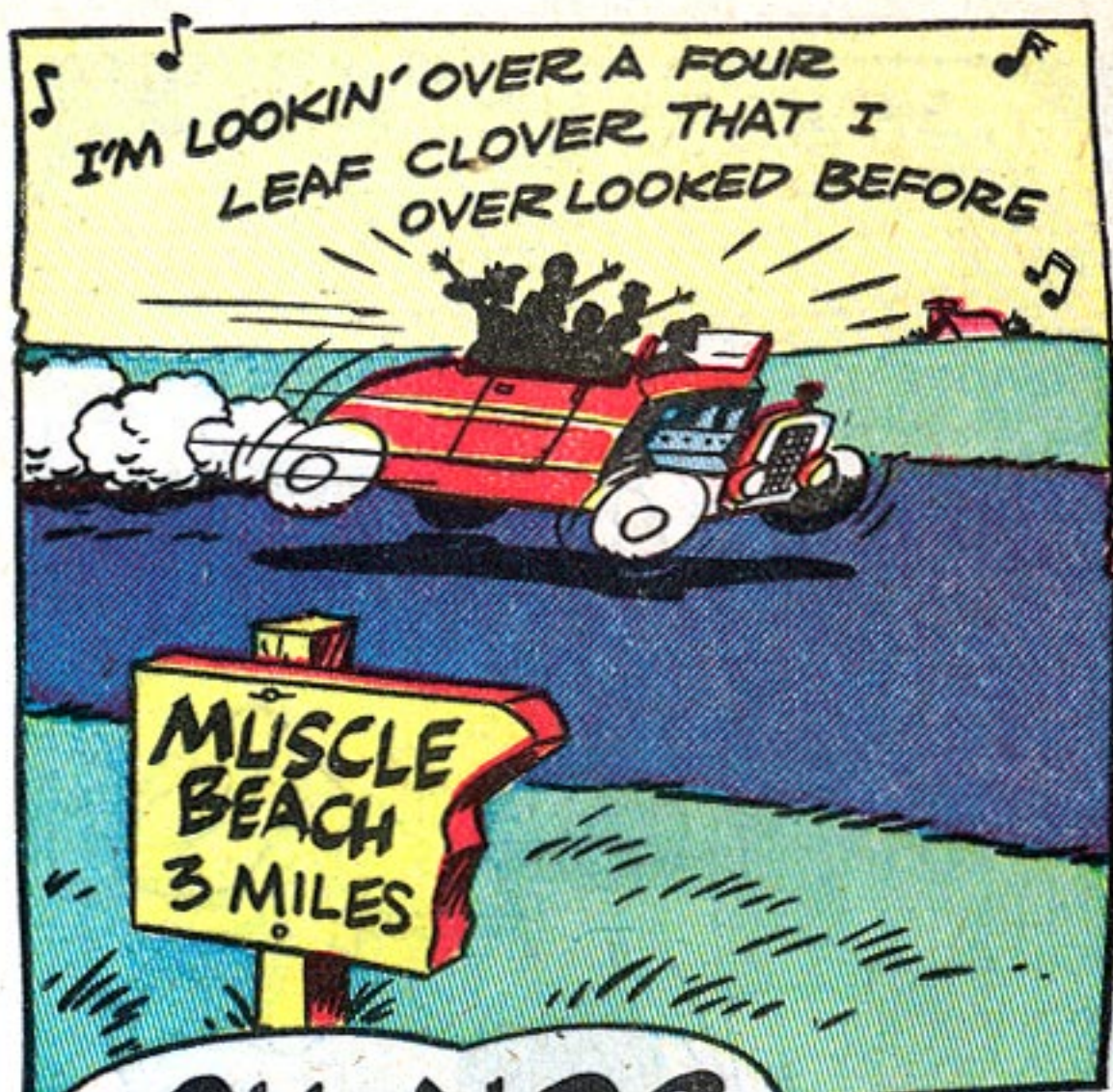
WHOOPEE!

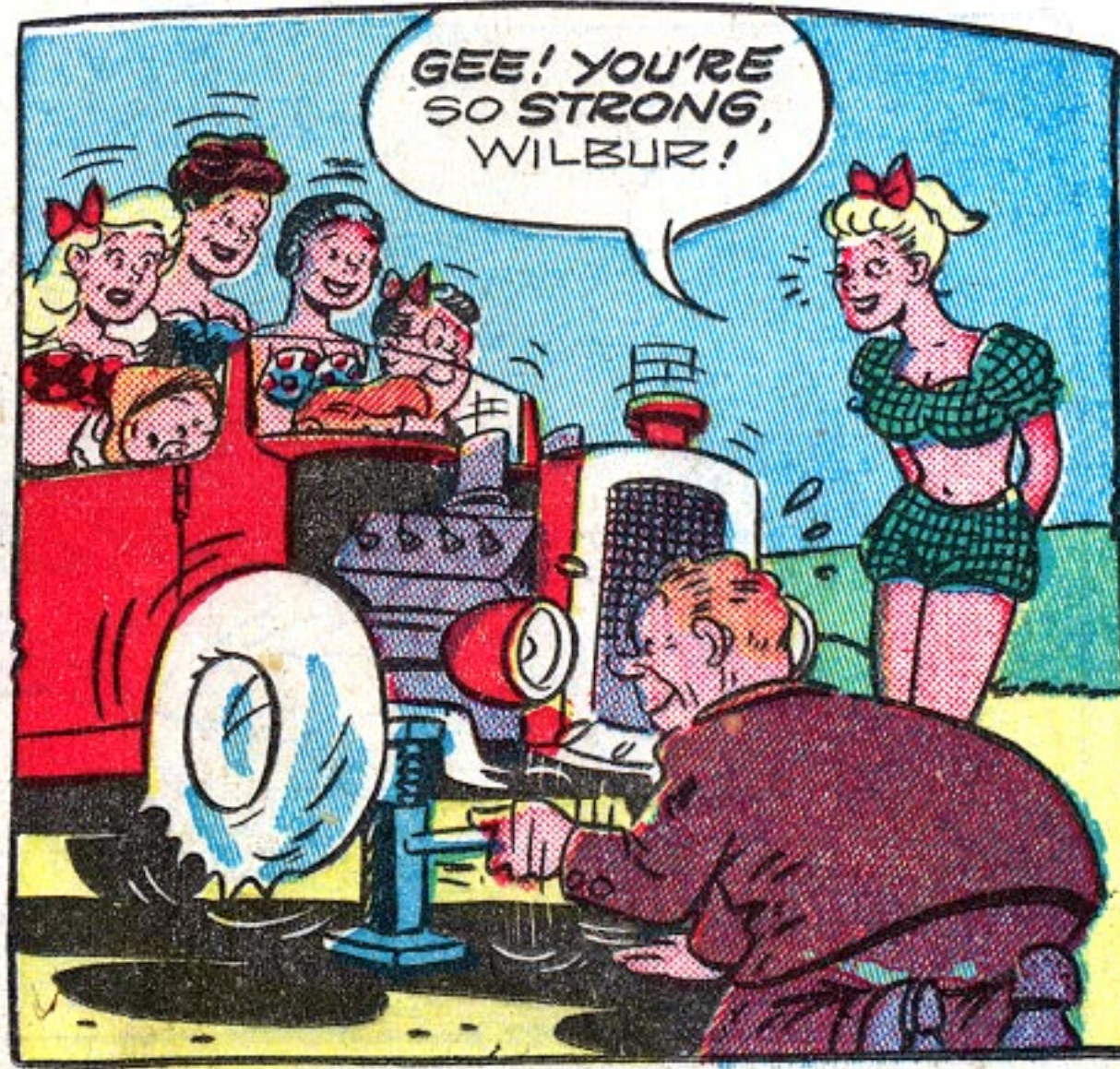
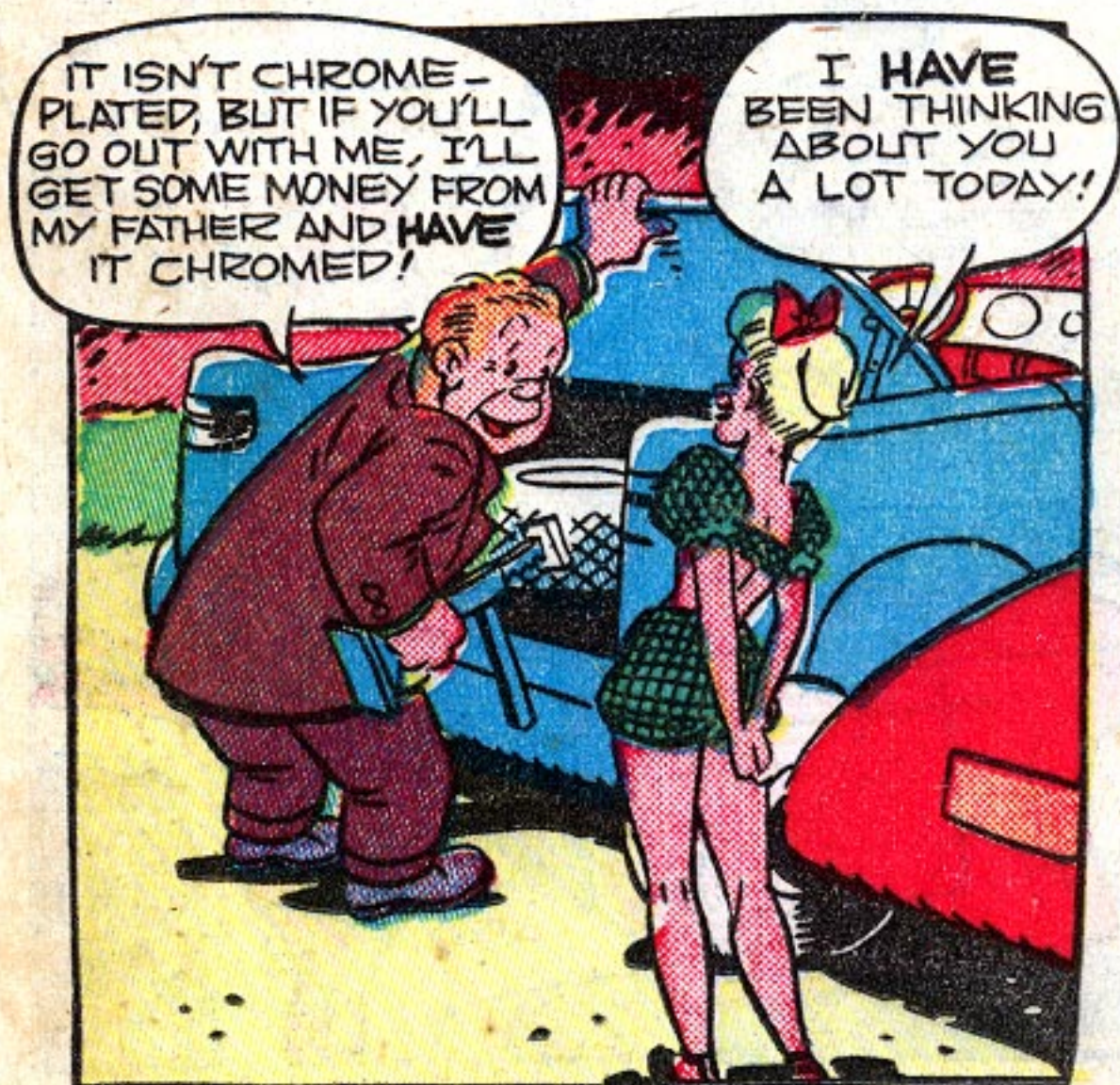
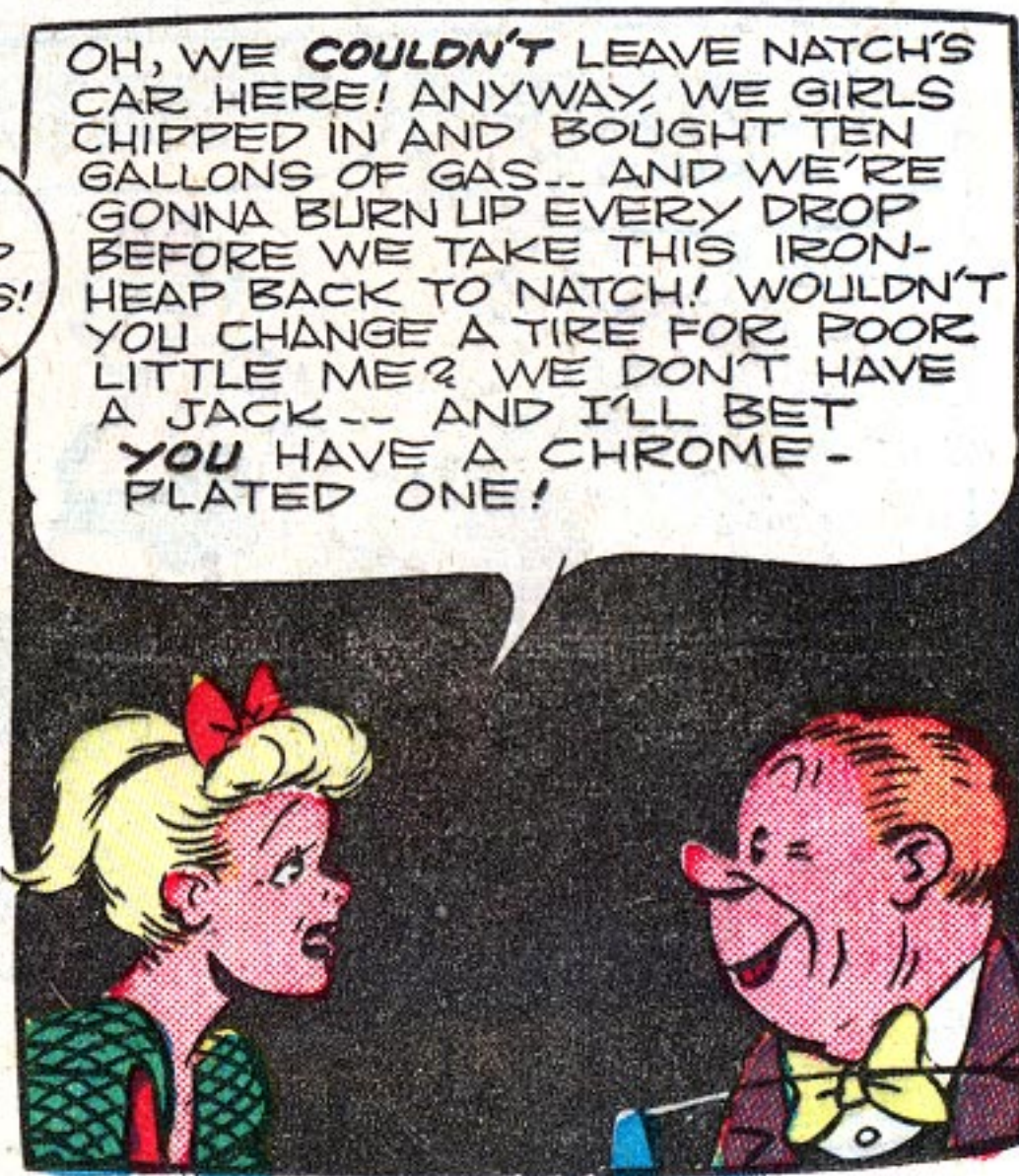
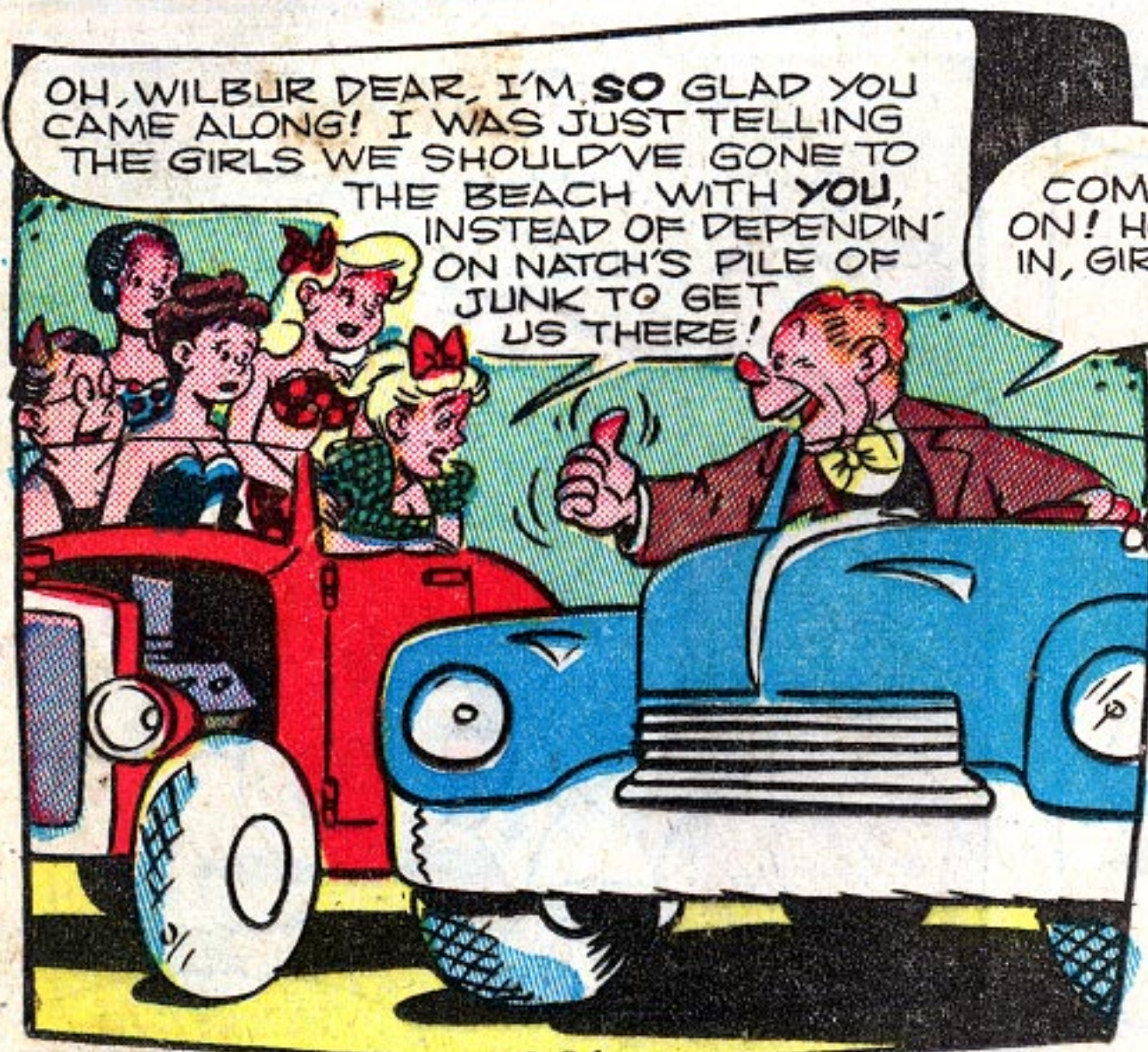
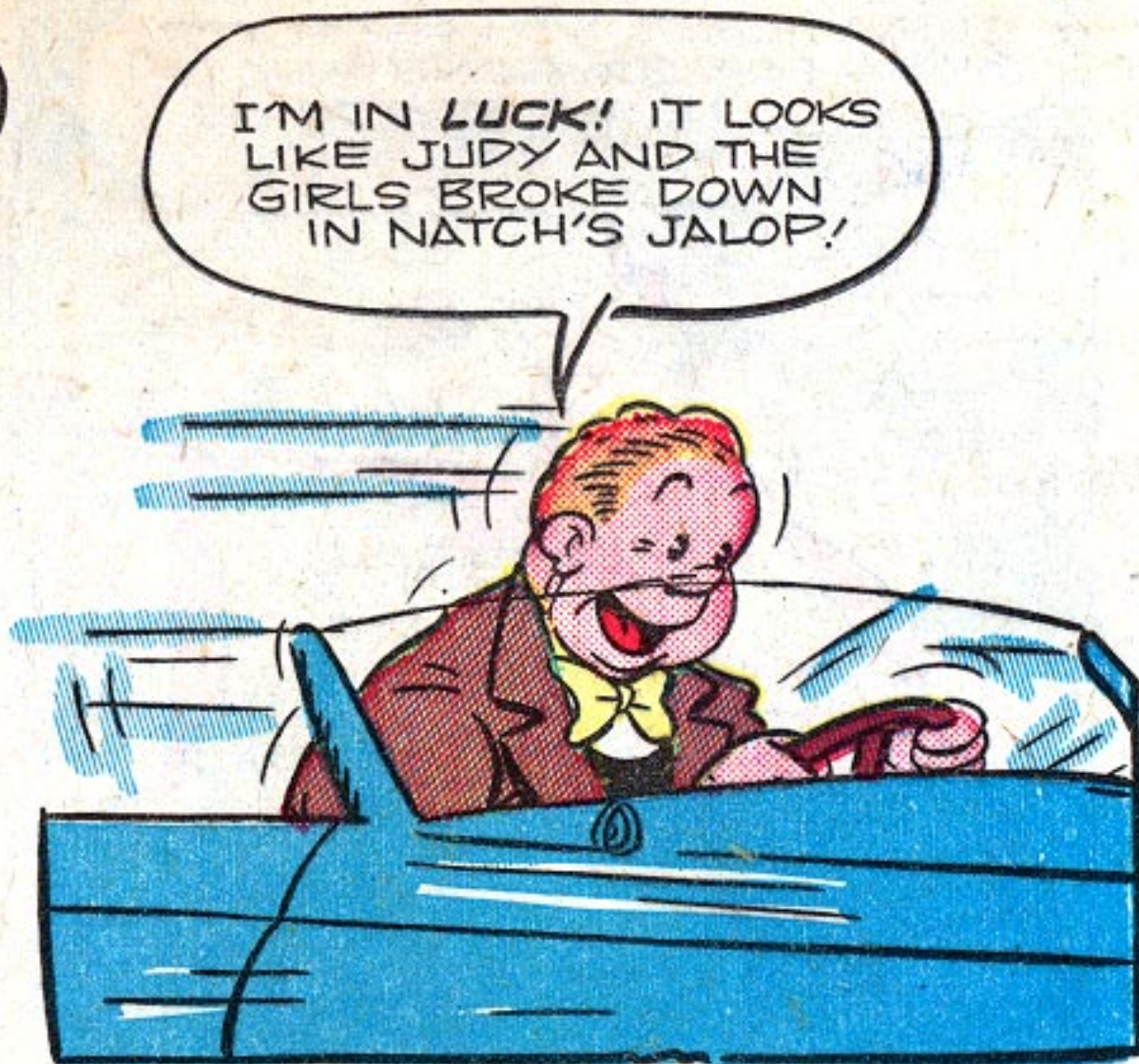
TO THE BEACH! AN' DON'T SPARE THE CON' RODS!

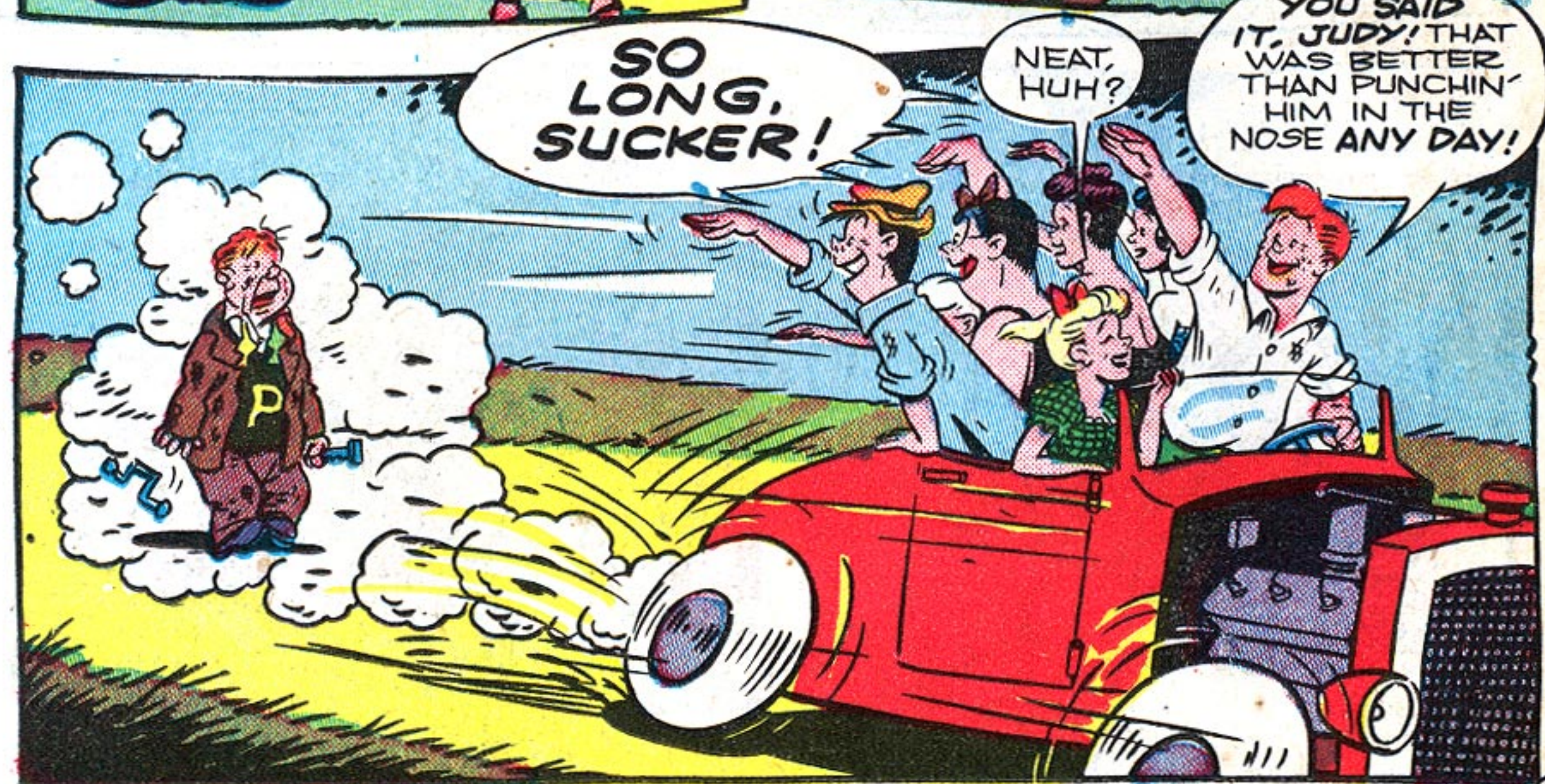
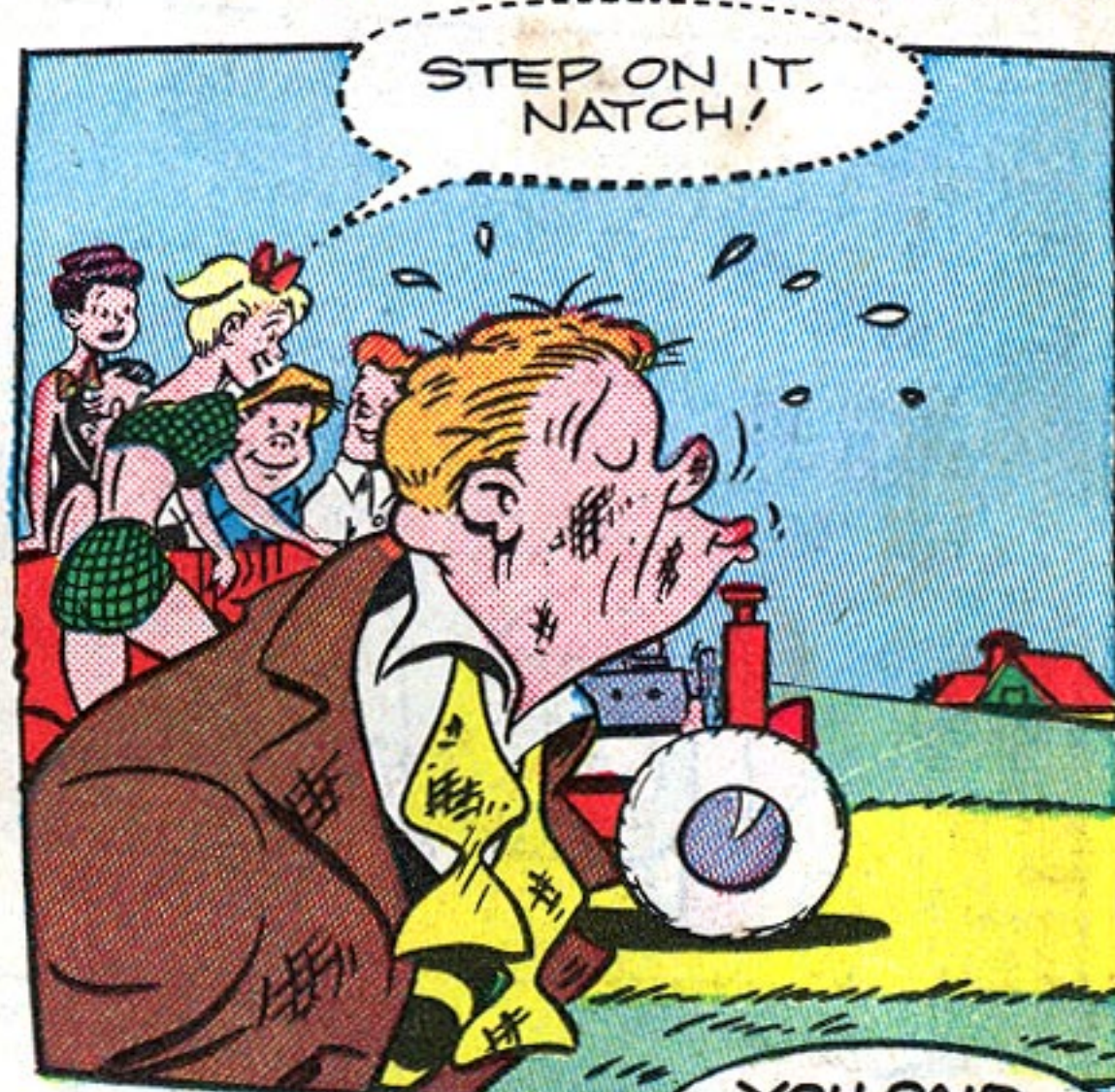
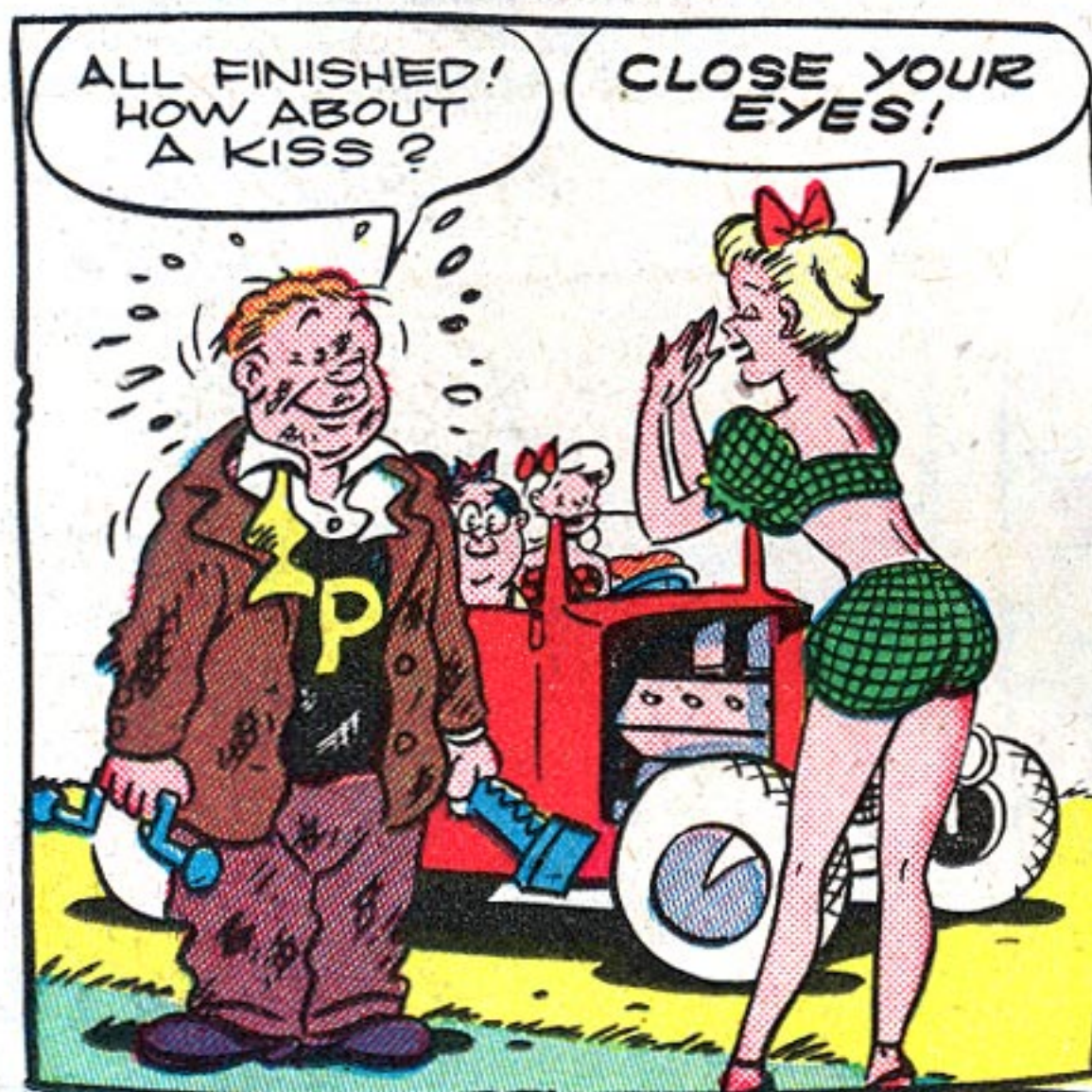
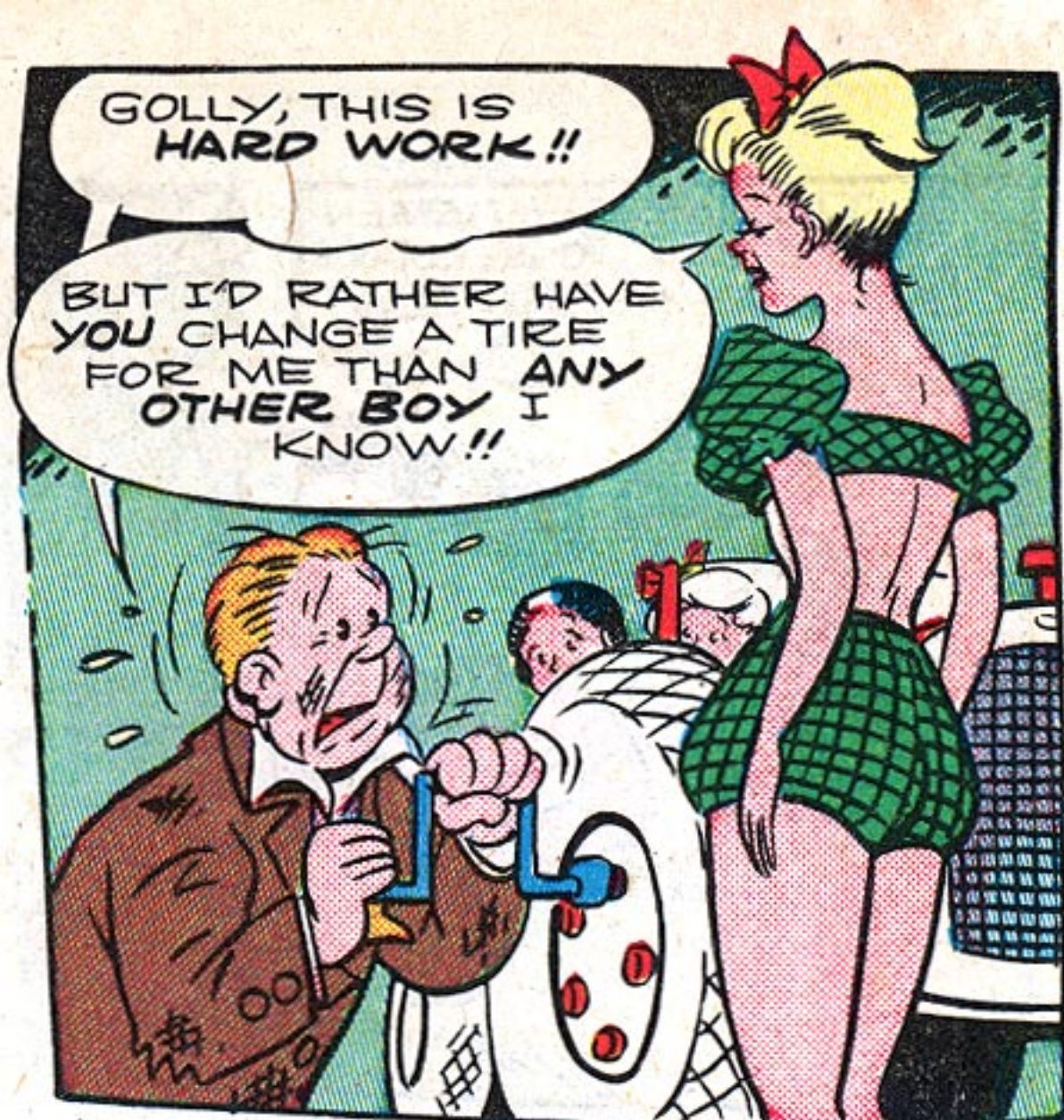
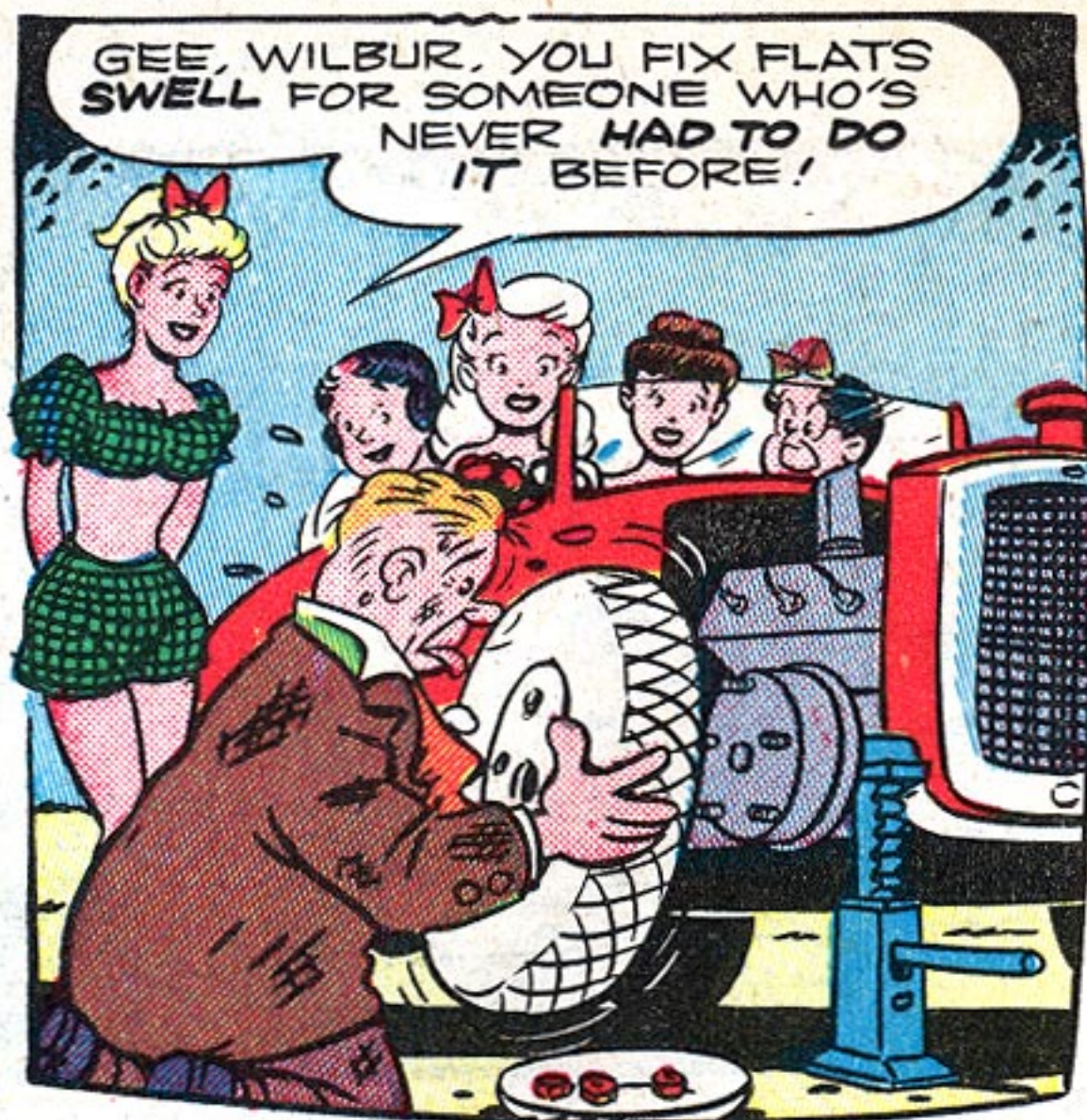
MEANWHILE - LET'S SEE WHAT'S ON WILBUR'S MIND!

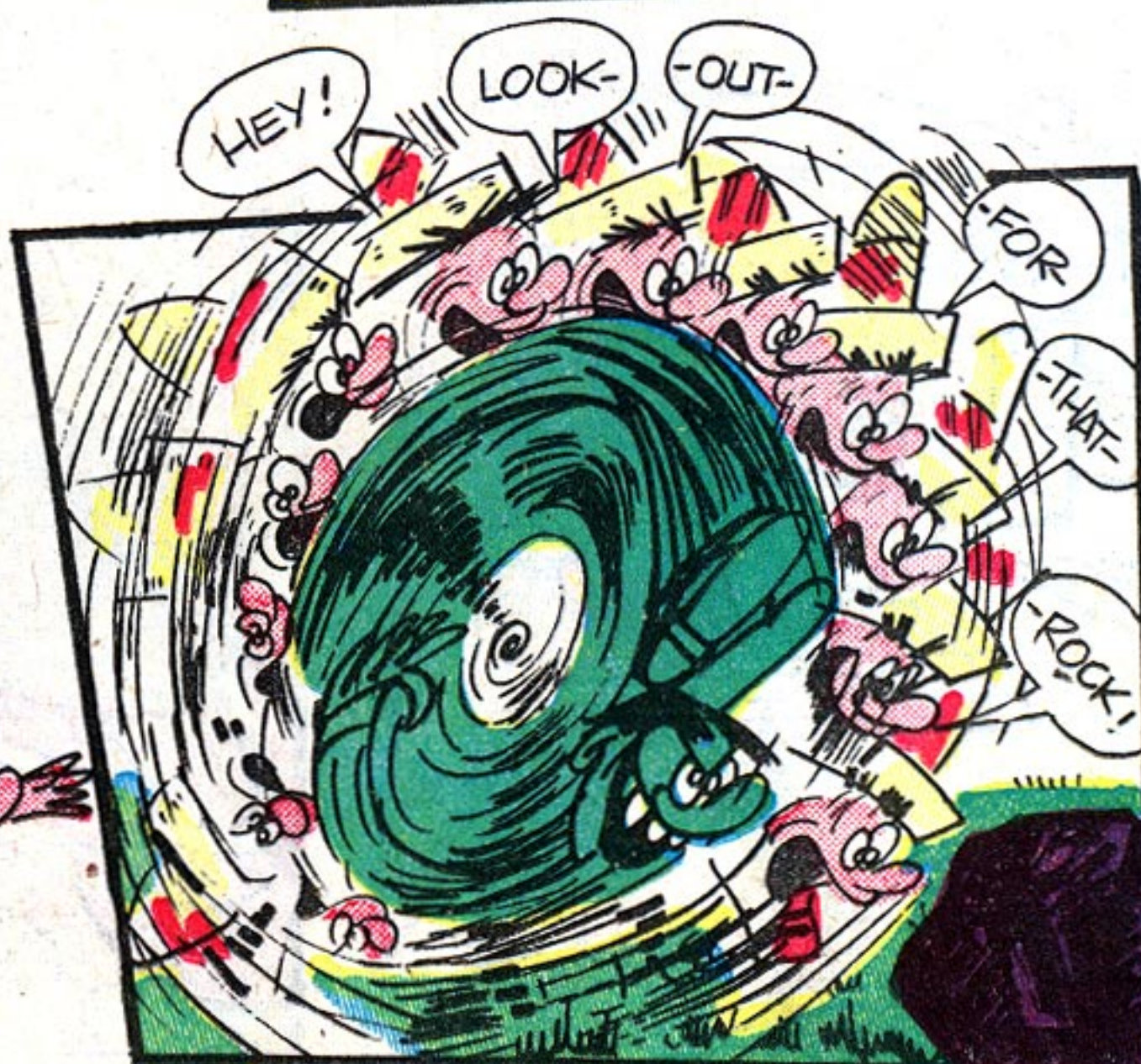
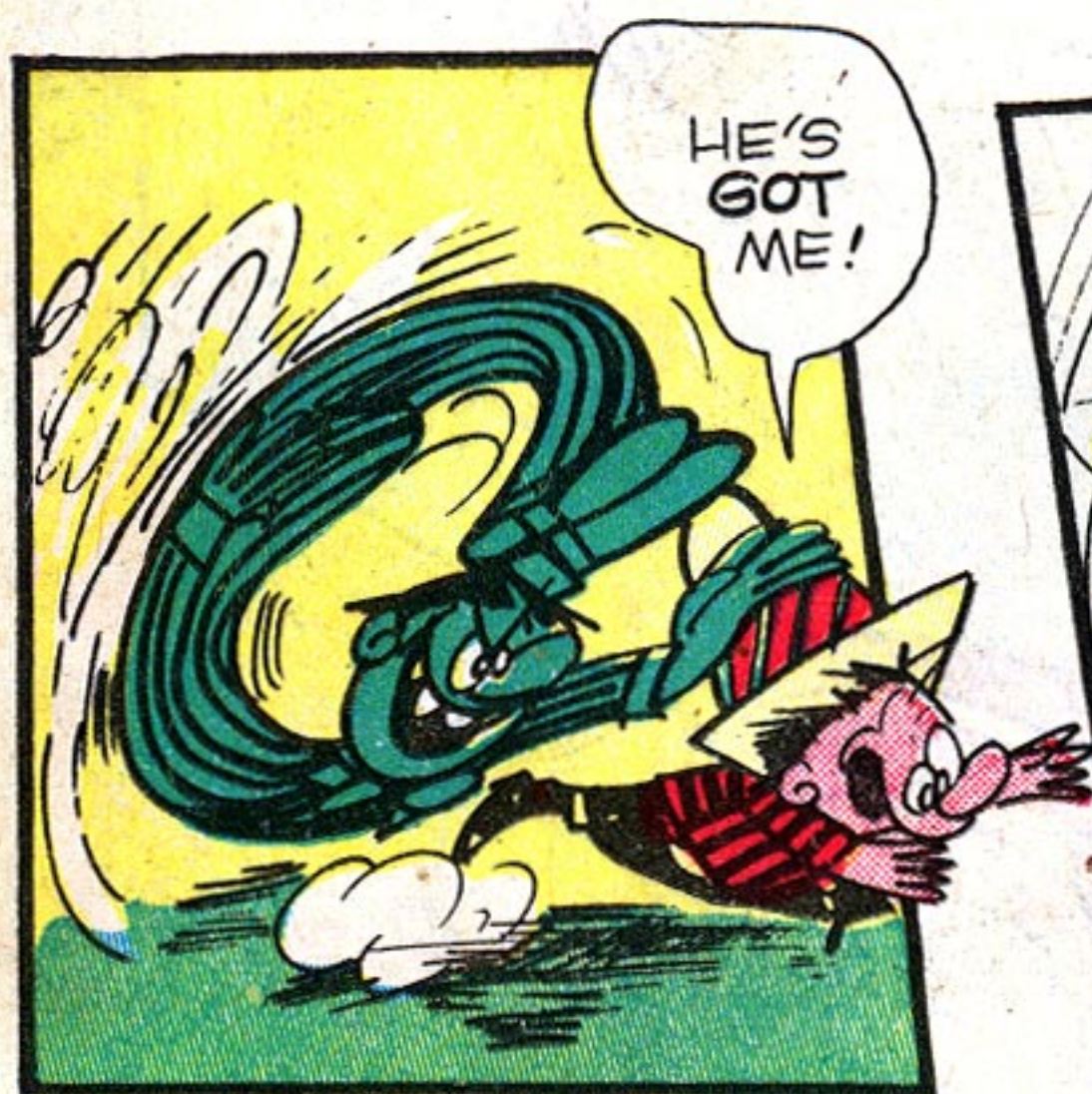
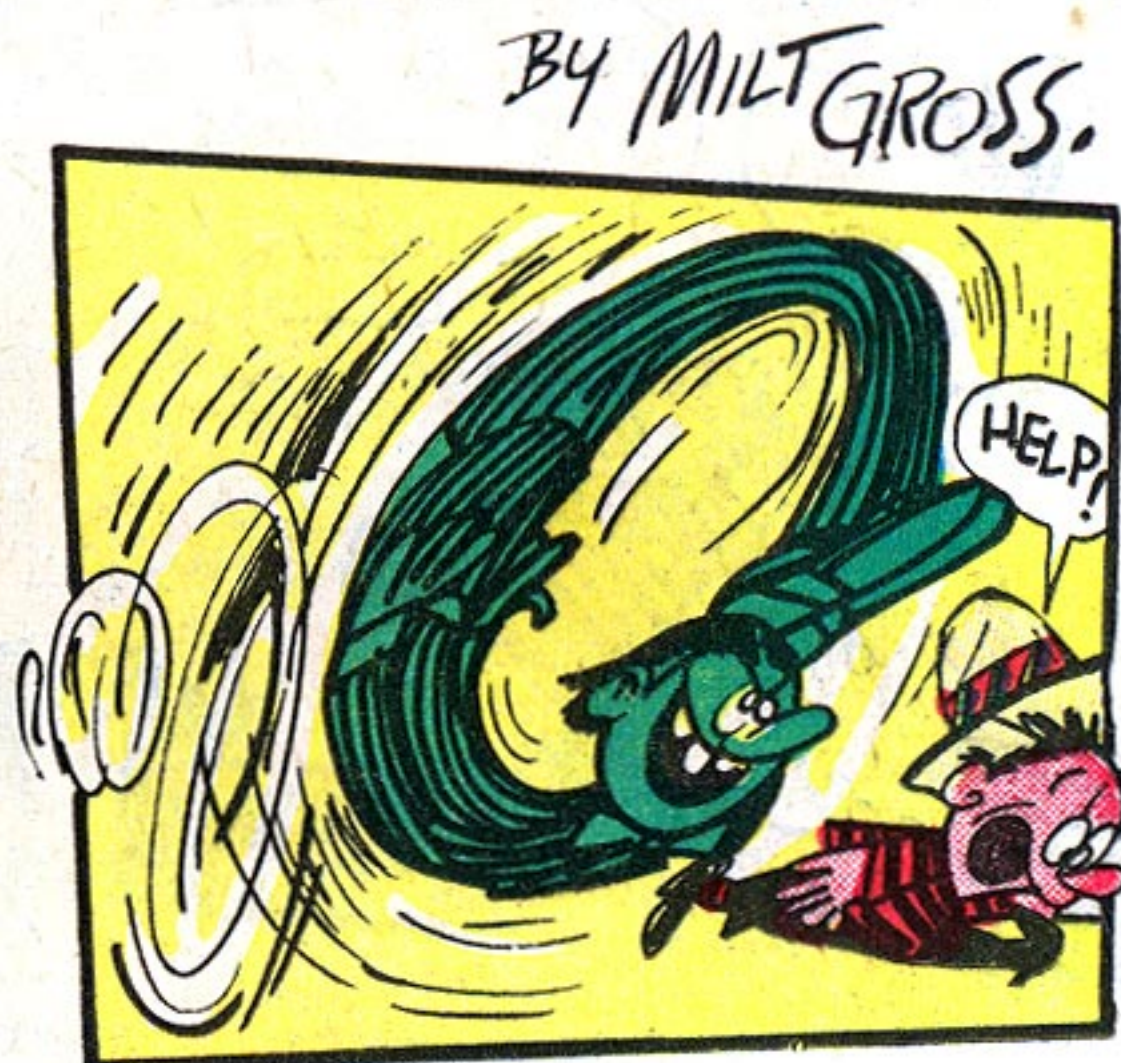
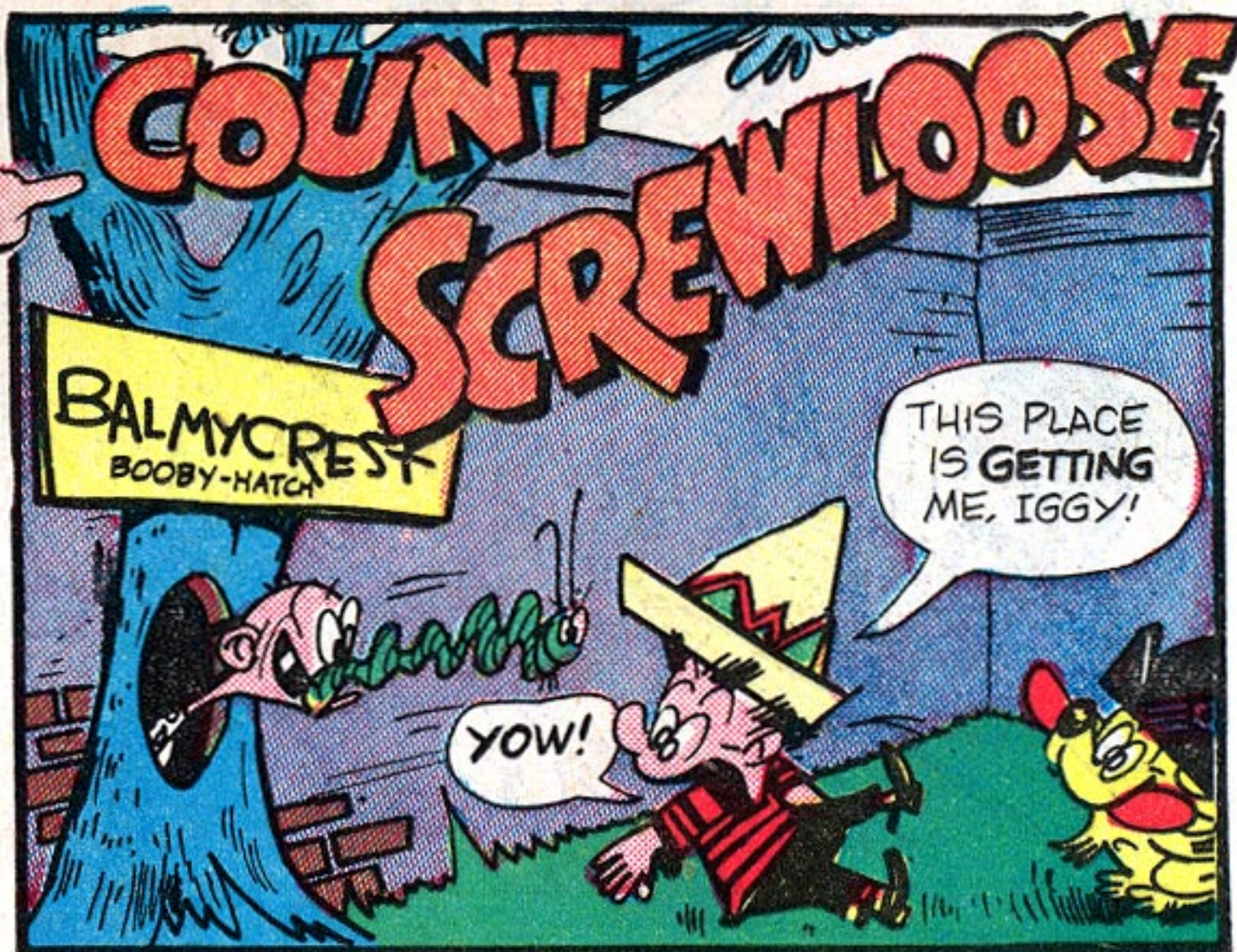
I'LL BET BY NOW NATCH HAS THE TIRE CHANGED AN' GAVE THE GIRLS HIS CAR! --- WHY DON'T I GO DOWN TO THE BEACH AN' JUST **ACCIDENTALLY** RUN INTO THEM!

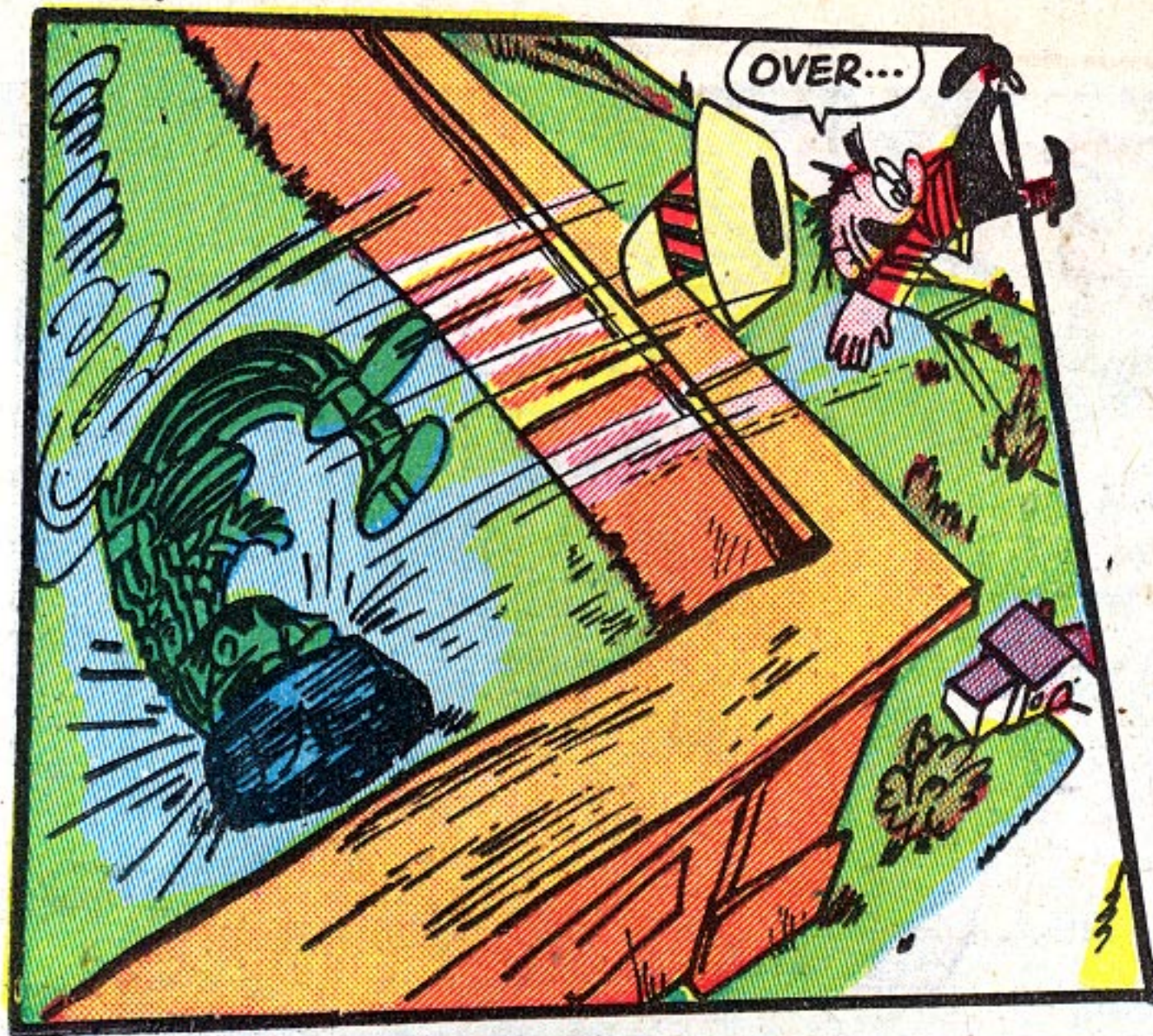
SURE, WHY NOT? IT'S A PUBLIC BEACH!... AN' ANOTHER THING -- NATCH WON'T BE THERE!

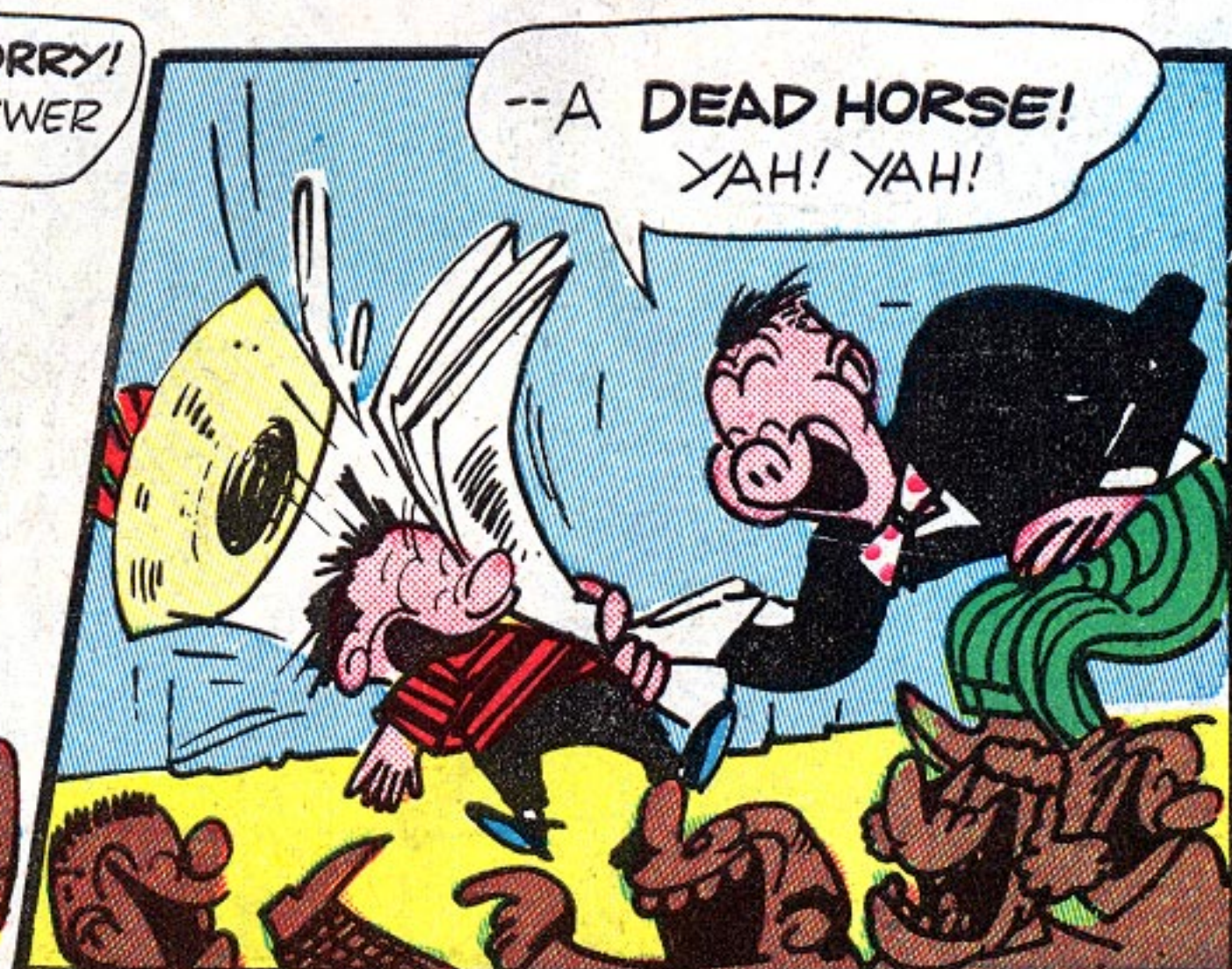
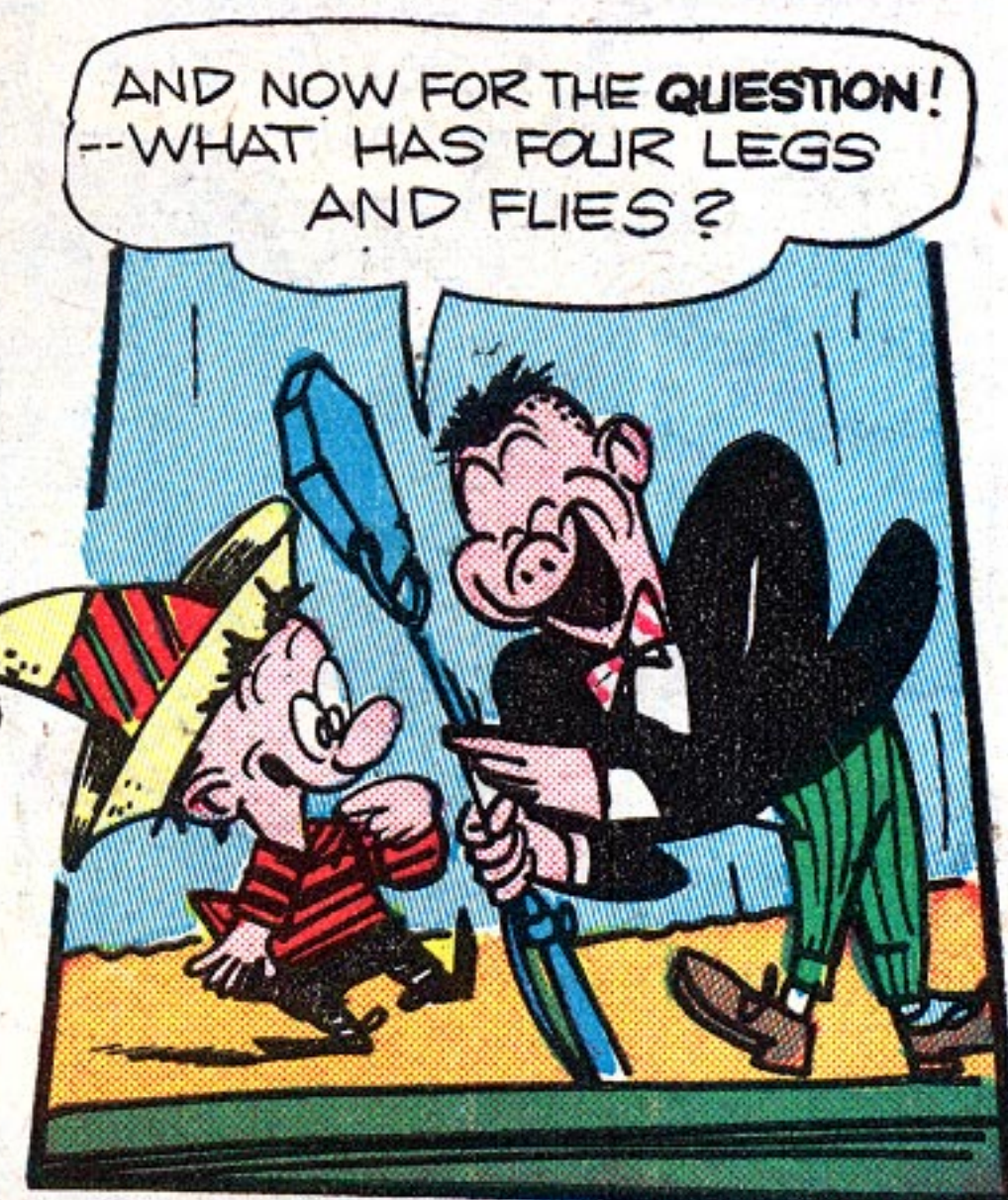
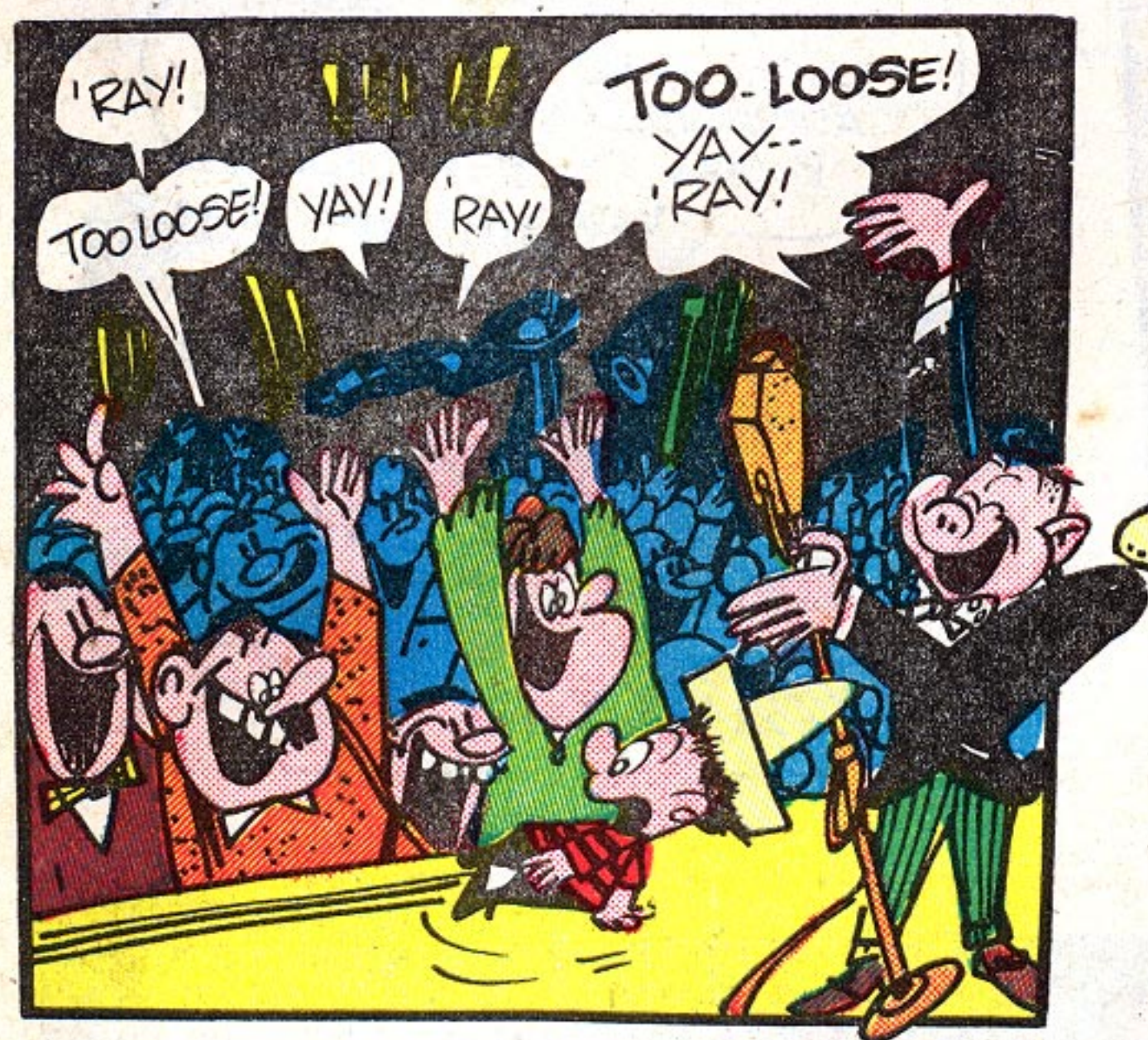
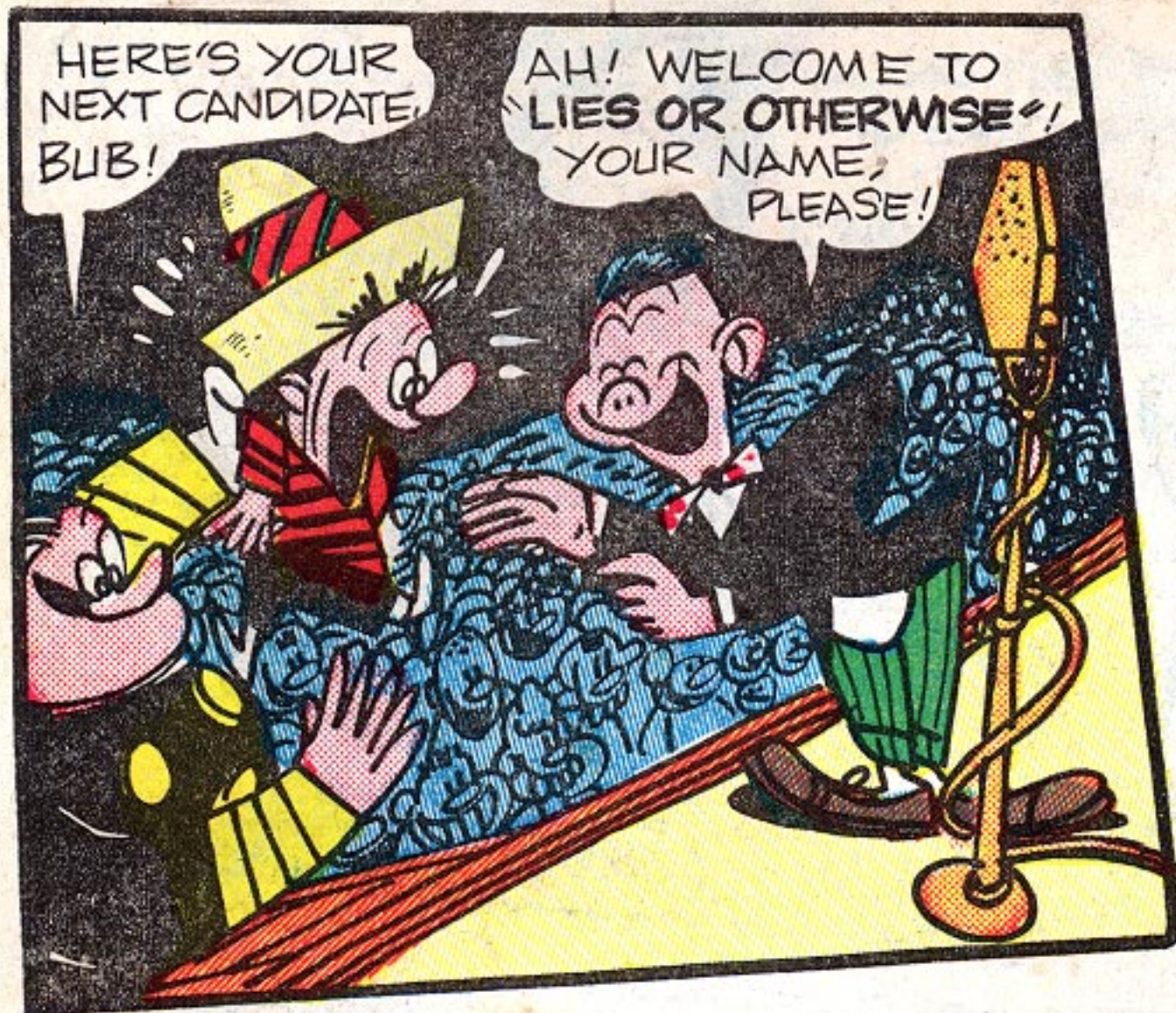


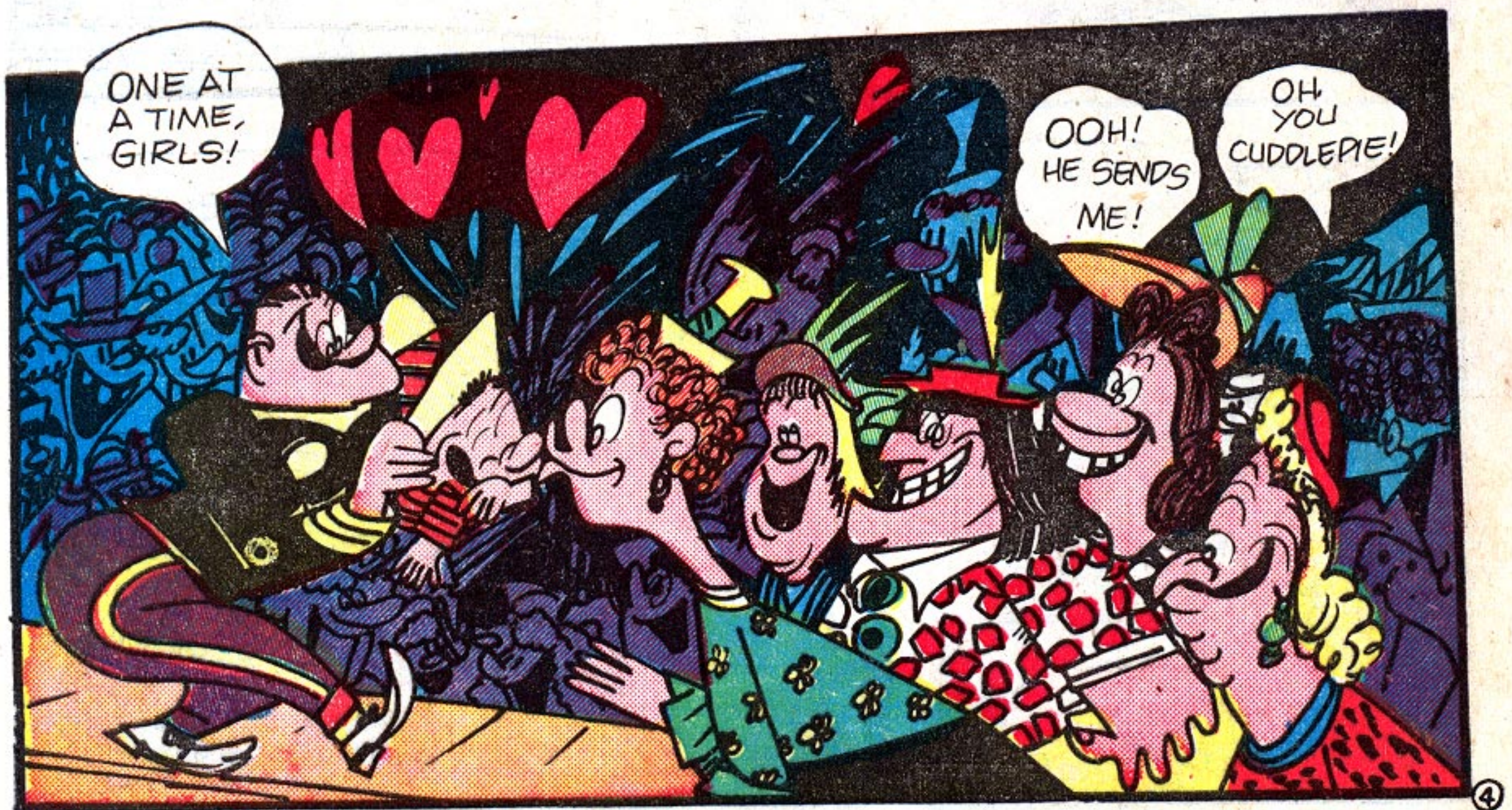
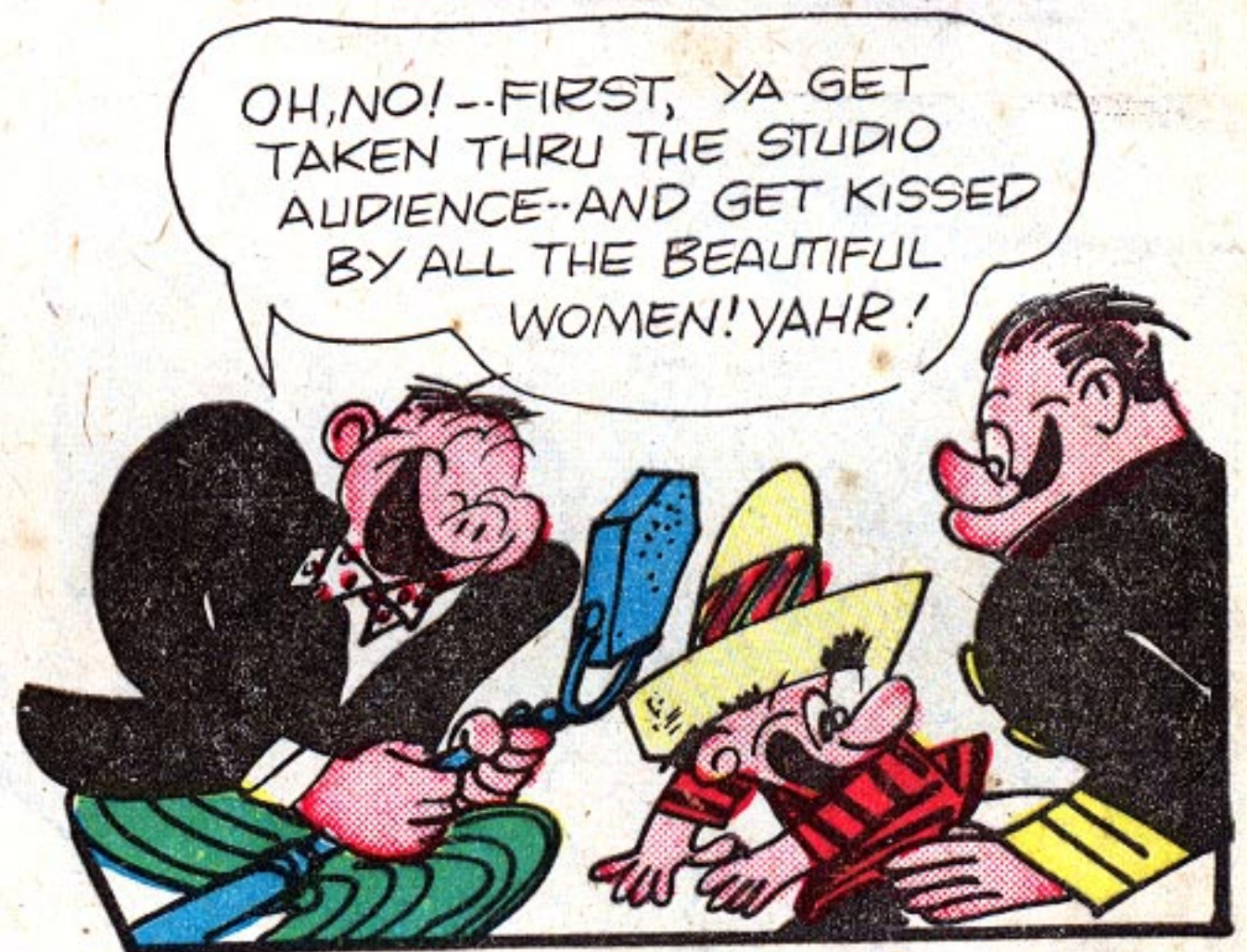
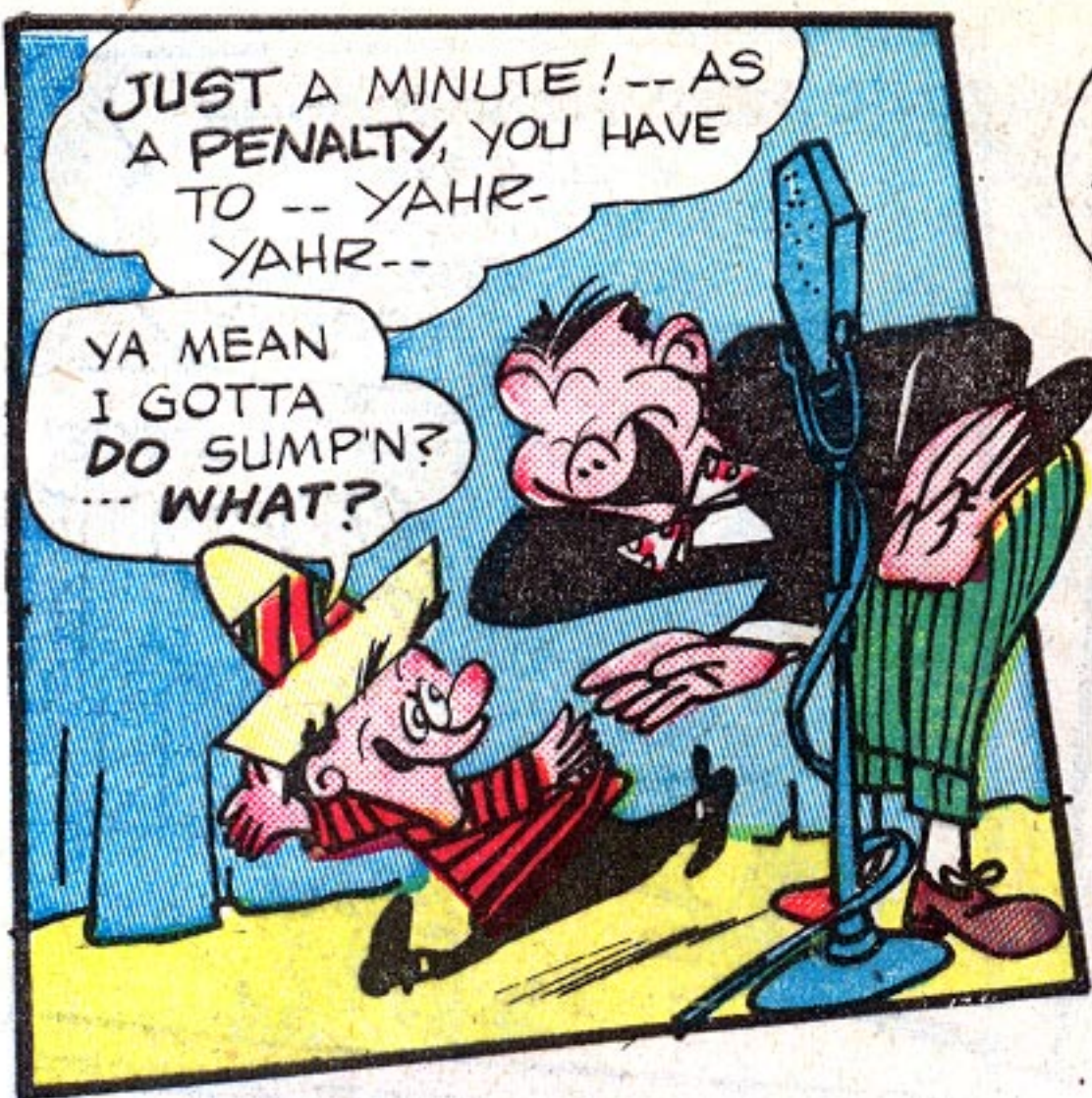












NOW YOU HAVE TO EAT
SIX BANANAS WHILE
SINGING "I'M DREAMING OF A
WHITE CHRISTMAS"! THEN FRY
A STEAK ON A GALLOPING PIG!

NO!

AFTER WHICH YOU
HANG UPSIDE
DOWN FROM THE
CEILING AND KNIT
A PAIR OF SUSPEND-

HO-HAHR!

YAHR!

YOW!

OH,
BOY!

OH, I DO,
DO I?

YOU
TOO!

HEY! COME
BACK! WE WANT TO
GIVE YOU SIX RE-
FRIGERATORS--A
BEAUTIFUL ELEPHANT
SADDLE- FOUR
STALL
SHOWERS..

IGGY
KEEP AN
EYE ON
ME!

BALMYCREST
BOOBY-HATCH

The SUPER-DUPER MARKET

MILLI FENTON had never been so perfectly humiliated in all her life! If there was one thing she hated, it was shopping for groceries and stuff at the Super Market—and *now* look at the spot she was in!

She had just finished buying the last Wieners at the meat counter and was stuffing them into one of those detestable paper bags, when Clay Barker appeared.

"Gosh, hope he hasn't seen me!" Milli breathed. "A girl with her arms full of packages is horribly unglamorous!"

To Milli, this was very important, since she had long cast her large blue eyes at Clay Barker. As for Clay, he had never even shown that he was aware of her existence. He had never even uttered one single word to Milli, but she kept right on hoping.

And now, to be caught in this awful spot! "I've got to do something," Milli decided. "If he sees me holding these groceries and things, I might just as well stop dreaming!"

Quickly, she looked around for a likely hiding place. "Oh, that looks just about perfect!" she thought, as she darted towards a tall pile of canned fruits. "I'll just hide them in back of these cans, till he's gone!"

Stowing the paper bags away without upsetting the cans was a neat trick, but Milli did it. And, when the last parcel had been safely hidden away, she breathed more freely. She saw Clay Barker walk towards the meat counter, speak to the man and then regretfully shake his head.

"Oh, he's going now!" Milli ob-

served Clay's movements carefully. She felt that it would be safe to leave after he had gone.

When she could no longer see Clay through the huge front door of the market, Milli retrieved all the detested parcels, hoisted them up into her arms, paid the cashier and started out the front door.

For a second, she did not realize what had hit her . . . or *who*! All she knew was that the door had opened in, smacking right into her, and spilling her bags of groceries, fruits and those vulgar wieners to the floor!

And then the horror of it really came to her! For the person who had really opened the door was none other than Clay Barker! That young man was kneeling on the floor and raking Milli's purchases back into the paper bags.

"I beg your pardon," he was saying. "I was just coming back to see if . . . *wieners*! You have *wieners*!"

"I . . . I suppose I have," Milli admitted.

"My favorite food!" Clay exclaimed. "That's what I've been trying to get, but no luck!"

"I know," Milli faltered. "You see, I bought the last of them!" And then, amazed at her own temerity, she added, "We're having a wienie roast at my house tonight. Like to come?"

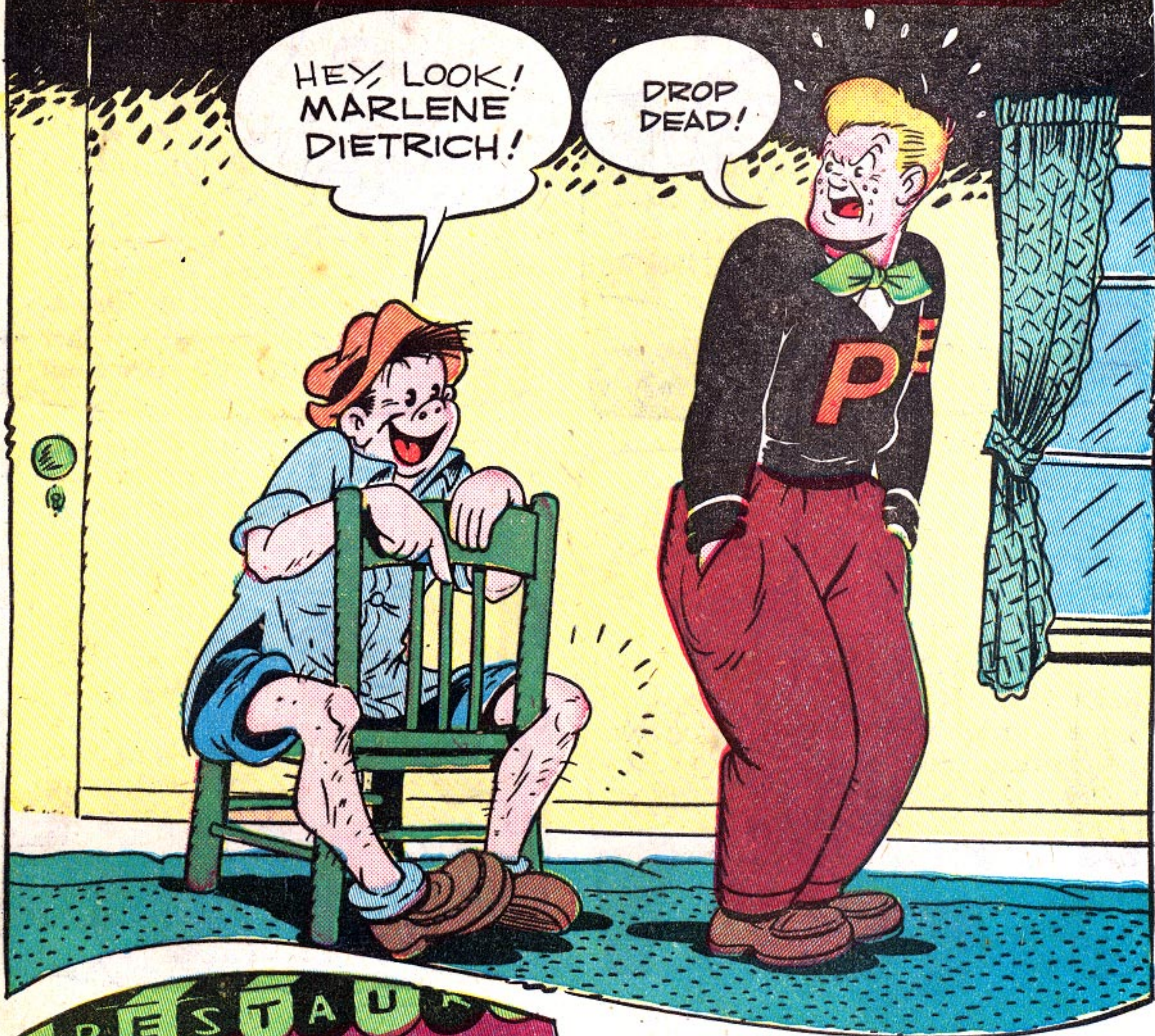
"Like to? I'd *love* to!" Clay laughed. "Imagine meeting a wonderful girl like you in a Super Market!"

"I live at 217 Maple Place," Milli said. And to herself, she said, "From now on, it's a *Super-Duper Market* to me!"

"Solid Jackson"

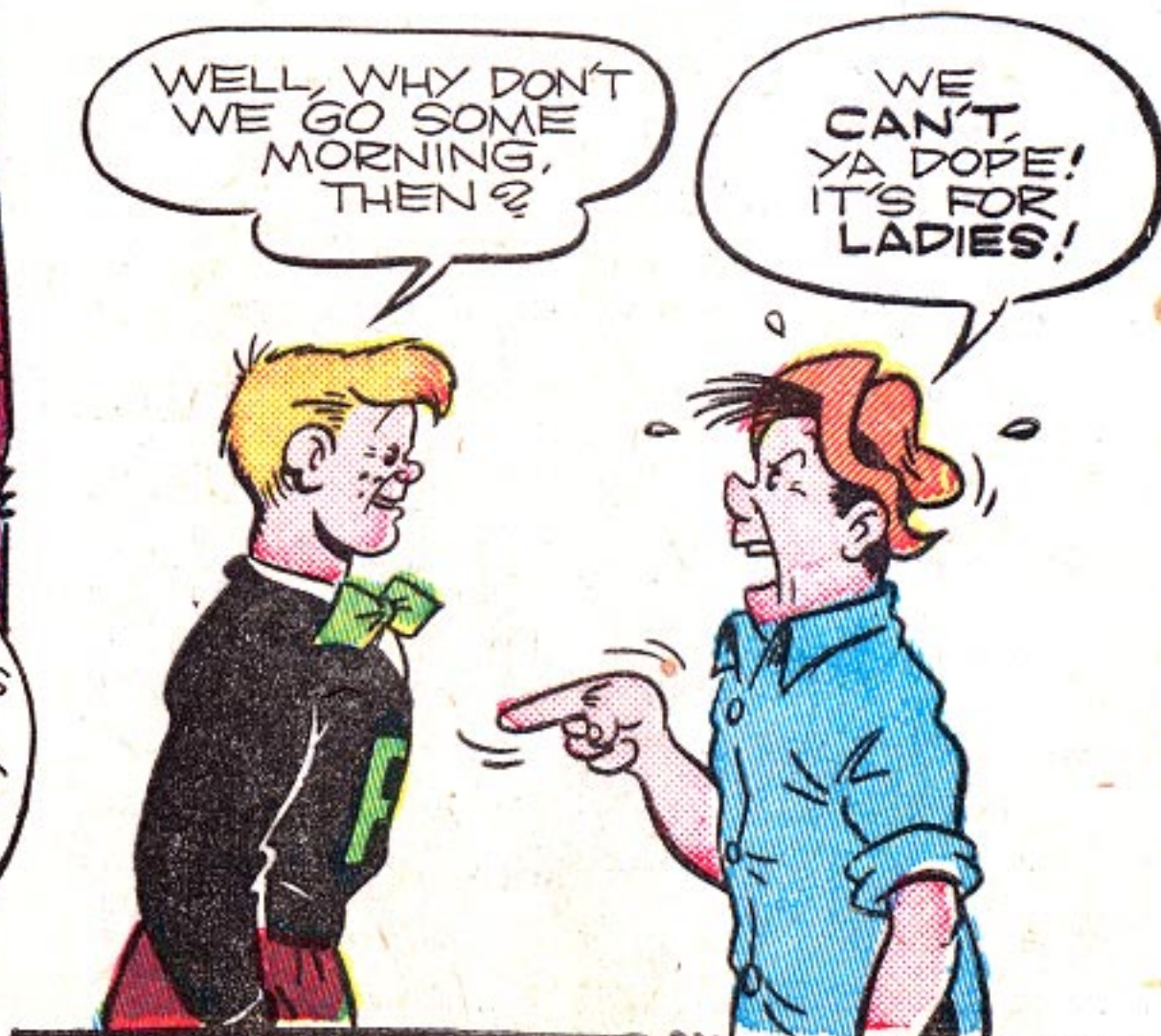
HEY, LOOK!
MARLENE
DIETRICH!

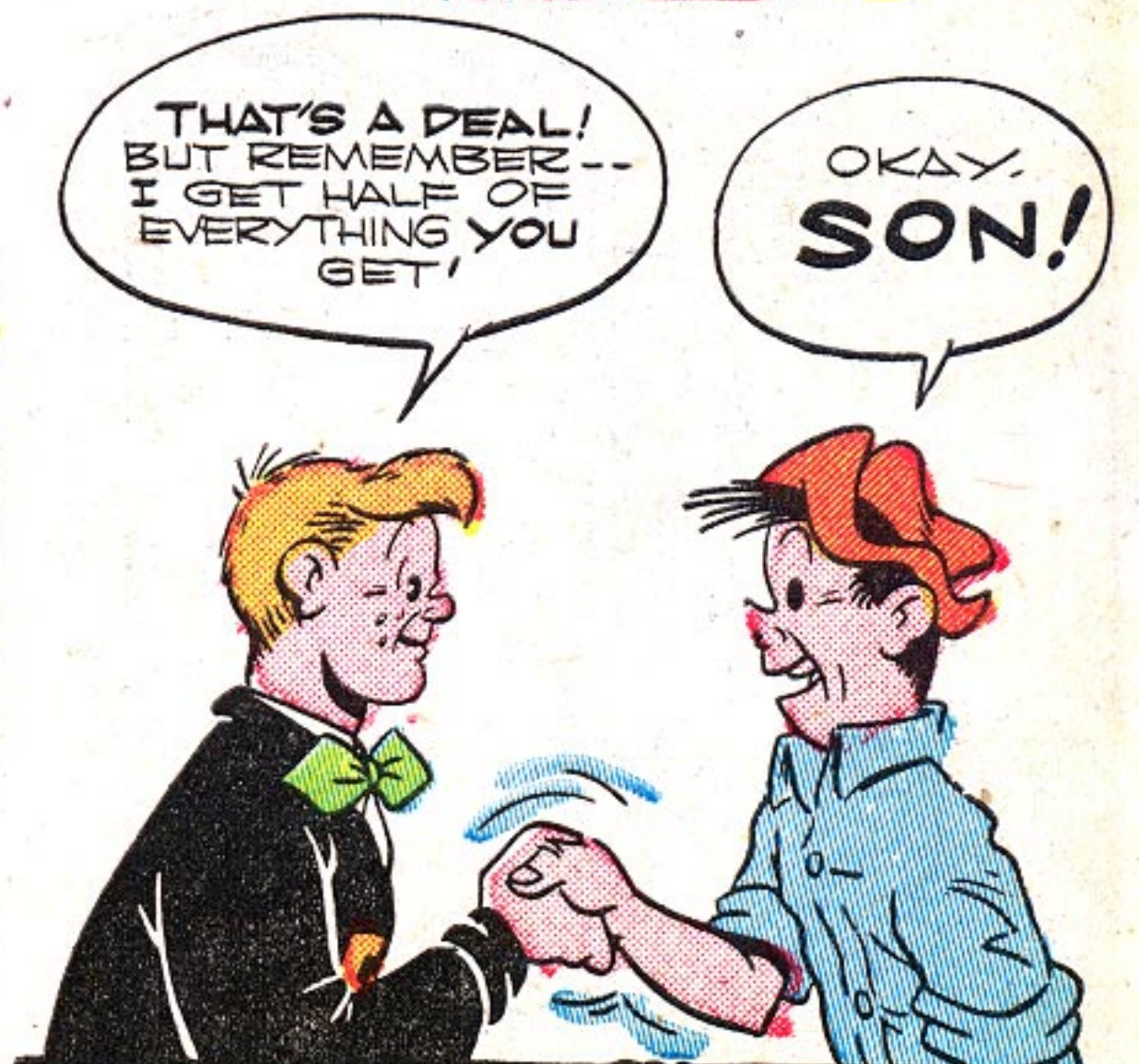
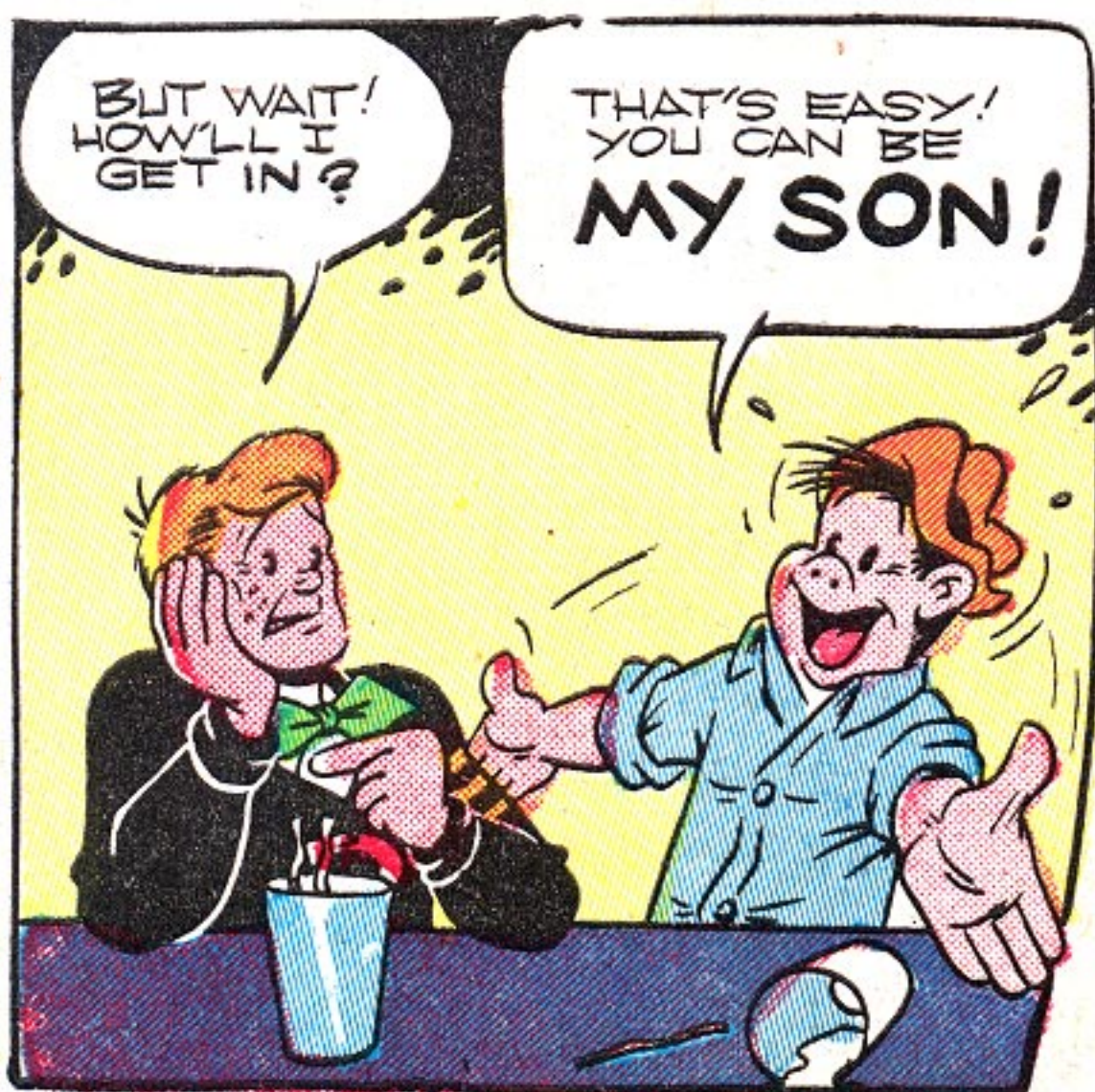
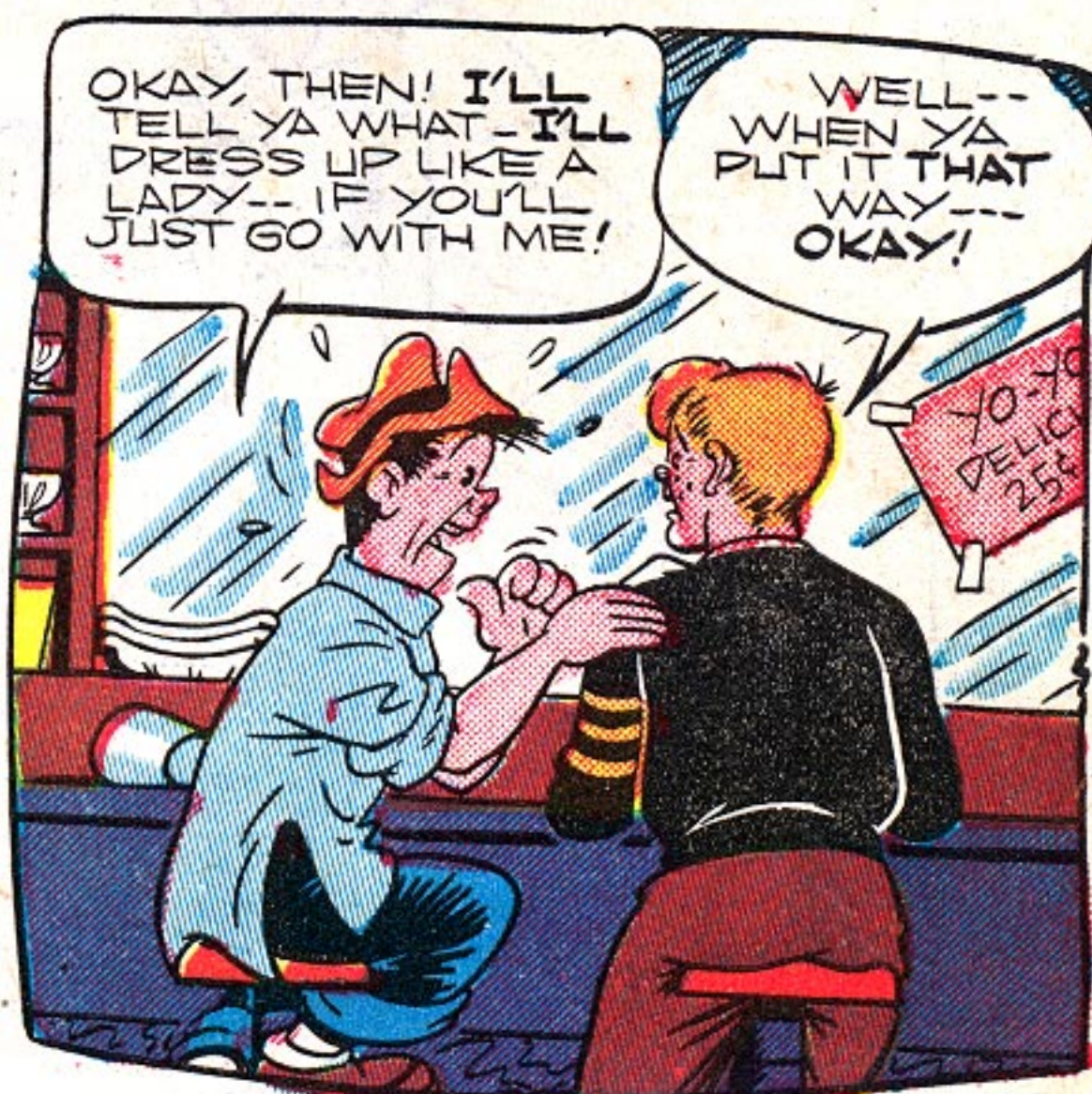
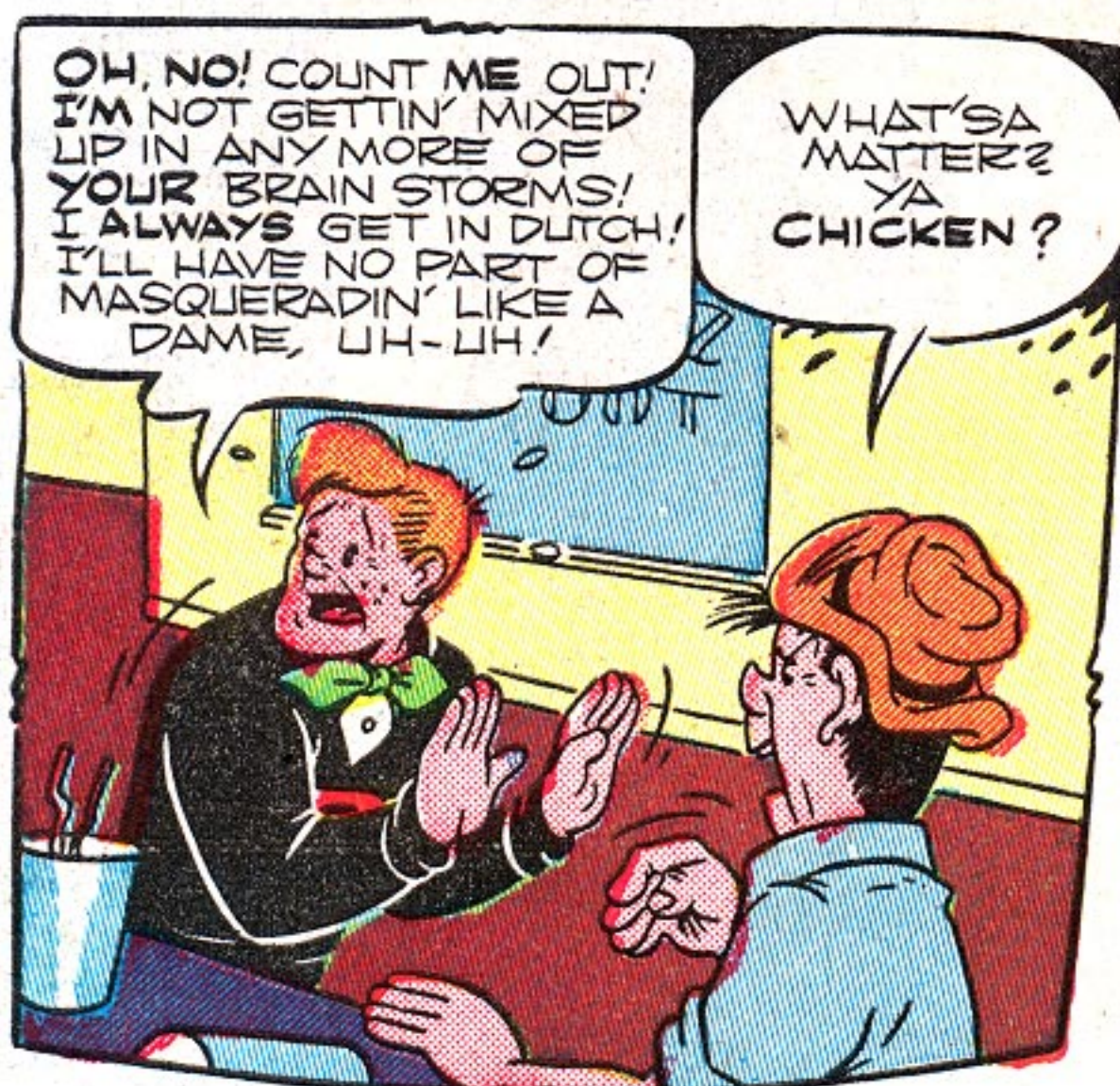
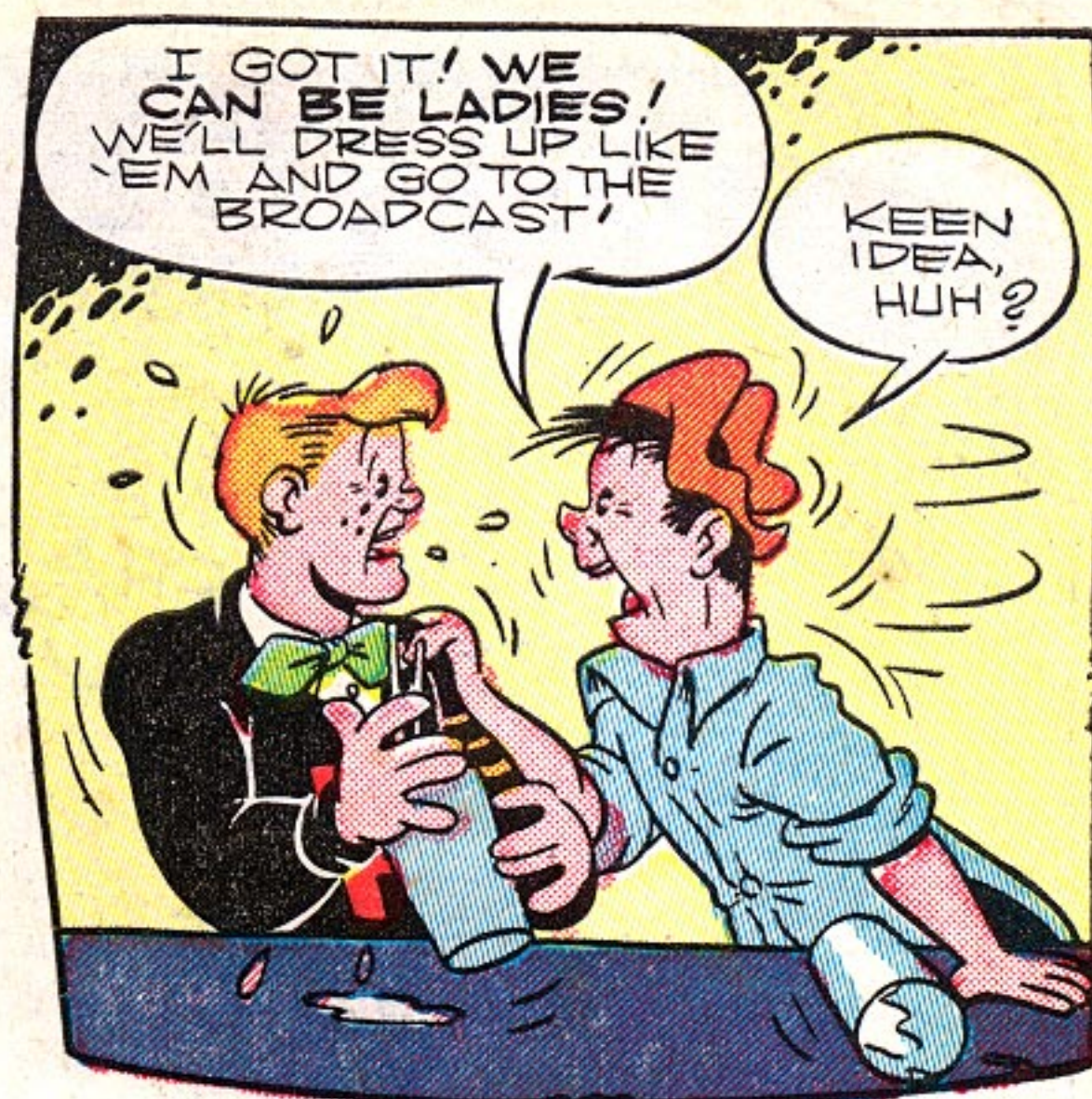
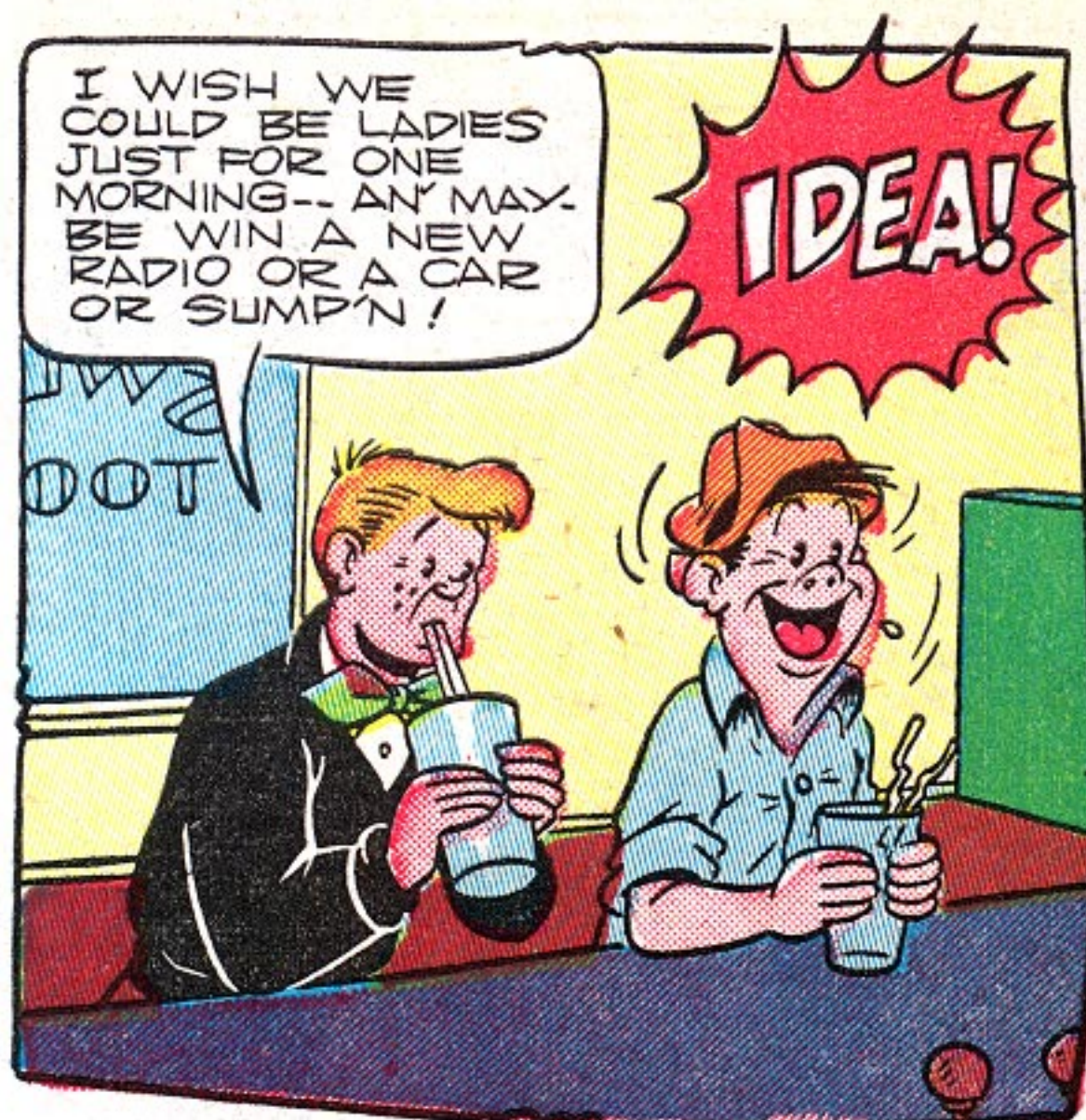
DROP
DEAD!

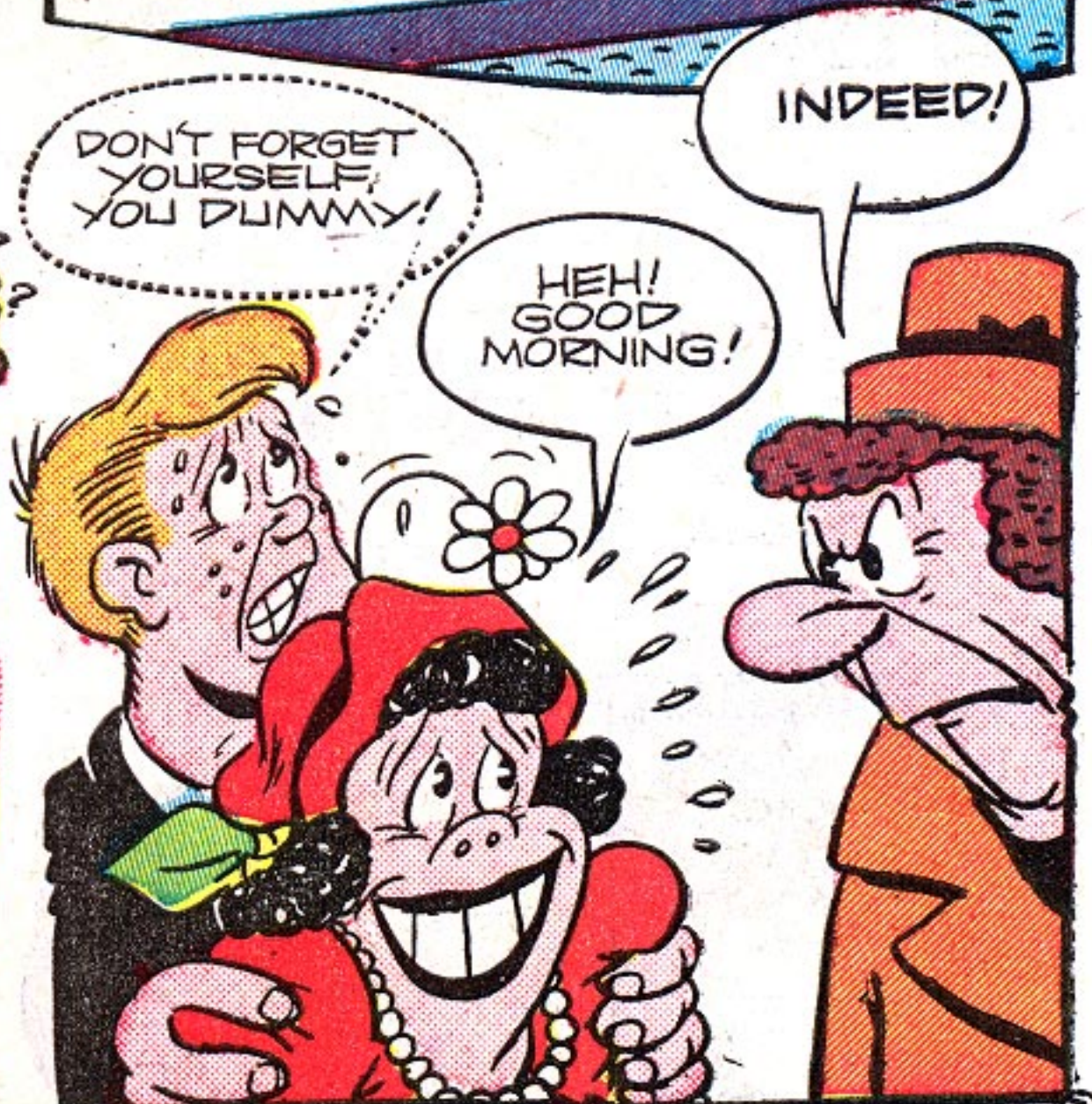
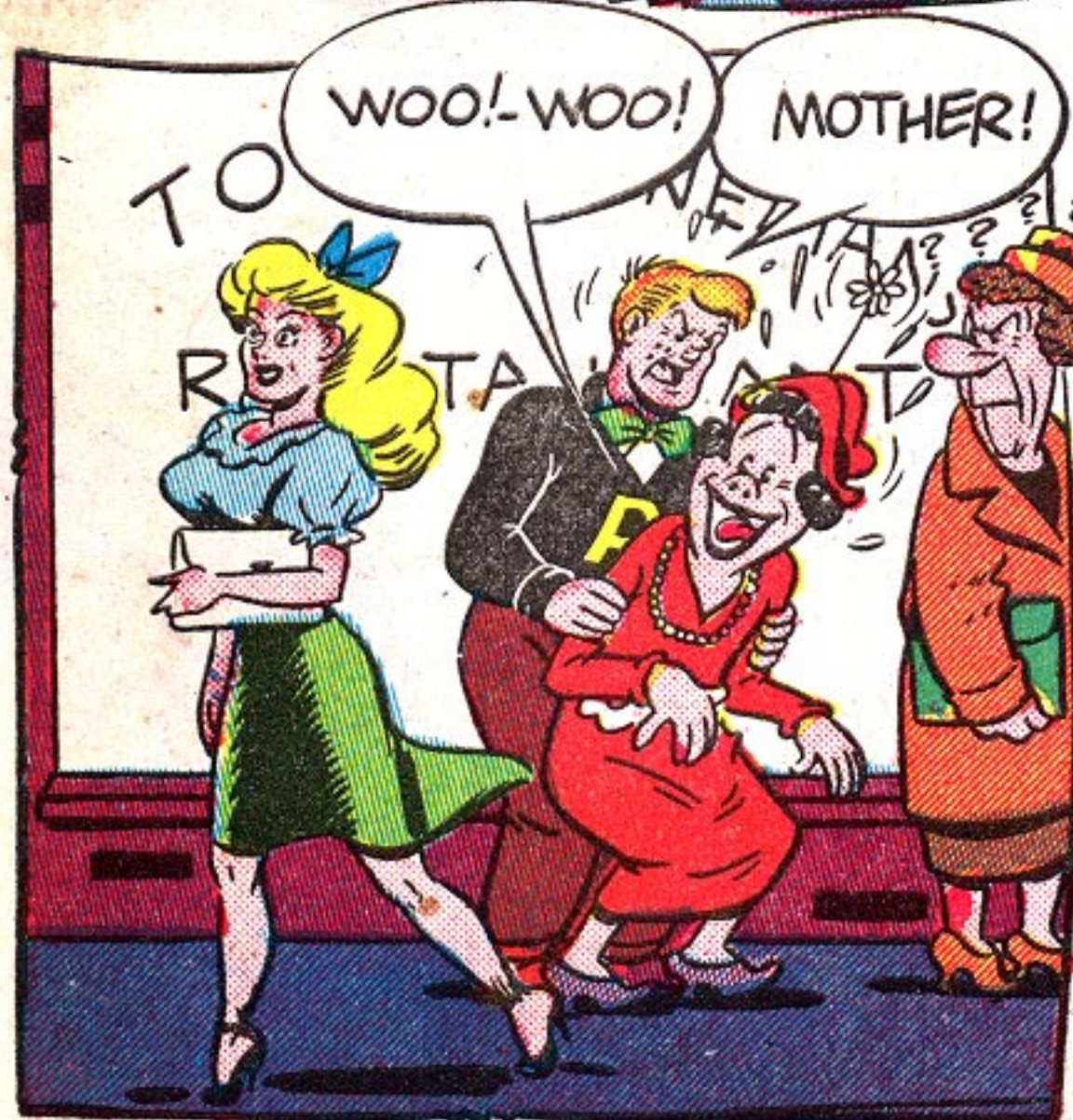
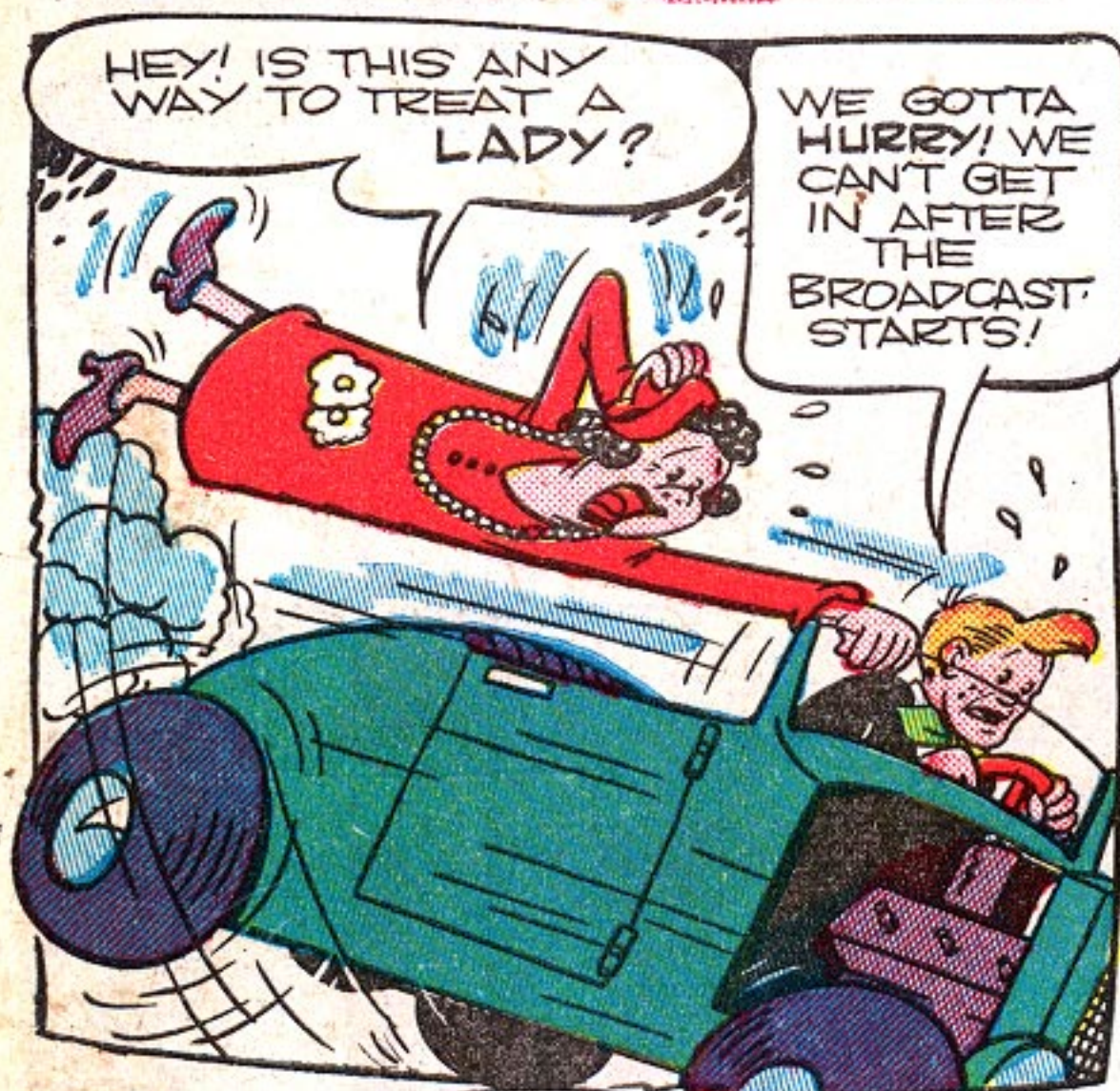
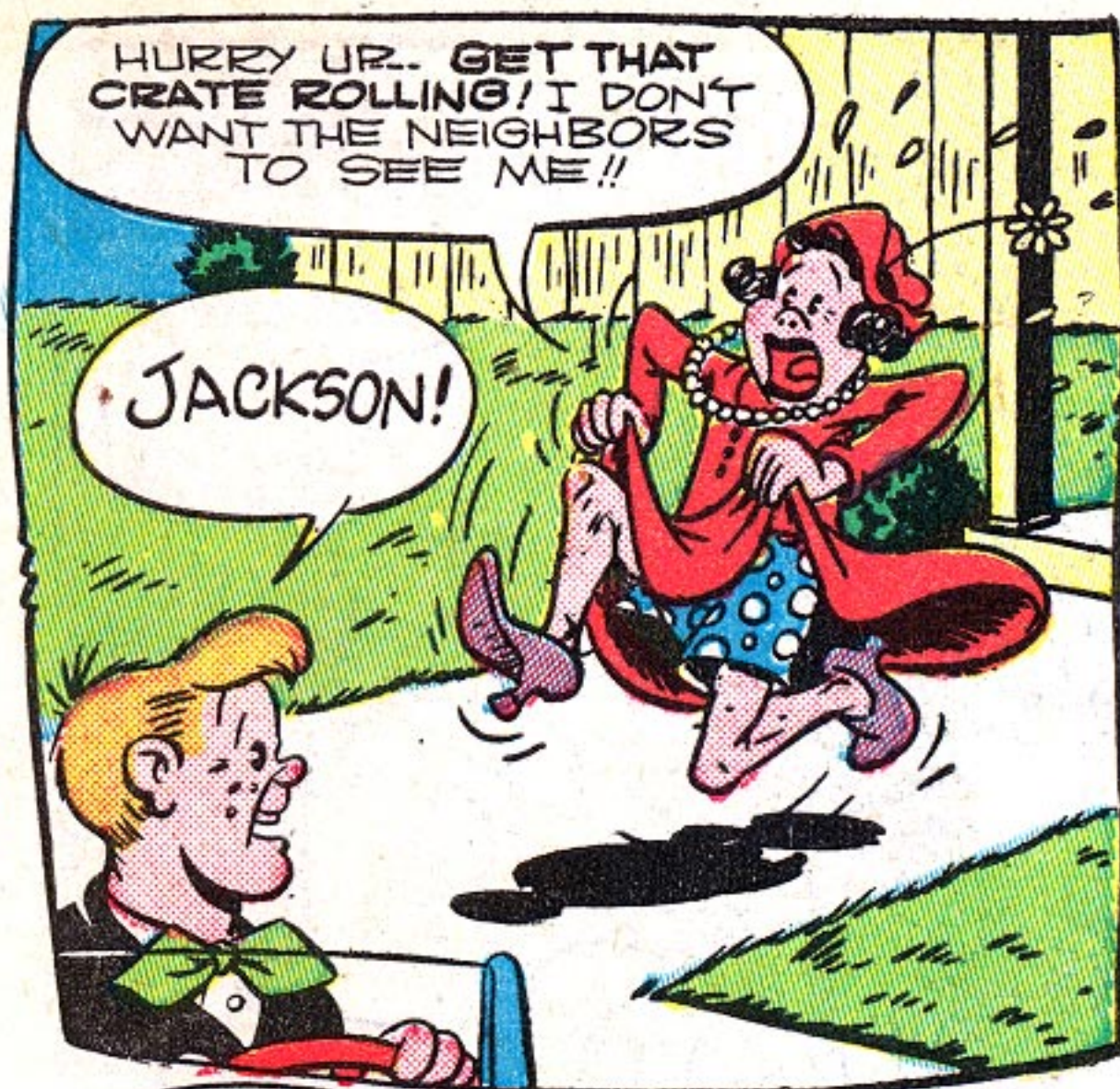


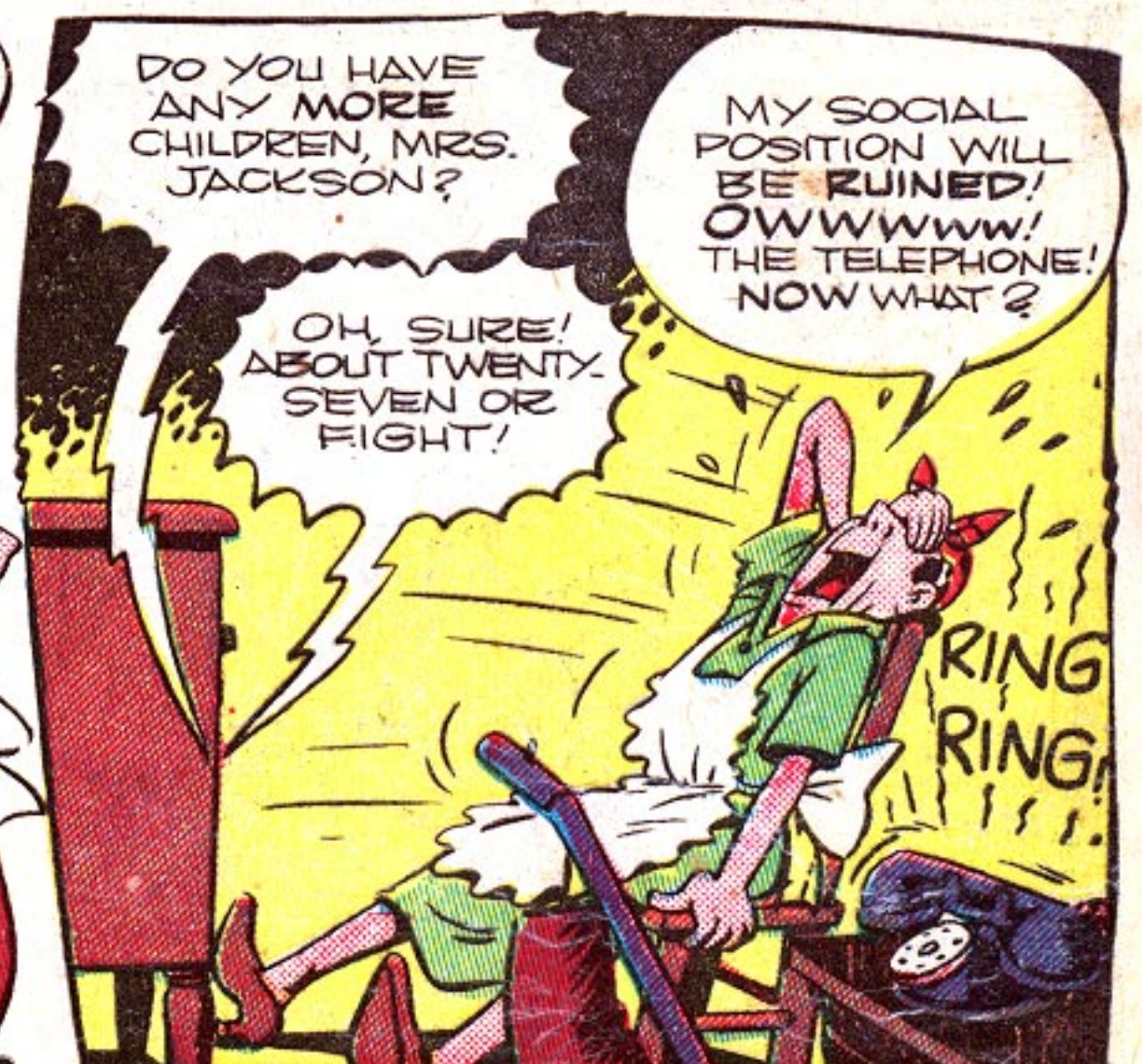
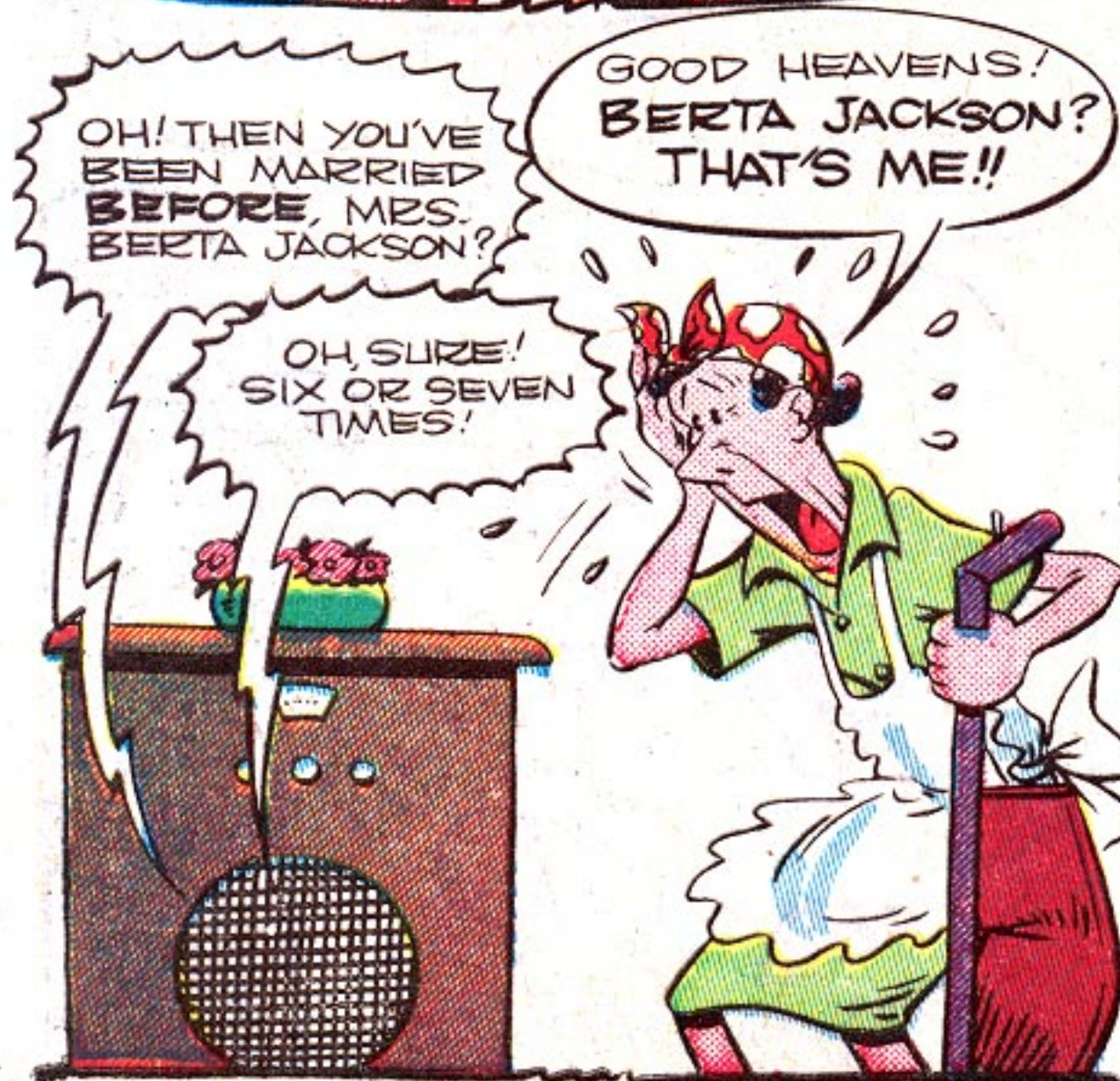
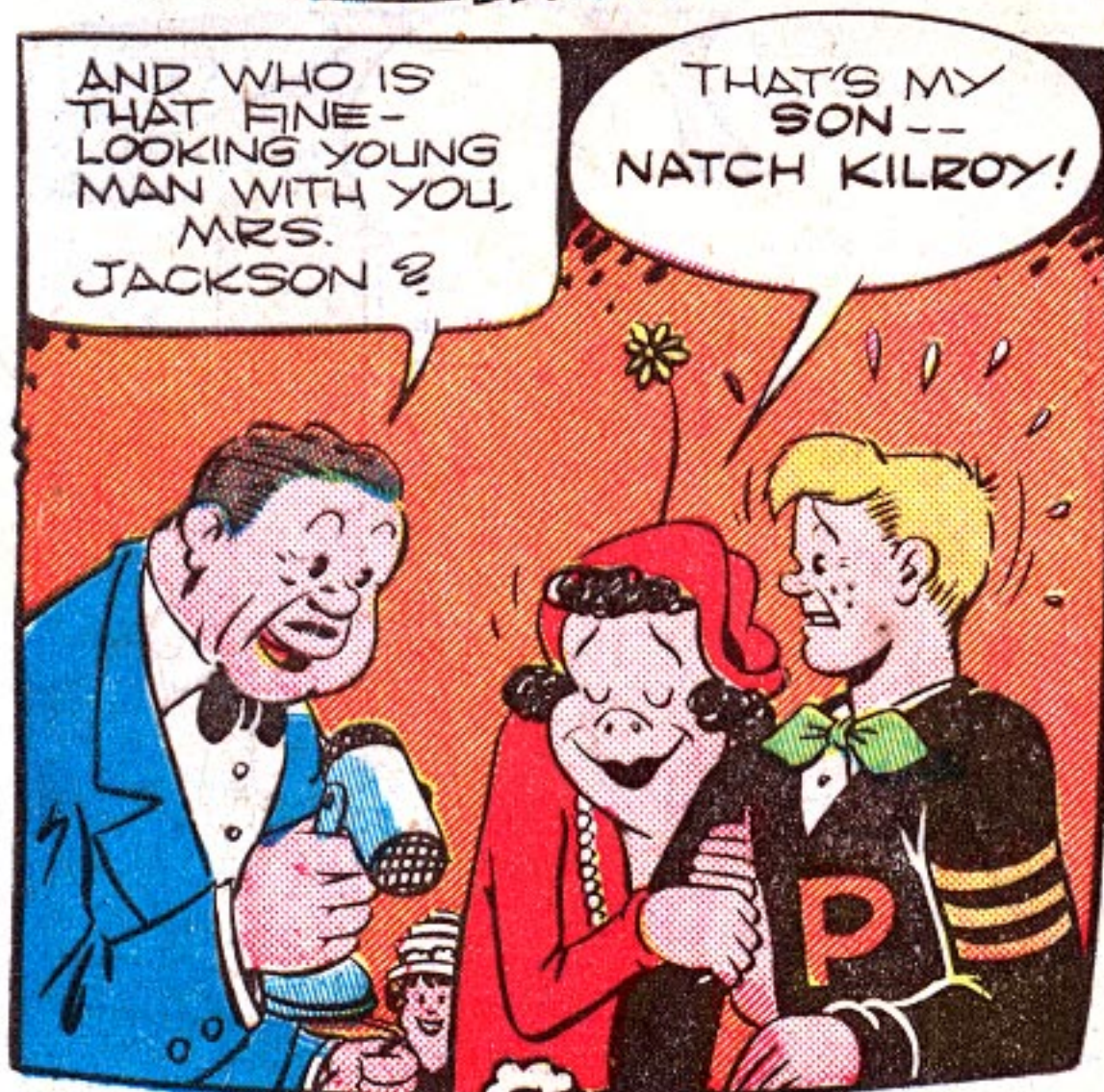
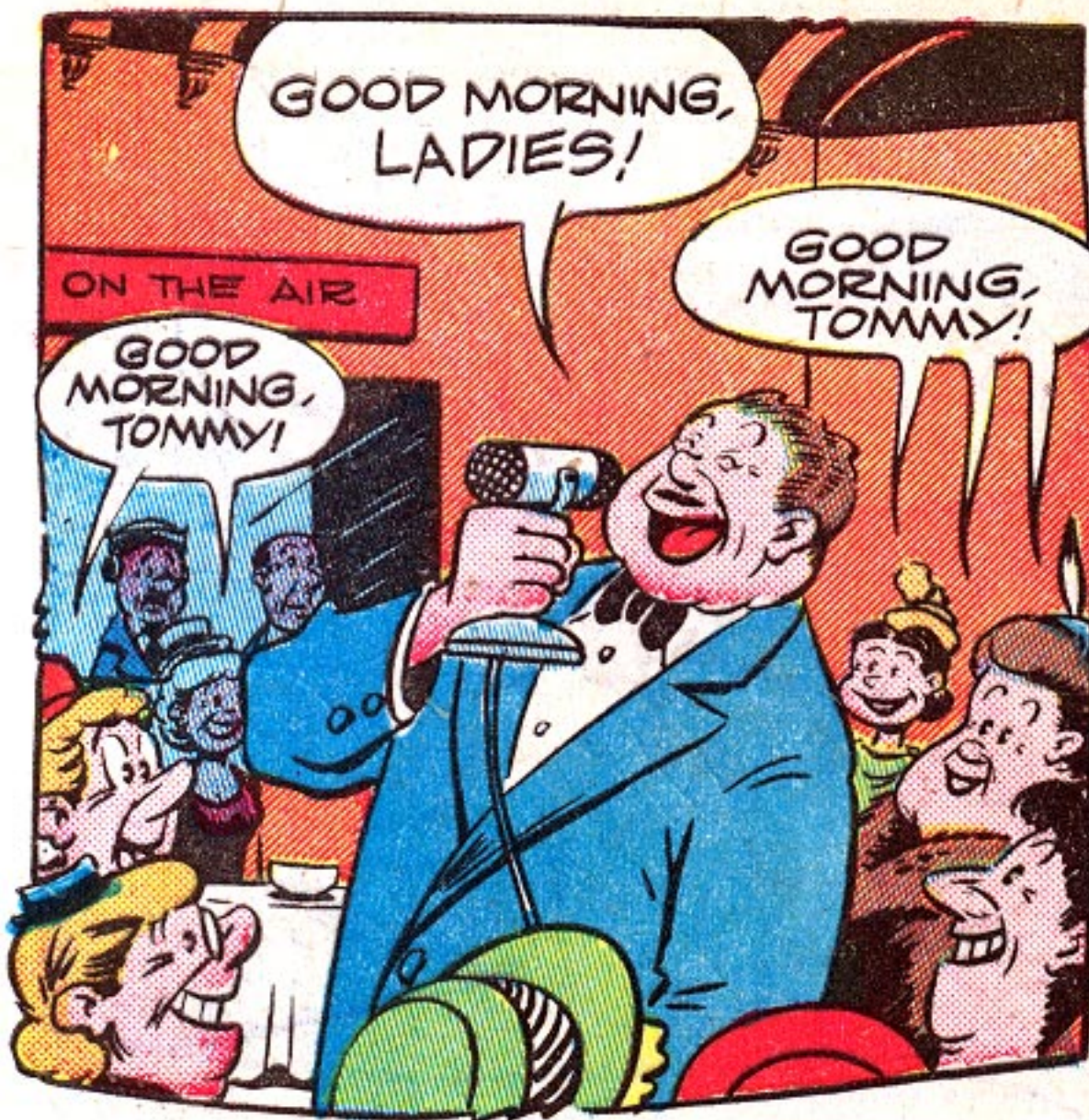
WELL, WHY DON'T
WE GO SOME
MORNING,
THEN?

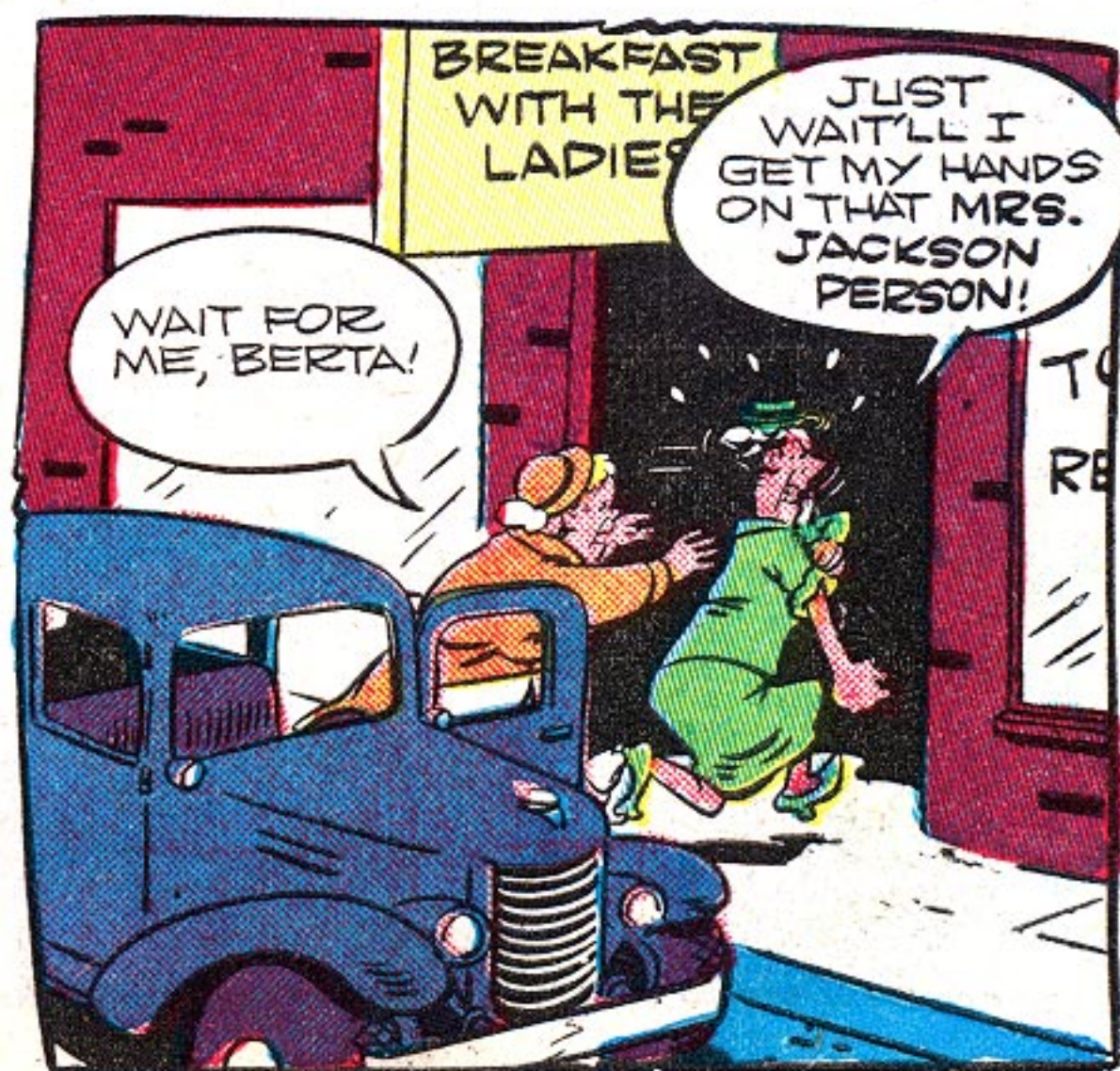
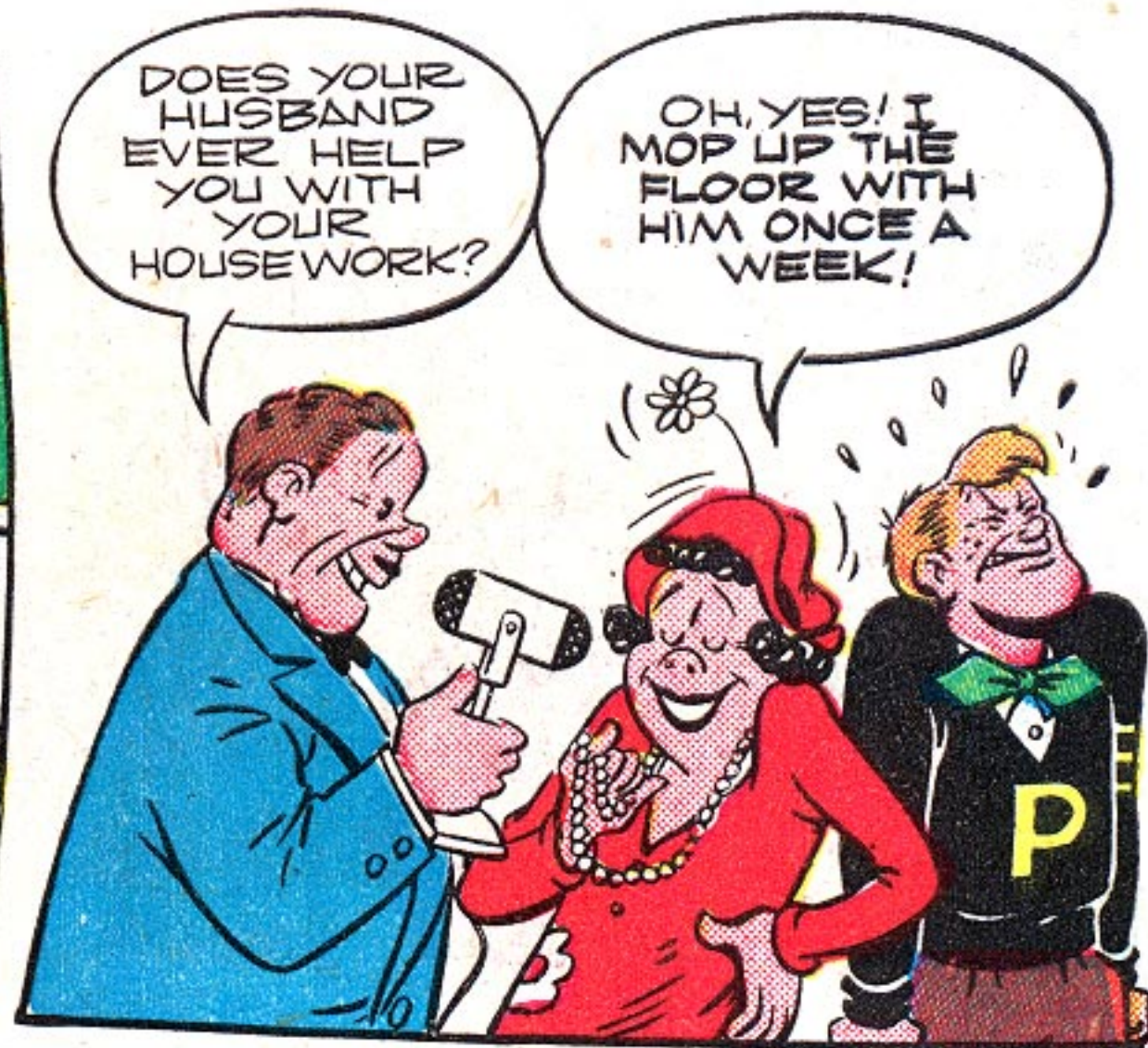
WE
CAN'T,
YA DOPE!
IT'S FOR
LADIES!

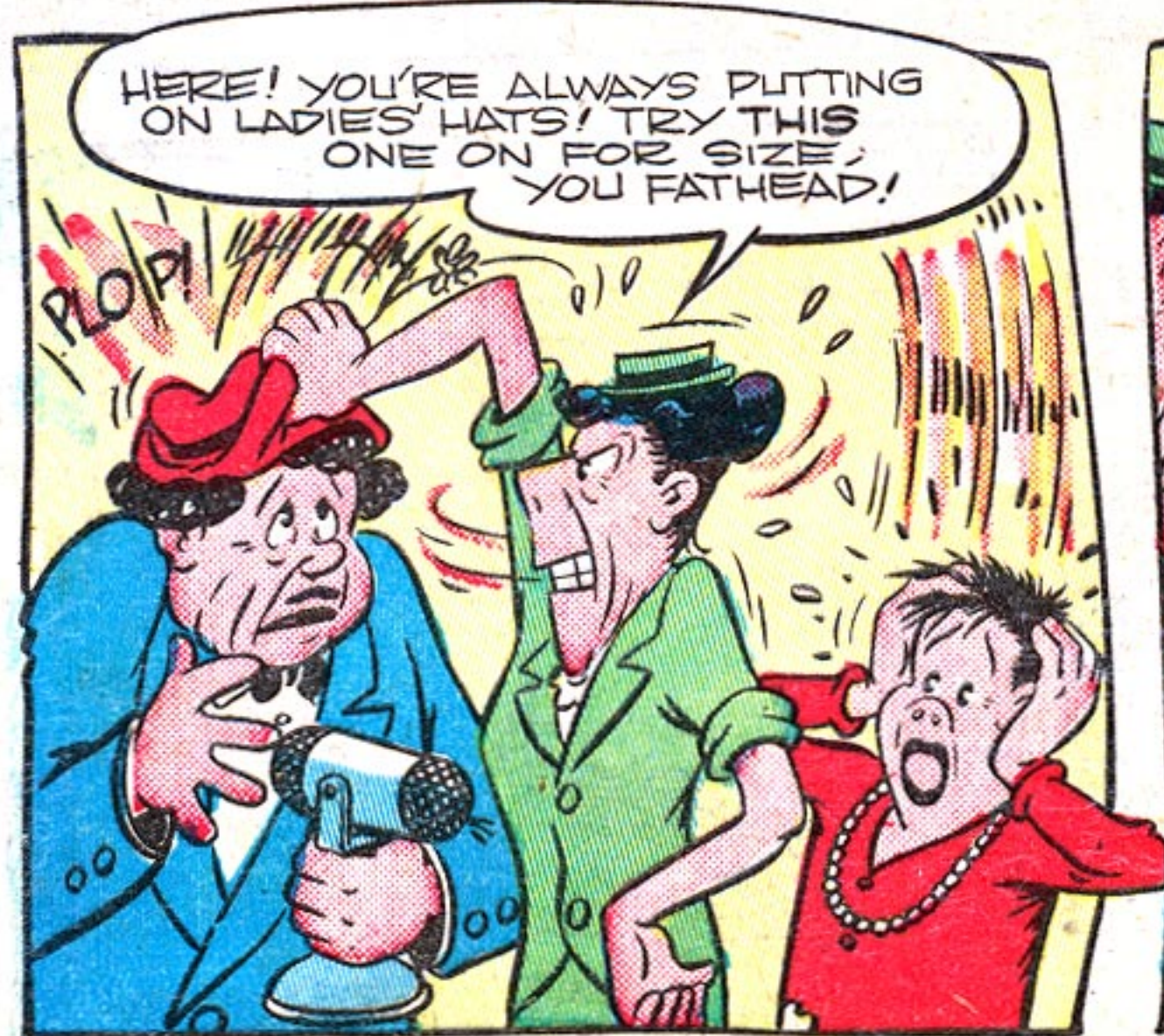
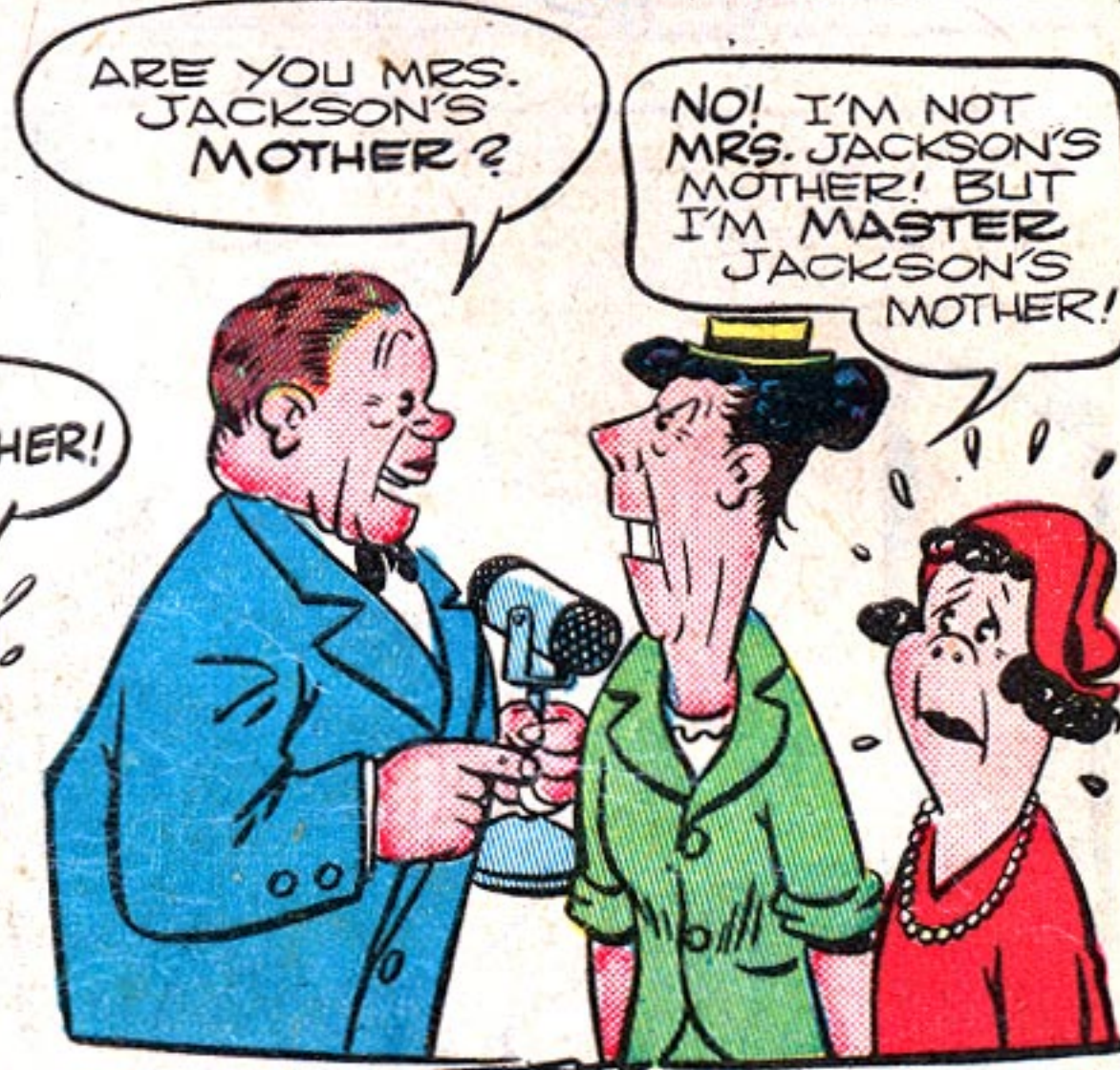
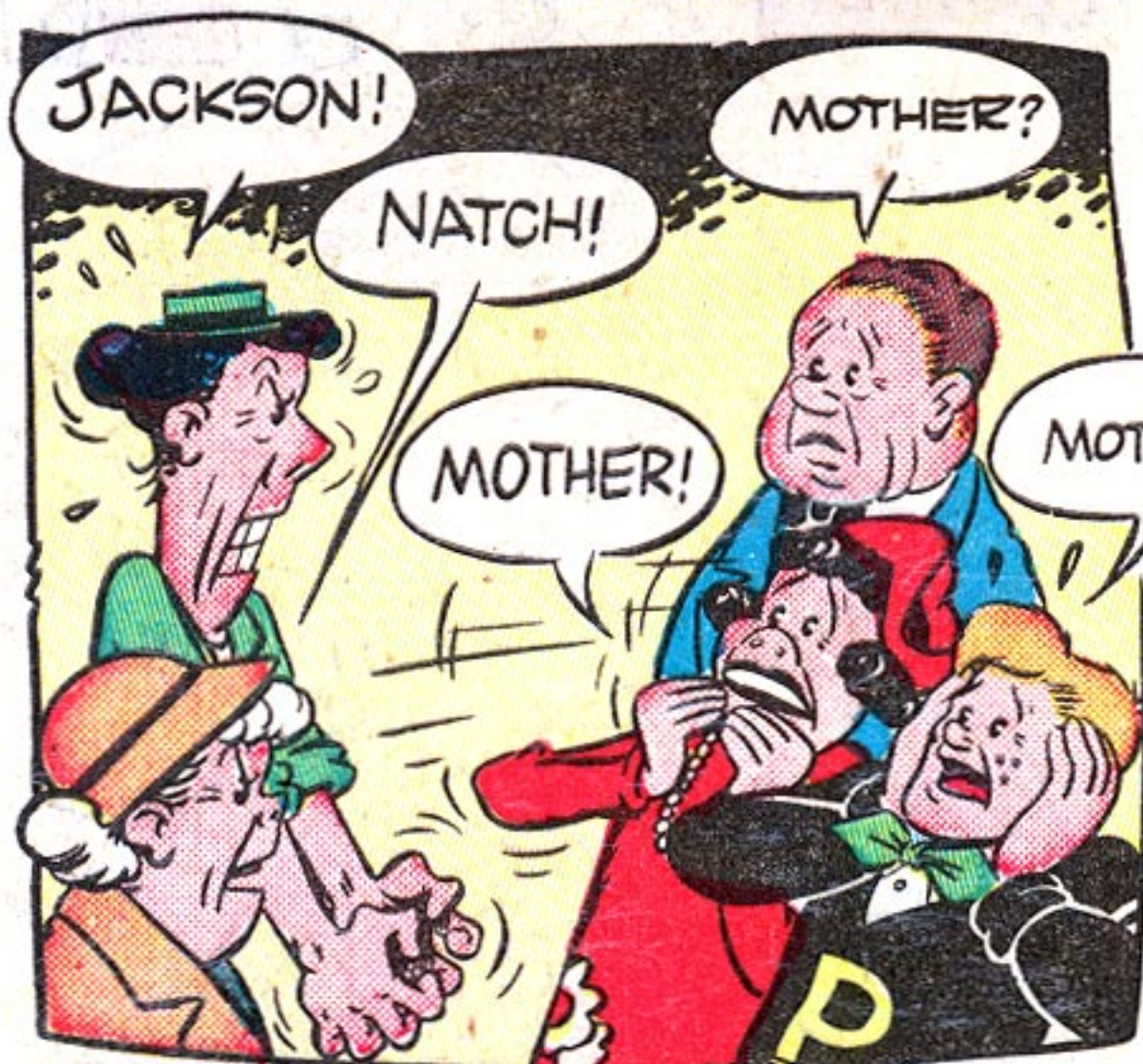


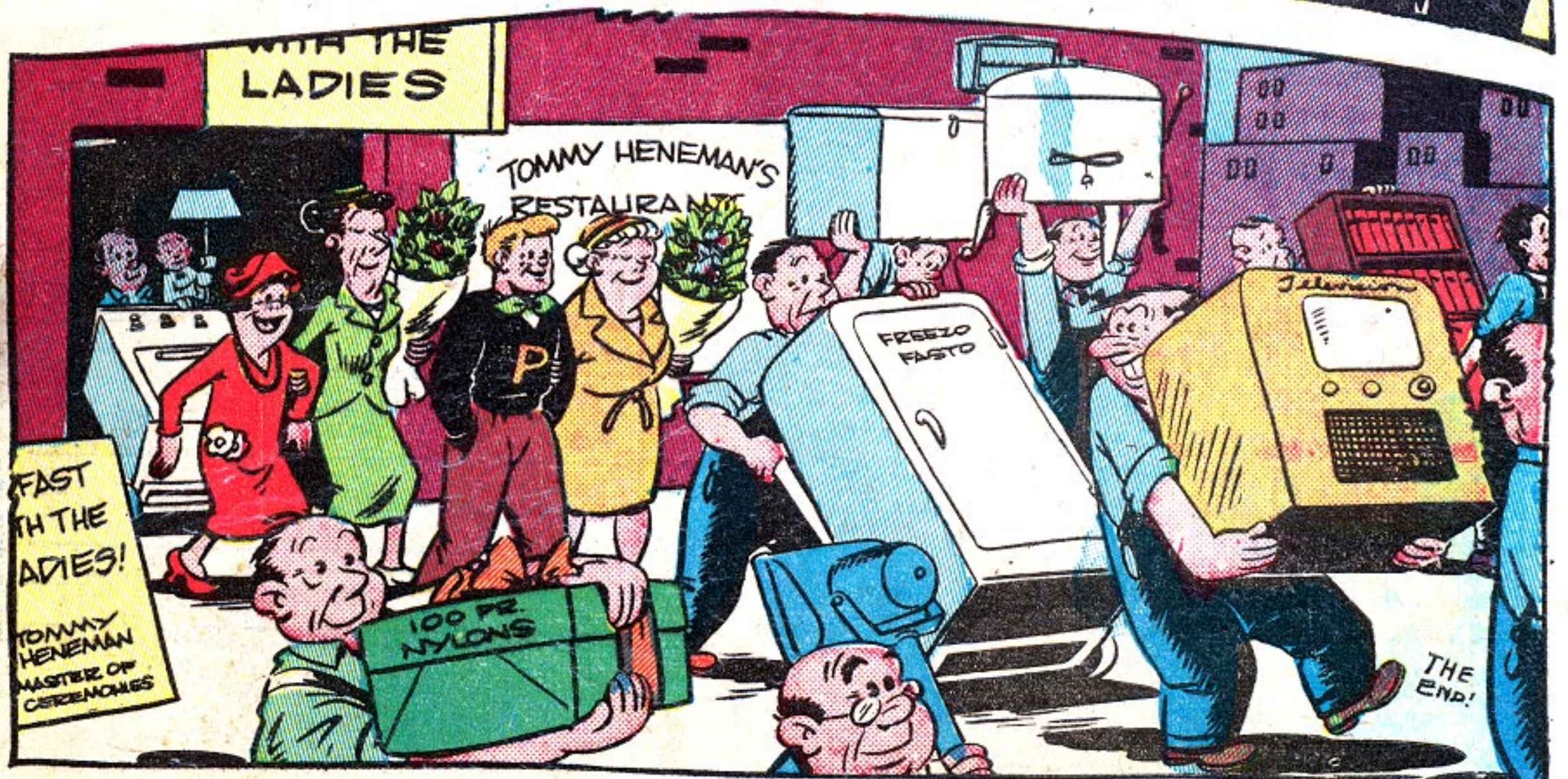
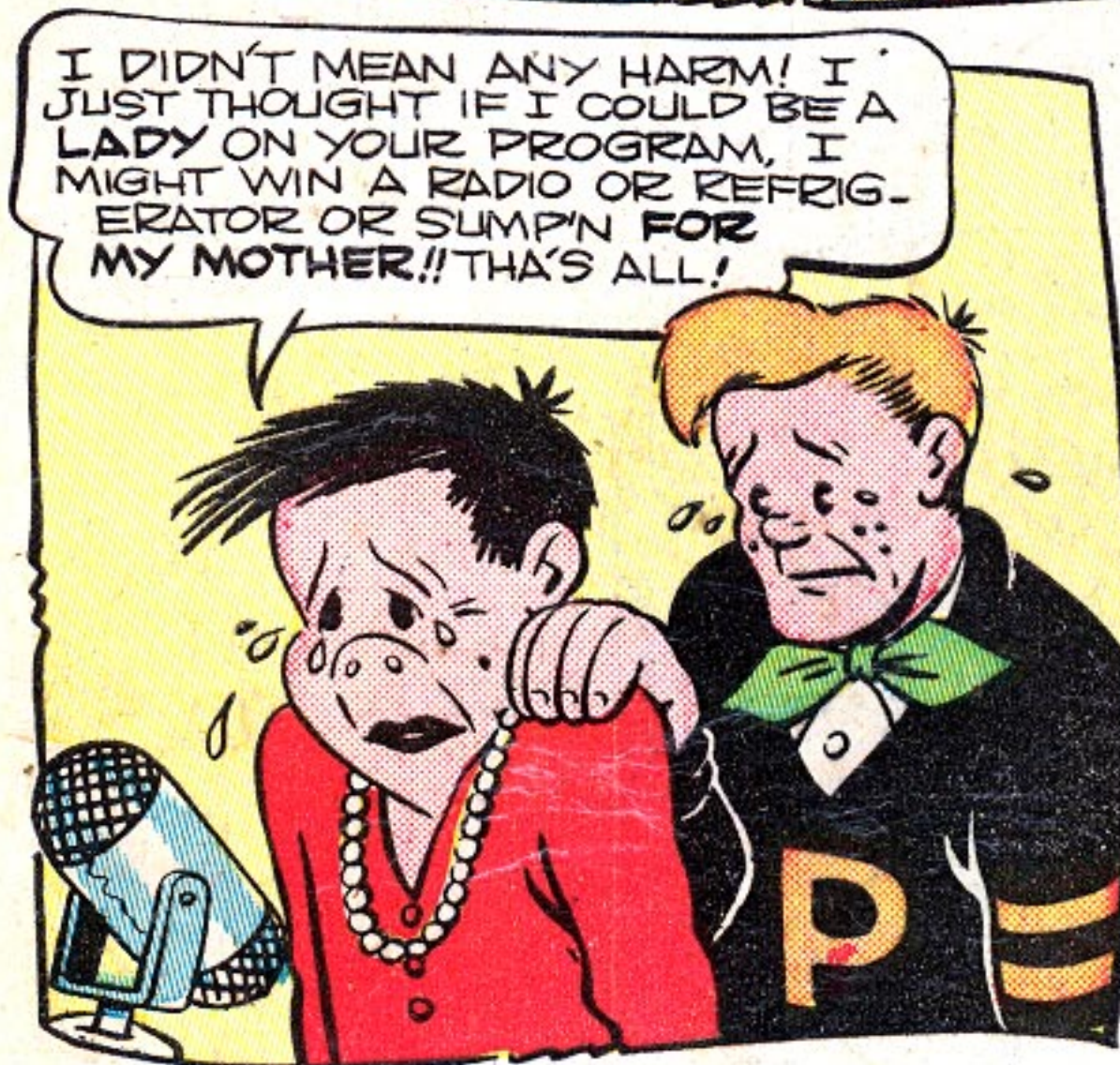
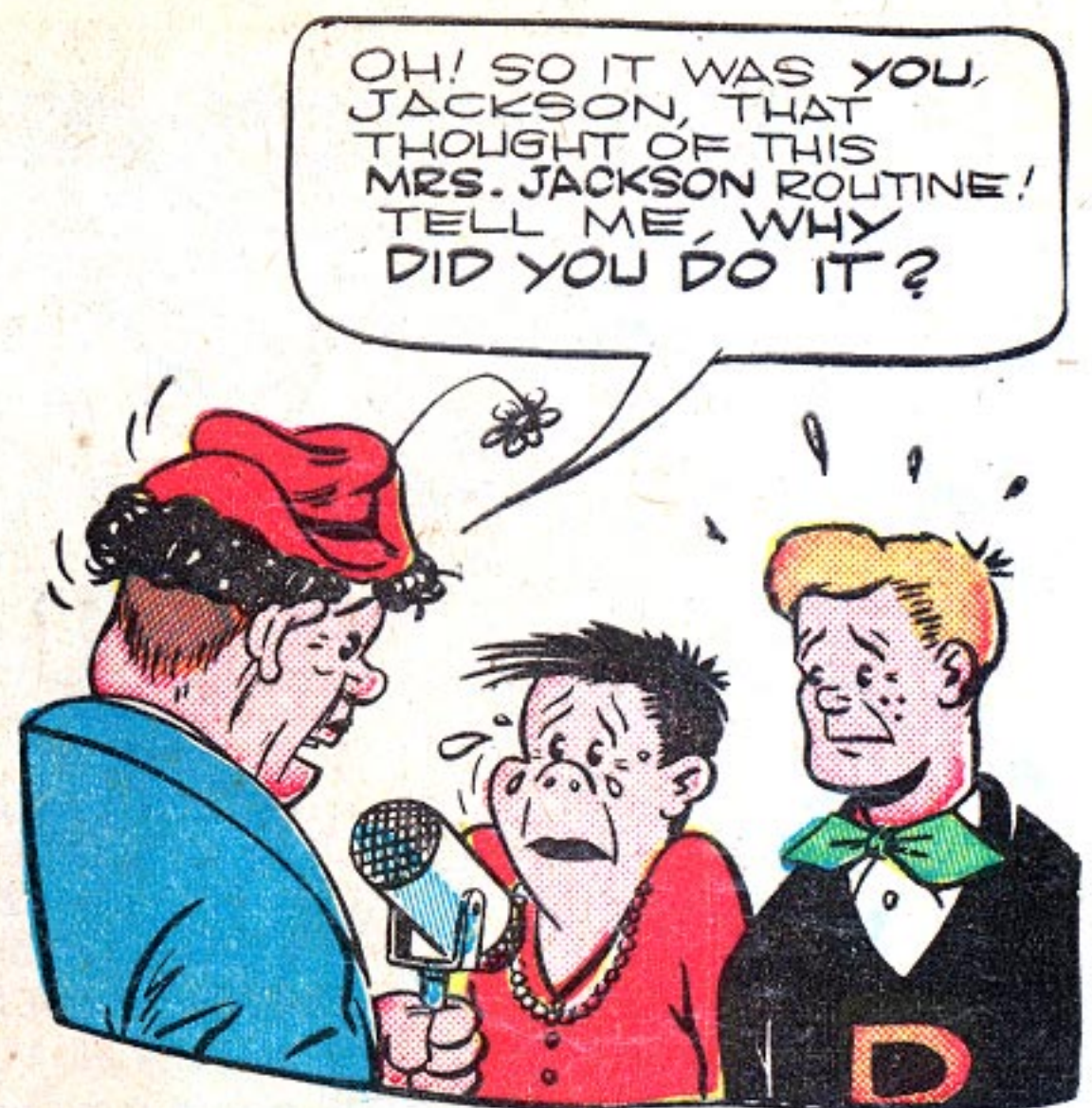
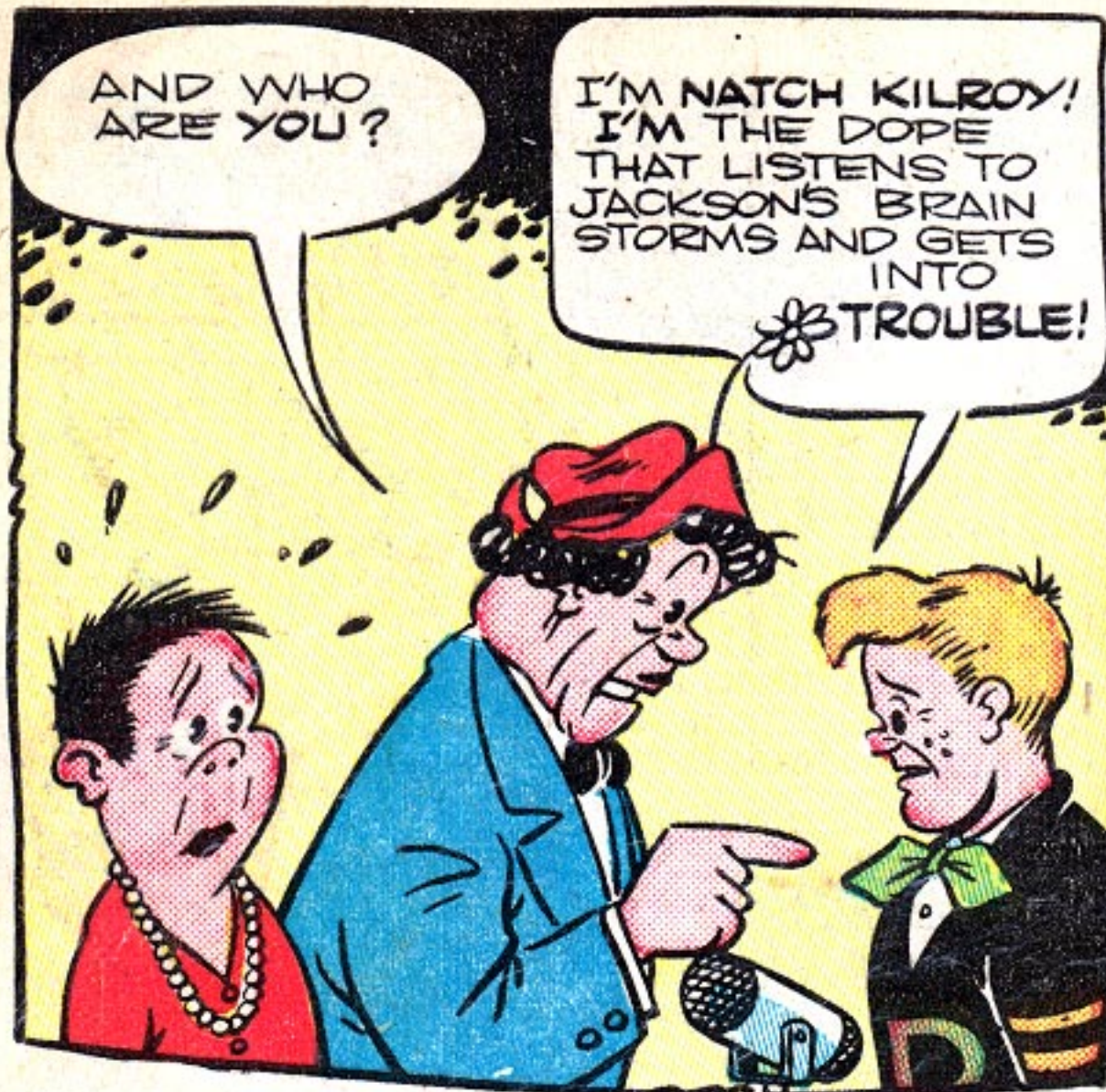












Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines" at your next Masquerade Party WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE **RUBBER MASKS**



COVER ENTIRE HEAD . . . LAST FOR YEARS . . . SO LIFELIKE PEOPLE GASP WITH AMAZEMENT AND DELIGHT...

Mold-Art Rubber Masks are molded from best grade natural flexible rubber. They cover the entire head. Yet you see thru the "eyes." The mouth moves with your lips . . . you breathe . . . smoke . . . talk . . . even eat thru it. Hand-painted for realism. Wonderful for every dress-up occasion—for parties or gifts. Fun for children and adults alike.



The Monkey
\$2.95

Satan
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Old Man
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Old Lady
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OTHER SUBJECTS

Beggar, \$2.95

Special
SANTA CLAUS, \$4.95

Clown
\$2.95

IDIOT . . \$2.95

Yes here is Halfwit in all his goofiness. People howl with laughter when you put on this life-like mask.

SEND NO MONEY!

Just mail coupon below. ORDER MASKS BY NAME as listed in this ad. All masks priced at \$2.95, except Santa Claus (\$4.95). When package arrives pay postman the price plus C. O. D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All masks guaranteed perfect.

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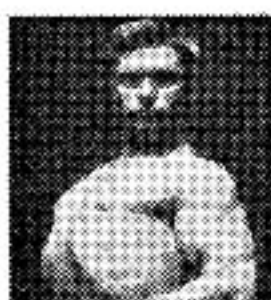
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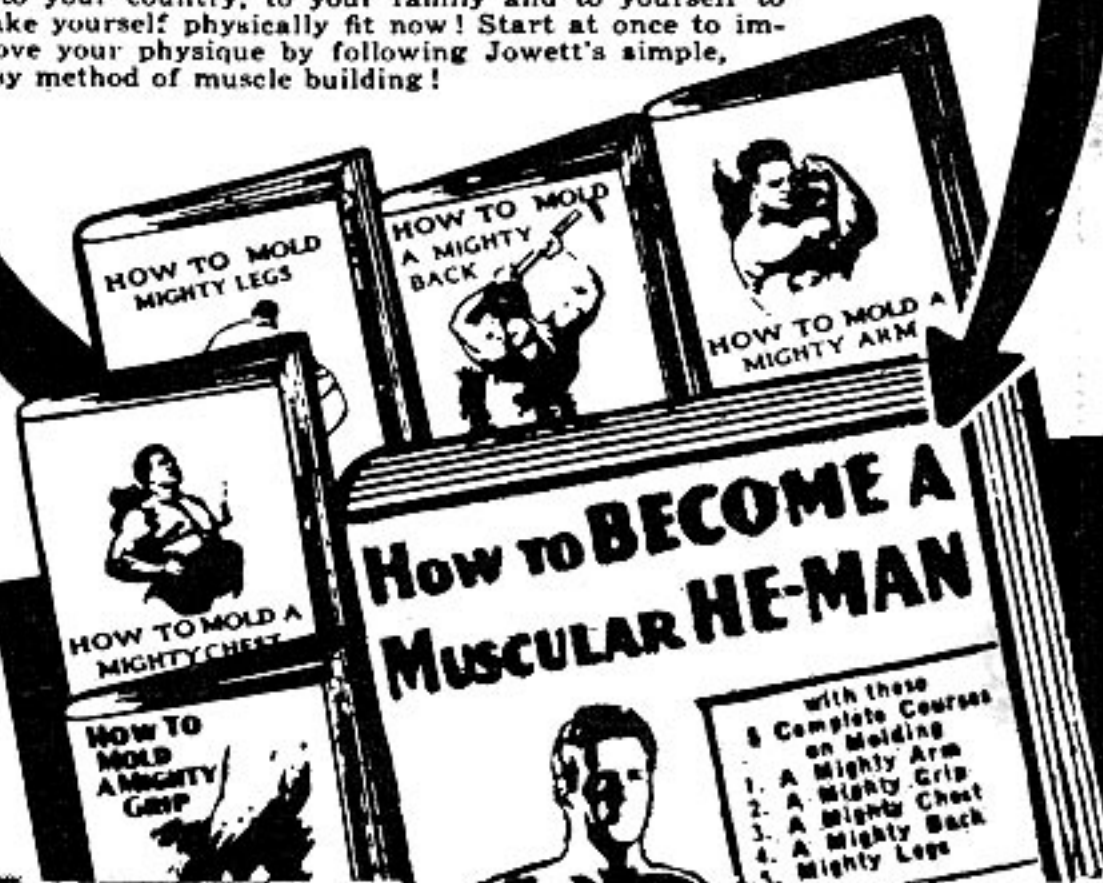


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"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

LOSE WEIGHT

where it shows most

REDUCE

most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER



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DOCTORS PROVE BY ACTUAL TEST THAT THIS EASY TO USE SPOT REDUCER HELPS LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES WHERE IT SHOWS MOST. Yes . . . Doctors say that this method of reducing will help you lose weight easily, pleasantly, safely. Nothing internal to take, No pills, laxatives or harmful drugs. Just think of it you can lose weight in SPOTS; just in the places it shows most. All you do is follow the instructions of this amazing, new, scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER.

HOW SPOT REDUCER WORKS. The Spot Reducer uses the age old principle of massage. It breaks down excess fatty tissue, tones the muscles and flesh and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat economically, simply, pleasantly. In a recent Medical Book, edited by the chairman and two other members of Council on Physical Therapy of AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, the following is stated on page 34, Chapter 18, Vol. 3: "Beyond all question something can be done by massage to reduce local deposits of FAT . . . There can however, be no question that massage applied to the region of the HIPS can and does, reduce the amount of fatty deposits in this region". This book is a reliable unbiased source of information and many doctors refer to it for the last word in Physical Therapy. This prompted us to develop and have doctors test the SPOT REDUCER.

HERE IS PROOF POSITIVE THAT THE SPOT REDUCER WORKS!

In recent tests made by outstanding licensed Medical Doctors on more than 100 people with the use of Spot Reducer everyone lost pounds and inches in a few short weeks, in HIPS, ABDOMEN, LEGS, ARMS, BUTTOCKS, etc. And the users say: "IT WAS FUN AND THEY ENJOYED IT." The Spot Reducer worked as well on men as it did on women. The Spot Reducer way controls weight, once down to normal it helps retain your new "SLIM FIGURE" as long as you like. Look and feel better, see bulges disappear within the first weeks. The beauty of this scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. Thousands have lost weight this way in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in the privacy of your own room in your spare time.

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